UNE 29,
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WINSTON CHURCHILL AND HIS AMERICAN MOTHE

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2 Take the wheel of a 1940 Plymouth and let this car's delightful Luxury Ride reveal for you the new motoring enjoyment low price now buys!

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H IS MOST LIKE THE HIGH-PRIC

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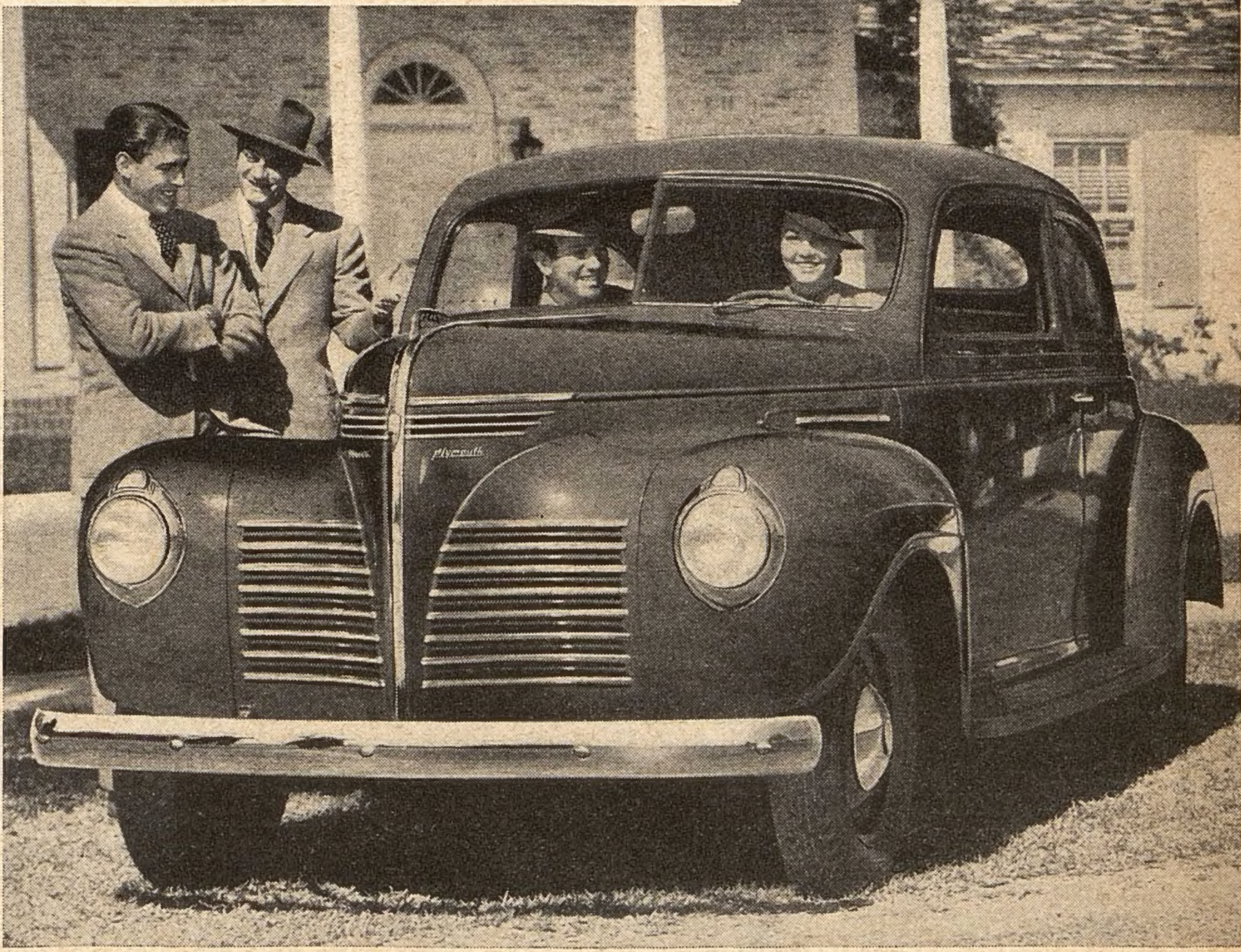

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JUNE 29, 1940

Liberty

VOL. 17, NO. 26

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

ONLY A SACRIFICIAL SPIRIT CAN SAVE OUR COUNTRY

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The financial struggle between capital and labor we will always have with us. There is usually entirely too much selfishness on both sides.

If the economic law is allowed to operate, the usual sources of trouble are finally ironed out, sometimes with great difficulty but without ruinous consequences. But when we have rigid restrictive forces, governmental or otherwise, operating for one side or the other, ultimate disaster can rarely be avoided.

Now, the European war has a financial background. It has been inspired by greed for gain. Human selfishness is the guiding spirit. National grandeur, personal ambition . . . these are the factors that have hurled men into wholesale murder.

The savage instinct does not seem to be eradicated by what we call civilization. It is apparently the fear of penalties that restrains murderous inclinations. The lust to kill, when once aroused, seems to instill men with frantic, maniacal madness.

In battle we try to kill to avoid personal destruction, but an airplane pilot when he swoops witn lightning speed over a battalion of soldiers, mowing them down with a machine gun like blades of grass before a scythe . . . what must be the emotions associated with such a murderous undertaking? Is the wild excitement of such a desperate game sufficient to destroy humane instincts?

A soldier pilot must possess the killer instinct, or else he must be buoyed up for his murderous job with a patriotic desire to save the lives of his countrymen. Patriotism is a commendable characteristic. Love of country is necessary to the preservation of national power, but there is a terrible allurement about personal power—not unlike the greed for riches. For some leaders of men there seems to be no saturation point in their desire to accumulate more and more. They are never satisfied, and that attitude can be fittingly applied individually and nationally.

We are suffering severely at this time from too much selfishness. If Americanism is to be saved, we must cultivate the sacrificial spirit. What can we do as individuals for our home country? What can we do for the town, city, or community in which we live? Give that suggestion some thought. What can we do for our friends, our next-door neighbor? What can we do for a fellow employee —or our employer? Cultivate the attitude of the Boy Scouts—one good deed every day.

The brotherhood of mankind that comes with the millennium is far, far away, but at least we should give intelligent consideration to national unity in the struggle that is before us at this time.

Labor troubles should be forgotten. Strikes of all kinds should be taboo. Compromise and more compromise should be the order of the day, almost regardless of the nature of the difficulties, and that goes for both employers and employees.

Business of all kinds should be encouraged. Labor should assume a more favorable attitude toward capital. Automatically that would greatly augment employment in industry. WPA jobs should be taboo if any other kind of employment can be secured.

The government will be loaded with a mountain of indebtedness, and every individual should try to be helpful, and even the rigid mandates of the wage scale should be forgotten in some instances during this period when we all must work together for a common purpose—to save our people from the horrors of such a holocaust as Europe is now experiencing.

And jobs at any price are better than a dole. When I look back over my long experience, the job that I value more than any other, before or since, paid me two dollars a week, board included. For two days I had been without food, hiking over the roads of a country district, and when I found work hoeing potatoes, it was one of the happiest moments of my life, especially after sitting down to a meal of hearty foods, flavored like the ambrosia of mythical repute.

Capital must be willing to make sacrifices . . . labor must follow suit, and we should work together for the common aim . . . live and let live. We need not adhere strictly to the Golden Rule but we should try to be decently humane.

Bernarr Macfadden

See Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest, Page 20

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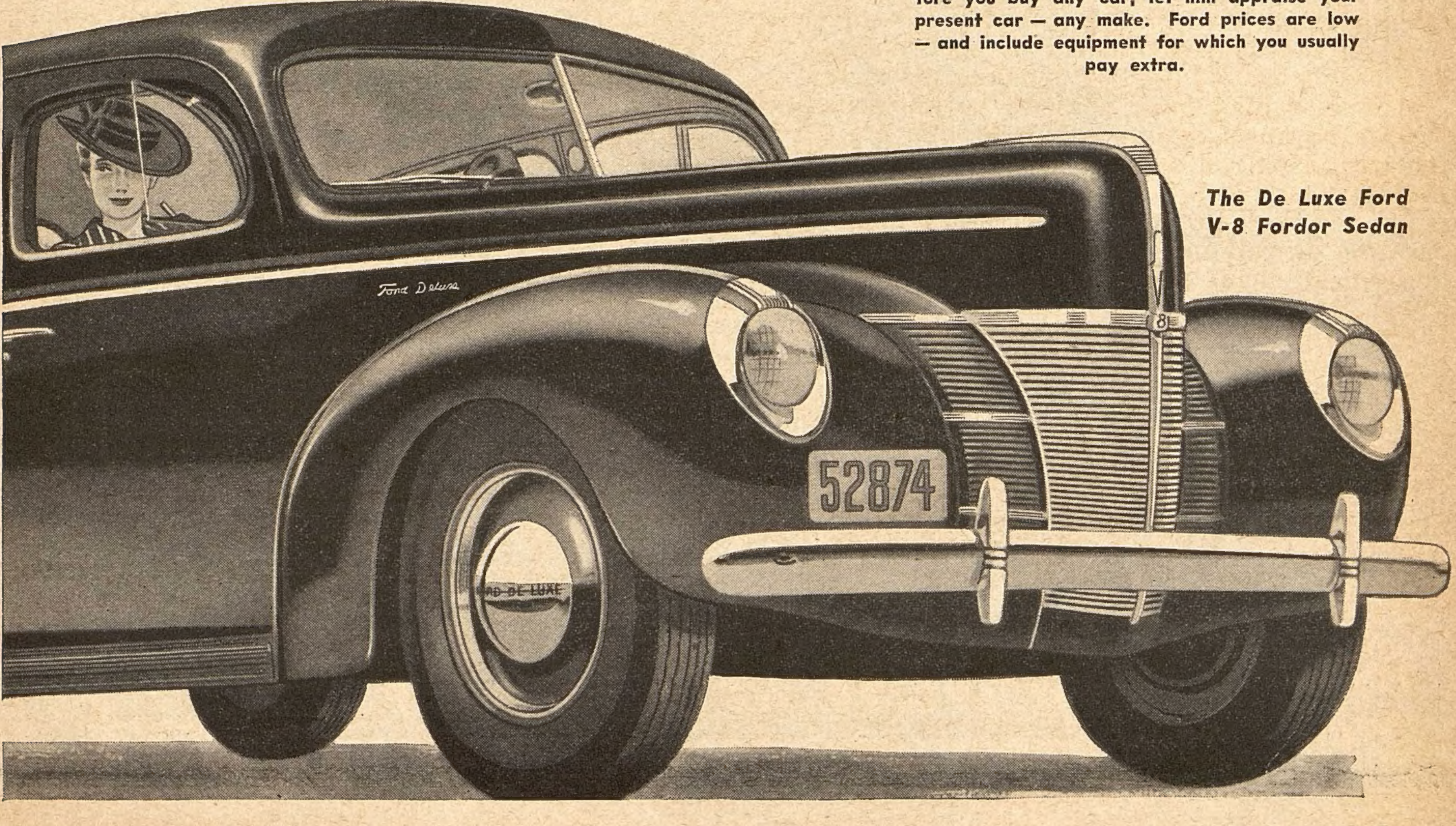


The De Luxe Ford V-8 Fordor Sedan

BACK FROM HAVANA

Johnny Mize discovers true Havana taste in NEW WHITE OWLS

OWL: Have a good time in Havana, Johnny?

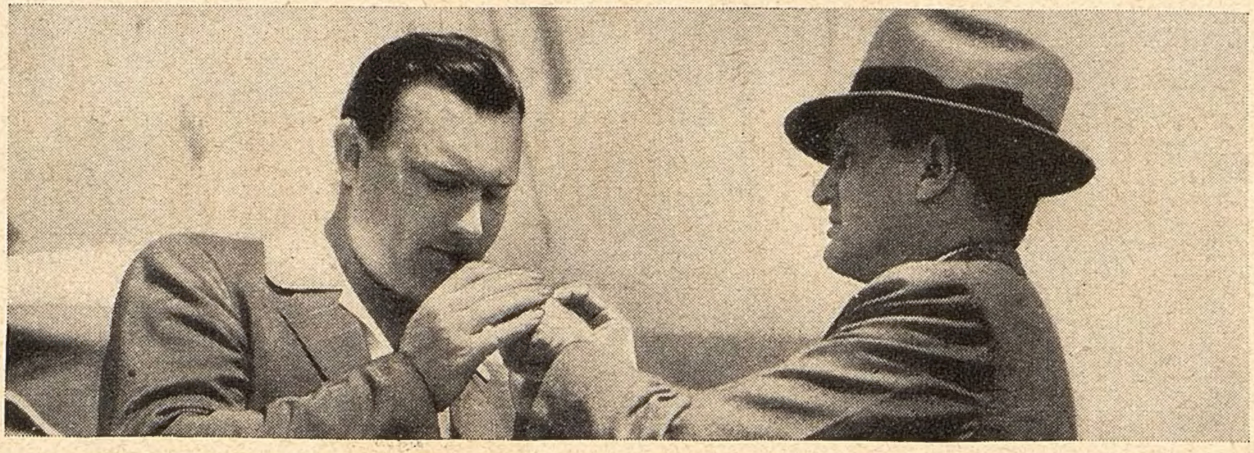
MIZE: Yes, it's a great place—I'd like to go again.

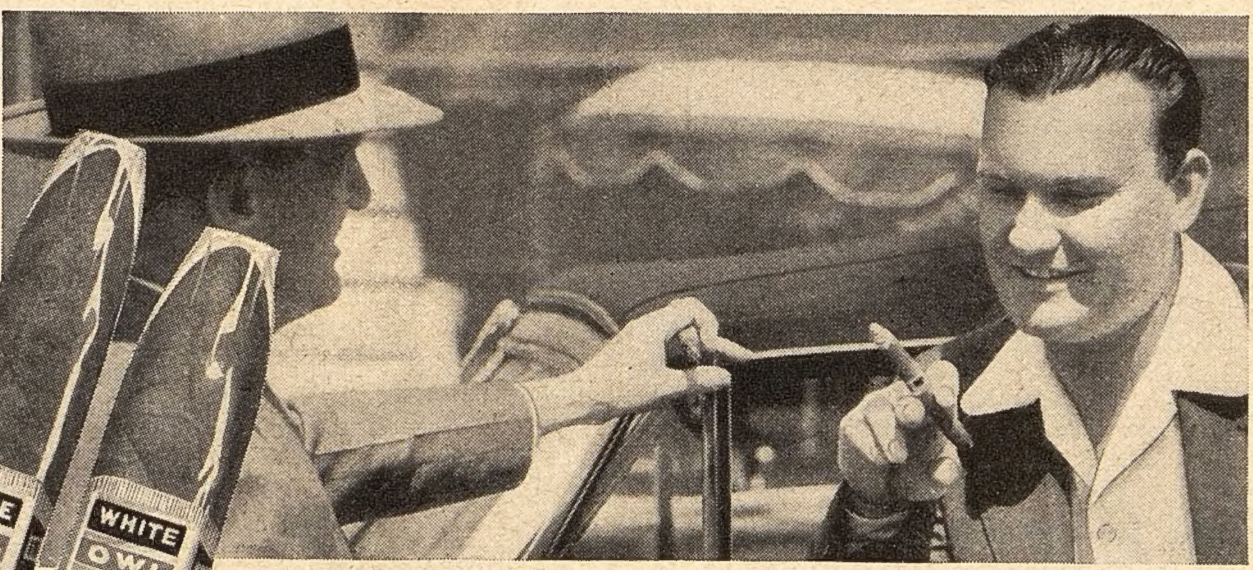
OWL: You're considered quite an expert on cigars, Johnny. I suppose you smoked only Havanas in Cuba.

MIZE: Yes, it was quite an experience—real Havana cigars whenever I wanted them!

OWL: Then you should be an expert judge of these new White Owls. Try this one—tell me if it has the authentic Havana taste.

MIZE (smoking): Yes, I like *this* cigar! It's not as strong as an all-Havana cigar . . . but it sure has the real Havana taste!





NOW BLENDED WITH HAVANA!
WHITE OWL
WHITE OWL

JOHNNY MIZE, first baseman of the St. Louis Cardinals, member of the famous Gas House Gang and 1939 champion batter of the National League, recently gave us an interview at the Cards' training camp in Florida.

Johnny was just back from a vacation in Havana. He's a great cigar smoker, and the taste of Havana cigars was still fresh in his mind. We had him try a *new* Blended-with-Havana White Owl. He vouched for its true Havana taste.

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New White Owls Made in America—See how at New York World's Fair, 1940

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Beginning the colorful, fascinating story of a history-making heritage

Winston Churchill and His American Mother

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE JEROMES OF THE U. S. A.

THE day after war began between Great Britain and Germany, a significant code message went out to the commanding officer of every fighting ship in His Majesty's navy. It read:

"Winston is back."

On its face, this message merely relayed the news which the man in the British street had already heard: that a worried, bewildered, reluctant Prime Minister had at last been forced by public demand to invite his bitterest enemy to return to his old post of First Lord of the Admiralty.

Beneath its face the message meant much more. It was a promise, which every seafaring man understood, that, so far as one branch of Britain's armed forces went, the day of muddling through, and bumbling through, and blundering through was over.

It was a warning that every man jack, from the august admiral of the fleet to the humblest midshipman, would be expected henceforth to exhibit not only that doggedly courageous devotion so traditionally and so gloriously British, but that alert, driving, businesslike on-the-jobness which is rightly associated primarily with the American way of life.

Now, in the hour of peril, that promise, that warning, has been extended to every branch of the British service and every phase of British public life.

Winston Churchill, the Englishman with American ideas, is not only back; he is tops.

How does it happen that this son of Lord Randolph Churchill, this grandson of a Duke of Marlborough, this Winston Churchill who is in many ways the typical Briton, is also the symbol and exemplar of that characteristically American "drive" which is depended upon to win what threatens to become the greatest of all wars?

The answer is a strictly biological one: Winston had an American mother.

This mother, the celebrated beauty who conquered and ruled London society in Queen Victoria's later years under the world-famous name of Lady Randolph Churchill, was born Jennie Jerome of Rochester, New York, and came of a long line of sturdy "upstate" Americans, one of whom settled in the colony of New York as far back as 1717, and five of whom fought under George Washington in the Revolutionary War.

The first of these colonial Jeromes,

one Timothy, dug in at a tiny frontier settlement named after Julius Caesar's jealous son-in-law, Pompey, and situated, appropriately enough, near the settlement which came to be known by the equally classical name of Syracuse. There the Jeromes remained until the fourth or fifth generation, when two of the clan embarked on a romantic expedition which grandson Winston, who is very proud of his American ancestry, describes in these words:

"My grandfather, Leonard Jerome, and one of his brothers, Larry, after graduating from Princeton College, having become more prosperous, moved to Rochester. Here they married two sisters, the Miss Halls. They built two small houses side by side in what was then the best quarter of the city, and connected them by a bridge. My grandfather had four daughters and his brother had four sons. My mother, the second of Leonard Jerome's daughters, was born in 1854."

Much in grandson Winston Leonard Spencer Churchill's career is made plain by a study of grandfather Leonard Jerome's career.

Before leaving Rochester for New York City, which he did when his daughter Jennie was two years old, Leonard Jerome founded a newspaper, which was at that time an organ of the Know-Nothing Party, and survives today as the Rochester Democrat and Chronicle, one of the string of journals owned by Mr. Frank E. Gannett, at this writing a candidate for the Republican nomination for the Presidency.

The Know-Nothing Party, by the way, derived its name from its members' insistence, whenever they were questioned about their activities, that they knew nothing—a claim which was never again made, so far as history records, by Grandfather Jerome or any of his Anglo-American descendants!

Having acquired the two-house habit in his Rochester days, Leonard Jerome built two houses on Madison Square, one of which was long known to New Yorkers as the swank Manhattan Club. The other was to be his own residence throughout his long and exceedingly crowded life.

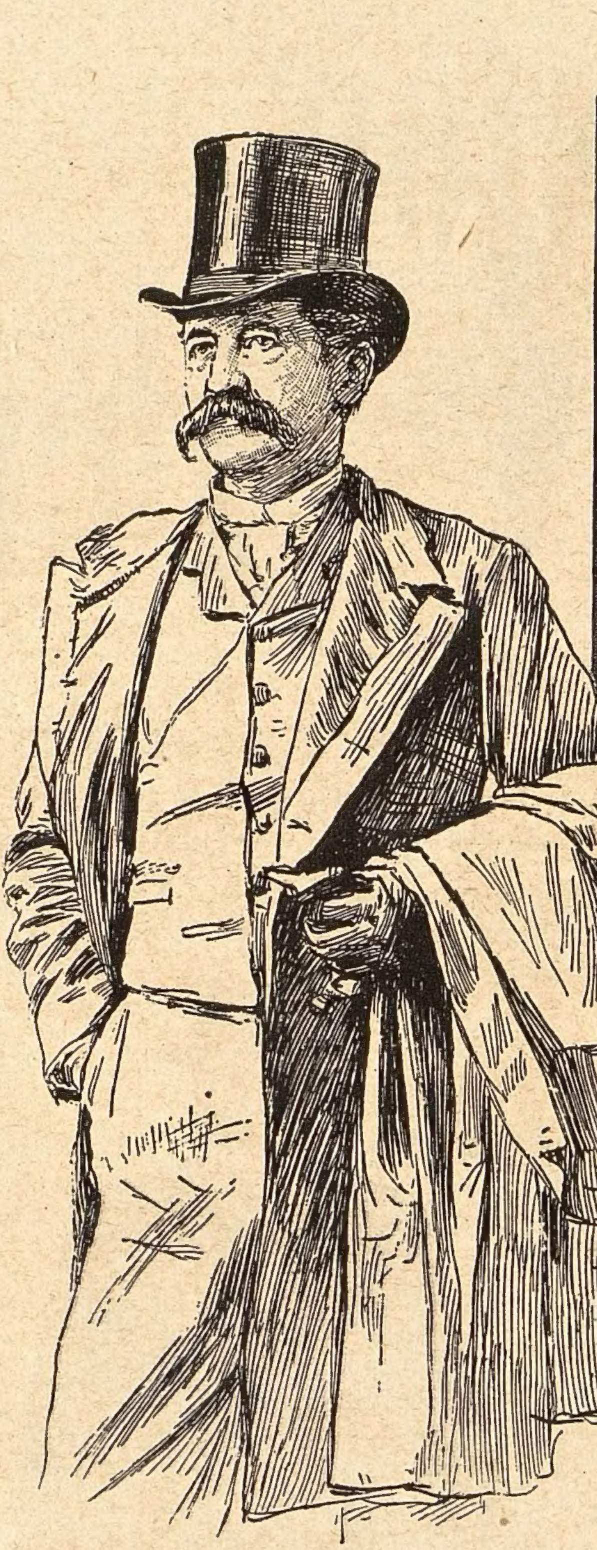
The fact that the Jeromes lived on Madison Square may be taken as evidence that they had come up in the world financially since the old Pompey days. Fashionable retailers, as represented by Tiffany, were still content to linger in the vicinity of Broome Street in the lower city; only the pioneer department stores ventured into the northward stretches of Broadway. To the north, between Seventy-first and Seventy-second streets on Fifth Avenue, in later years the center of fashionable New York, Robert Lewis' "farm at the five-mile stone" still maintained its strictly rural appearance. Madison Square, not too far uptown and not too far down, was the place—*the* place—to live.

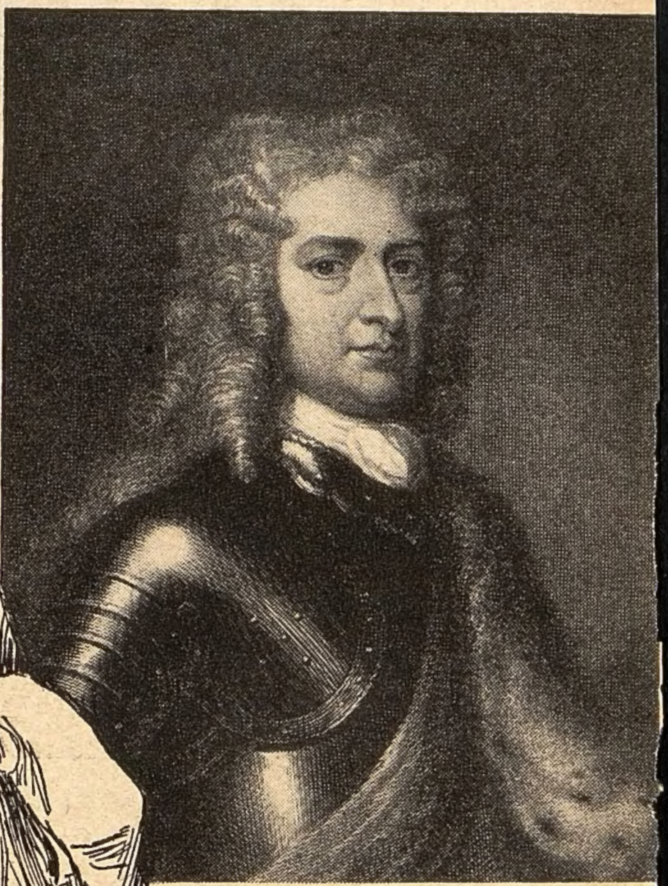
Being one of those enthusiastic men who believed that "every man should love his native land, whether he was born there or not," Mr. Jerome soon became an ardent Manhattanite. Said his grandson Winston:

"He was a magnificent looking man with long flowing moustachios, a rather aquiline nose, and very bright eyes. All these I remember. He was accustomed to drive about New York on important occasions in a coach with a team of six horses of which he was an expert Whip. He has good claims to be regarded as the father of the American Turf, and Jerome Park, the old racecourse now built over, was named after him. He formed the Jockey Club and was long its Vice-President. He owned the famous racehorse, Kentucky, who never knew defeat. He was one of the original founders of the Academy of Music in New York, helped to start opera, befriended Jenny Lind and Patti, and educated Miss Minnie Hauk, the creator of the role of Carmen."

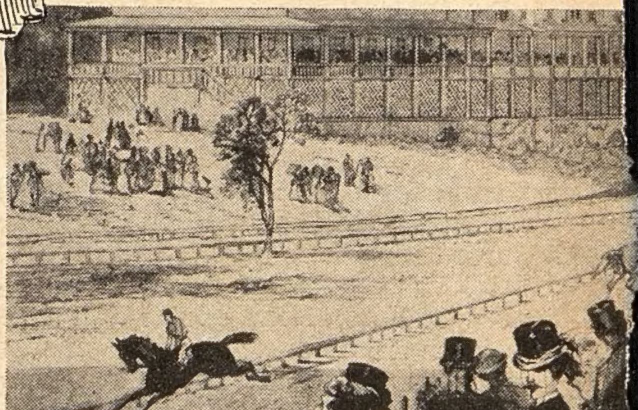
Politically, Leonard Jerome's New York was the New York of Boss Tweed, which may have accounted for his having lost much of his early interest in politics. Financially, however, it was the New York of Jay Gould, Jim Fisk, Uncle Dan'l Drew, and Commodore Vanderbilt. There were few big deals in Wall Street of his time that Mr. Jerome did not participate in to a greater or lesser degree. And these activities he managed to conduct, as his famous grandson has done, with no diminution of his interest in the fields of journalism, art, and sport.

Grandfather and grandson, in fact, were amazingly alike. Both were





Above: John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, Winston's ancestor who won glory as a general. Left: Leonard W. Jerome, whose daughter was Winston Churchill's mother.

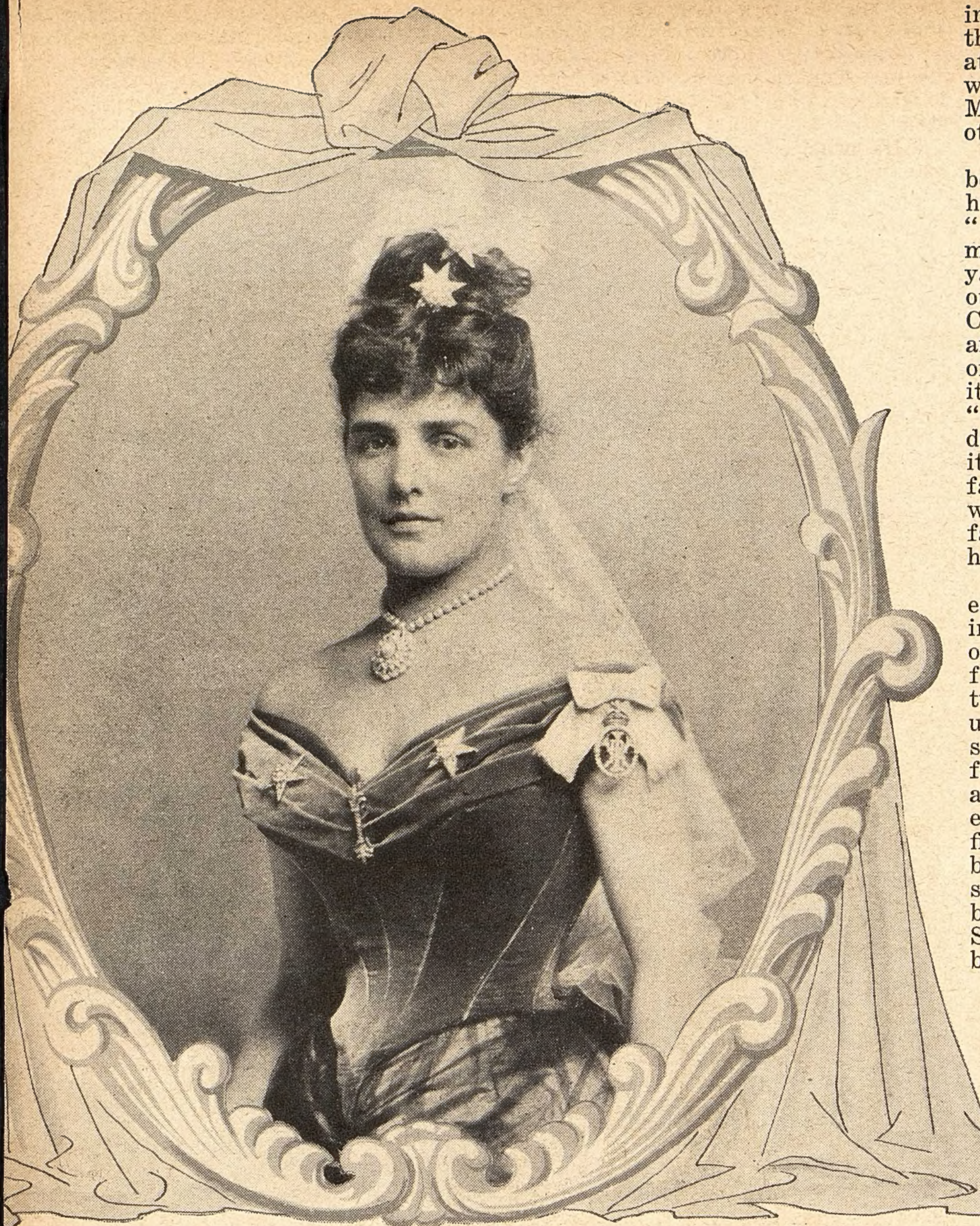


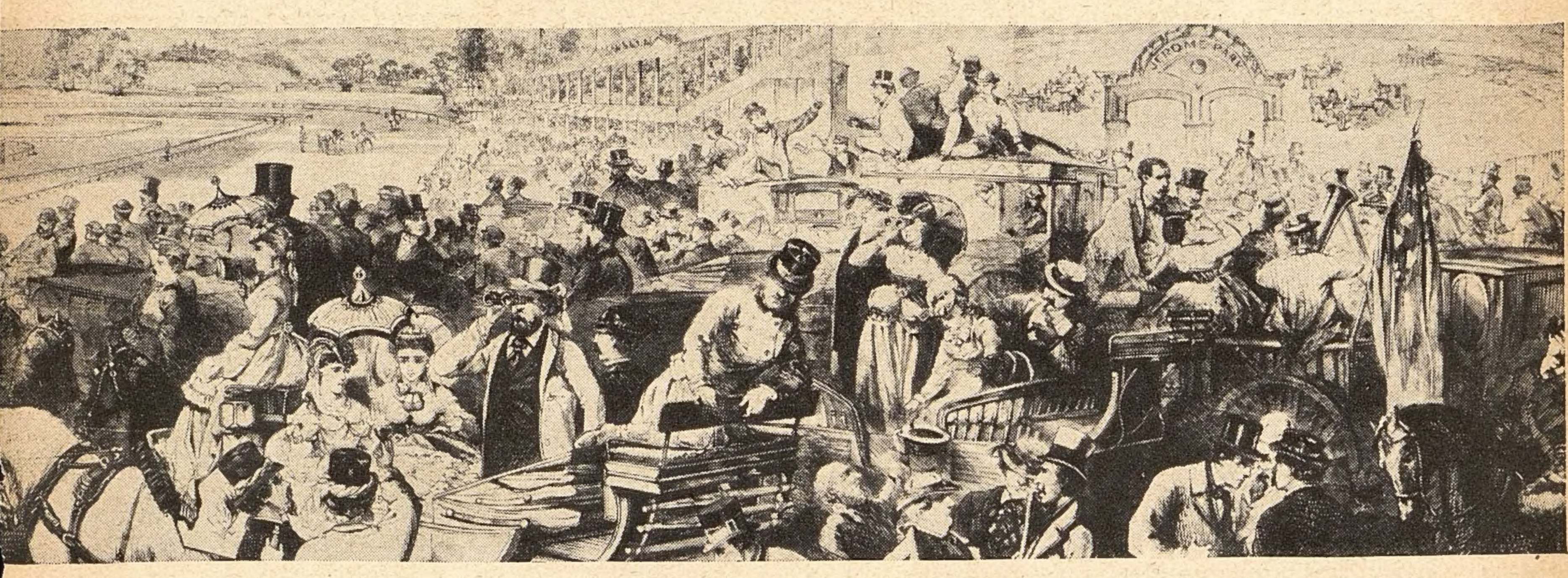
charged from birth with dynamic energy and had a flair for the dramatic. Both exhibited in their business and professional careers a fine disregard for consistency. "Father made and remade several fortunes," confessed his adoring daughter. Winston made and remade several reputations. Both wallowed in versatility. Winston Churchill's activities are well known; Leonard Jerome's varied from a co-editorship, with the great Henry J. Raymond, of the New York Times to a controlling interest in the Pacific Mail Line, and included the laying of the first enduring transatlantic cable, a venture in which he was associated with Cyrus W. Field, Moses Taylor, Peter Cooper, and other leading citizens.

When the heavy cable—which was being dragged from hemisphere to hemisphere by the Great Eastern, "the largest ship afloat"—broke in mid-ocean, it was Mr. Jerome's steam yacht, the Clara Clarita, which went out and recovered it. The Clara Clarita was not the largest ship afloat, but, according to the daughter of its somewhat flamboyant owner, it must have been one of the gayest. "I remember well," said Lady Randolph, "being taken on the yacht on its trial trip, and my poor mother's face on discovering that the fittings were of pale blue and silver! My father, in his extravagant manner, had left it all to the upholsterer."

Most vivid of Jennie Jerome's early memories were those of seemingly endless green-plumed parades on St. Patrick's Day—punctuated from time to time by shindies between the paraders and groups of unappreciative Orangemen — which she viewed from the stoop of the family house on Madison Square, and those of burned fingers experienced by her on Fourths of July from firecrackers set off not too skillfully by youthful patriots on the same stoop. As a girl of eleven she remembers distinctly this same Madison Square house "draped from top to bottom in white and black" and "the whole of New York looking like one gigantic mausoleum" to mourn the death of Abraham Lincoln.

On a happier occasion, scarcely a year before, she was permitted as a special treat to make a brief appearance, dressed as a *vivandière,* at a





At left: Beautiful Jennie Jerome at the time of her marriage to Lord Randolph Churchill. Below: Opening Day at Jerome Park, the early race track that was named after Jennie's father.

costume ball given by her father's great friend August Belmont.

"For days I did not sleep, with the excitement of anticipation," she recalled many years later, "but on the eventful night I was found in a flood of tears, the explanation being that I did not look at all as I thought I was going to—a situation which, alas! has often repeated itself."

A big day in young Jennie's life was when she was allowed to ride, perched high on the driver's seat of the coach in the place of honor beside her handsome father, to Jerome Park during the race meeting; and a bigger day when, as a special favor, she was hoisted on to the back of the unbeatable Kentucky.

It was doubtless due quite as much to this inherited "horsiness" on the American side as to the traditional British fondness for equestrianism that Winston, as a cavalry officer in the Indian service, became an ardent and expert devotee of polo, a game which he played, to the great detriment of his slender financial resources, even as late as the middle '20s.

From the spacious, expansive American, Leonard Jerome, and his knowledgeful, magnetic daughter, Winston Churchill undoubtedly inherited much of that breadth of interest and length of vision which has enabled him to know more things than most men of his day, and usually a long time before many of those other men knew that the things existed—including, as an outstanding example, the Hitler threat to Britain's safety and the world's peace.

The strictly military side of England's "man of the hour," which led him to seek active service in India, Cuba, the Sudan, South Africa, and in France, doubtless stems chiefly from the Churchill stock—especially from the famous John Churchill of Queen Anne's time, the first Duke of Marlborough, who was regarded by most authorities as England's greatest general.

THE Jeromes present no such outstanding military hero. The will to fight they clearly had as far back as Revolutionary days, and as to the Civil War Winston reports that his grandfather was "an ardent supporter of the Union cause throughout the struggle." His mother, Lady Randolph, in her Reminiscences, which she wrote with much spirit in 1908, also spoke feelingly of "that great struggle which for years devastated my country," although she could recall no way in which her own life was changed except that every little Southern child at dancing school was regarded as "a wicked little rebel, to be pinched if possible."

But life in pioneer days in a new country, and political and financial conflict in a growing one, breed a gallant intrepidity which is sometimes as valuable to its possessor as the valor which wins battles.

It may well be, therefore, that the long line of American Jeromes have combined with the even longer line of British Churchills to give their distinguished descendant just the right combination of daring and courage which has enabled him to stand up against his political enemies and say what he thought and tell what he knew in the face of that inevitable disfavor which is the lot of the man who sees what other men do not see.

It would be a mistake, for example, to assume that the three words, "Winston is back," in that code message of September 4, 1939, breathed only affection. Far from it; for the man who had devoted years to the thankless task of warning his countrymen against a danger to which they wished to keep their eyes shut tight was, at that time, far from universally popular. In fact, until comparatively recently Britain's best people did their darnedest to suppress Churchill's preachments, as instanced in this dispatch telling of the recent reopening of the Imperial War Museum, where ironically inclined visitors can take a look at Hitler's and Chamberlain's signatures on the famous peace-in-our-time document:

"Another interesting exhibit there is a drawing of a celebration held here in July, 1918—a meeting at which Mr. Churchill declared, 'Germany must be beaten, must know she is beaten, must feel she is beaten.' The Museum officials add a note to the effect that until recently delicacy has prevented them from showing the drawing, but that they are doing so now because 'the sentiments expressed in Mr. Churchill's speech have once more become appropriate and seasonable.'"

BUT Winnie himself has always had both the courage and the daring—the British courage and the American daring, if you will—to stand by his guns and keep them firing *in season and out.*

On this point, the resemblance between his character and conduct and those of his mother's cousin, William Travers Jerome—one of the four sons born to the family that lived in the second of the two Rochester houses connected by a bridge—is most significant.

This best known of the American Jeromes is remembered by our generation chiefly as the prosecutor of Harry Thaw, the Pittsburgh playboy; but in the first years of the present century William Travers Jerome was to New York City what Winston Churchill now is to his own country, its hero—and for many of the same reasons.

"The quality that makes Jerome what Jerome is," wrote the late Leroy Scott, "is his reckless courage, even audacity, in fighting for what he considers right, come what may to himself."

When he brought down public criticism on his head by refusing to ally himself with certain powerful politicians, the answer he gave might have come from the lips of Winston Churchill, M. P. for Epping, during the years when he was hurling his thunder at Stanley Baldwin and Neville Chamberlain for failing to recognize the Nazi threat. "It's the right thing to do," said Jerome, "and I'm going to do it. Damn the consequences!"

Before cousin William Travers became district attorney, he was a judge of the Court of Special Sessions, and a just judge. "When the law says a year," testified a court officer who served under him, "Jerome don't give a man eleven months, nor yet thirteen. He gives him a year." The people of that day liked that kind of justice. The people of this day could do with a little of the same.

Judge Jerome was no more an orator in the "stuffed shirt" sense of the word than Winston Churchill is or Theodore Roosevelt was, but he had the same power to attract and hold his hearers. No man in New York could draw a larger crowd. As one writer said, "He just talks facts, humanized facts." Those of us who have listened to Winston Churchill on the short wave these last months know how truly that statement might be made about him.

IN personal conduct the two men seem more like brothers than cousins. "Jerome was a reformer, but no prude," wrote a historian of the period. "He smoked incessantly, swore lavishly, drank when and where he would—he was even accused of shaking dice for the drinks in a public restaurant!—and feared no man."

In similar matters Cousin Winston has shown himself equally the captain of his own fate. "In America, in 1931," wrote one observer, "he [Churchill] had a number of lecture engagements all over the country. It was the very depth of Prohibition. He insisted, however, that a bottle of vintage champagne be provided for him at dinnertime, wherever he happened to be. He would also order three or four dinners at one time, not out of gluttony but out of a desire to pick and choose among the best features of each hotel's cuisine. His agent had to meet these expenses, besides paying $1,000 a lecture."

Although such stories give the Nazi broadcasters such excuse as they have for hurling at him such vile and wholly unjustified epithets as "that bloated swine," he characteristically does nothing to discourage the impression that he wallows in the fleshpots. At his son Randolph's recent wedding to the Hon. Pamela Digby, Father Churchill was reported to have expressed his emotion by weeping into two goblets of champagne and stuffing himself with ice cream. Between bites and swallows he was heard to remark:

"We must eat! We must eat!"

As a matter of fact, Winston Churchill has a lusty appetite and indulges it, but not to the detriment of those mental processes which more than one political opponent—notably Mr. Chamberlain, whom he has called "that undertaker from Birmingham"—have found ever alert and sharpened to a razor edge.

After the Munich fiasco and before the war forced an outward *rapprochement* between Chamberlain and his old enemy, the latter was listening to a sentimentalizing speech in the House of Commons about the Palestine question. "I cannot remember the time," the orator was saying, "when I was not told stories about Bethlehem, where the Prince of Peace was born."

"I thought," said Winston, "it was Birmingham."

This gift for barbed and sometimes irreverent repartee seems to have extended to the younger generation of Churchills, if we may judge by the colloquy which took place between young Randolph, Winston's son, and a movie bigwig who was showing him somewhat pompously around his Hollywood lot. Mr. Magnate found himself increasingly annoyed by constructive suggestions from young Churchill for improving the process of movie-making. Finally the situation became unbearable.

"At a costume ball, dressed as a vivandière": Winston Churchill's American mother, at the age of ten.

Said the magnate: "Young man, when you are my age—"

Said the youth: "You will be eighty years old."

More than one performance by the Churchill children suggests the possible influence of American blood in their veins. Not so long ago, twenty-two-year-old daughter Sarah escaped from the confines of London society and sailed to this country as part of a vaudeville dancing act which performed under the sponsorship of Vic Oliver, handsome young American master of ceremonies. Pictures of the young lady adorned our journals, and rumors of romance between her and Oliver filled the gossip columns.

"I'm here for work and not for love," said Miss Churchill.

"Miss Churchill is just another girl to me," wisecracked Vic.

Three months later they were married.

Younger sister Mary, a wartime deb, is already figuring in the public prints very much as Brenda Frazier has.

All of which cannot justly be pinned on the influence of Lady Randolph and her American family. But, since the Winstonian sense of humor has become famous on four continents, it is only right to note that the Jeromes were rather more humorous than the solemn Marlboroughs. Winston's mother, who was famous for her own wit, was most appreciative of this quality in other members of her family, notably in William Travers Jerome's father. "My uncle, who is remembered as one of the wittiest men of his time, kept us in transports of laughter," she wrote in telling of a visit in his company to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition. "When we stopped at different stalls, he would come up to us as though we were strangers, and, taking up some article or new invention, would extol its merits in such an inexpressibly funny manner and language that a crowd soon collected, many ending by buying the article. Mr. Jerome would then receive with pride a commission from the delighted shopman."

Not too subtle, of course. Perhaps, from the standpoint of purists in humor, Nephew Winston has improved on it—for instance, when he described garrulous old Ramsay MacDonald in a sentence which has already become a classic. "He has," said Winnie, "more than any other man, the gift of compressing the largest amount of words into the smallest amount of thought."

His American mother gained a reputation for a type of repartee which, in her day, was as unusual as his. There was, for example, that often repeated bit between her and her pal, Edward VII, when the latter was still the Prince of Wales and was living at Marlborough House, now the residence of the Queen Mother, Mary. The Randolph Churchills were not rich, the bulk of the Marlborough money having gone with the Marlborough title to the eldest son, and to economize they had put up their own carriage for the season and were patronizing public cabs, popularly called the Queen's carriages.

As the Churchills were saying good night to their royal host, a lackey approached and said in a loud whisper: "The carriage of Lord Randolph Churchill stops the way."

Through the open door the ancient four-wheeler, with its floor plentifully strewn with straw, as was the custom in those days, was painfully visible.

"I hope, my Lady," said His Royal Highness, who also loved his little joke, "that your conscience is better than your carriage."

But Lady Randolph was equal to the occasion.

"Is it not, sir, the Queen's carriage? How can I have a better?"

With Edward's mother, Queen Victoria, even the audacious Jennie took no such liberties. But she must have been tempted to when she was singled out by the Queen to receive the Cross of India, and was summoned to Windsor Castle so that the royal hand might itself pin on the coveted bauble.

The affair went off splendidly except that the royal hand slipped and stuck the pin sharply into the shapely left shoulder of Jennie Jerome. However, the pain was measurably alleviated by a message received next day through a lady in waiting that the Widow at Windsor had thought her American caller "very handsome," as well as by a subsequent command to come with her husband to the castle "to dine and sleep."

LADY RANDOLPH'S rare beauty must have heightened the effect of her wit.

"I have the clearest recollection of seeing her for the first time," wrote Lord D'Abernon. "It was at the Vice-Regal Lodge at Dublin. She stood on one side to the left of the entrance. The Viceroy was on a daïs at the farther end of the room surrounded by a brilliant staff, but eyes were not turned on him or on his consort but on a dark, lithe figure, standing somewhat apart and appearing to be of another texture to those around her, radiant, translucent, intense. A diamond star in her hair, her favorite ornament—its lustre dimmed by the flashing glory of her eyes. More of the panther than of the woman in her look, but with a cultivated intelligence unknown to the jungle. Her courage not less great than that of her husband—fit mother for descendants of the great Duke."

"Our boy Winston"—a phrase his mother continually used—was not yet five at the time to which D'Abernon refers, but he says, "My mother made the same brilliant impression upon my childhood's eye. She shone for me like the evening star."

But we are getting ahead of our story. It was in 1867 that the event occurred which was probably indirectly responsible not only for Winston Churchill's being Prime Minister of Great Britain but for his *being* at all—since it led to the first and fateful meeting between his English father and his American mother!

What was this fateful event? And how, only three years later, was war between Germany and France to bring about that first meeting of the young couple whose son is today Britain's wartime dictator? A true story, in the light of which Winston Churchill appears more than ever a man of destiny! Mr. Collins will tell it in Liberty next week.

READING TIME • 27 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

Dynamite in blue! Danger moves in swing-time in a thrilling tale of a boy and a girl in love

HOT AND SORRY AND

IT was raining a little when I pulled my car off the highway and into the driveway of the Tavan Inn. I parked off to one side, well out of the glare from the big blue neon Dine and Dance sign. I wasn't there on business, and anyway the inn was a good two miles beyond the city limits and the end of my jurisdiction. But it was the kind of joint that might just possibly lose customers by having a Police Department car standing out in front, so I did the friendly thing and left my wagon out of sight.

I sat there for a minute in the dark, trying to figure out what I was going to say to Mary Flynn. But there was no percentage in that, so I turned up my collar and got out. And that was when I heard the trumpet.

The sound of it came at me across the wet dark, very hot and very low down, and it surprised me so, that I stopped right there in the rain for a minute and listened. I hadn't heard that the inn had got a new band, and I hadn't ever expected it to get a band as good as that. They were riding out the last bars of Weary City, and the trumpet was showing the way. Then they broke it off, and through the windows I could see the half dozen or so couples on the floor drifting back to their tables, and I went on in.

It looked just like it always did. Narrow little booths around a fair-sized floor, with a few grimy crepe streamers for decoration, and a hard tired light over it all from the unshaded bulbs in the ceiling. It wasn't a tough place exactly. Just sort of cheap and run down. Like the customers.

Tavan, the proprietor, popped out of the bar as I came in, and stood peering at me like a fat worried little woodchuck. He didn't like cops in his place, even plain-clothes cops like me, because they made his customers nervous. He thought I was after some one, but I smiled at him and shook my head, and he popped back into the bar again.

I headed for an empty booth in the corner, and then I saw Mary Flynn on the far side of the floor. She saw me too, and gave me a little nod, and I knew she'd get rid of the customer she'd been dancing with and come on over. I cramped myself down into the booth and took a look at the band. There were six of them, and they were all just kids. A piano, a bull fiddle, a guitar, drums, a clarinet and a trumpet. It was the trumpet that took my eye, just the way he'd taken my ear out there in the dark.

He was sitting back in his chair, smoking a cigarette and resting out the intermission. A slender dark kid with a nice face. I liked him right away. He had his horn in his lap, and the fingers of his left hand were working at the keys—just gently touching them, as if he was playing out a break for himself just for his own imagination and the pleasure of it. And you could tell by his face that it was good music his mind was hearing.

Then, all of a sudden, his fingers quit working it out, and his eyes were actually seeing something. The something was Mary Flynn. She was coming across the floor to me, and the kid was watching her. You couldn't blame him for that. She looked pretty nice in her simple blue evening dress. A whole lot nicer than you'd expect to find in a place like the Tavan Inn.

I started to get up for her, but Mary said, "Stay down, Jerry. You're too big to go hopping in and out of these rabbit hutches."

She slid into the seat opposite me and leaned her head on her hand and smiled. I never knew another girl as pretty as Mary Flynn. She had the kind of beauty you call Irish but that only one Irishwoman in a couple of million ever gets to have. A long oval face with a brown-ivory skin, and a fine small nose and gray eyes. I gave her a cigarette and lit it for her, and one for myself, and then I said:

"You look tired."

She said, "I'm not, really. And anyway, we're almost through."

I said, "I wish you'd be through for good."

She said, "We've been over that before, Jerry. I don't pretend to be crazy about it. But it's honest enough work. Tavan wants some girls to dance with his customers, and I'm a good dancer. You know I'd take another job if I could find it."

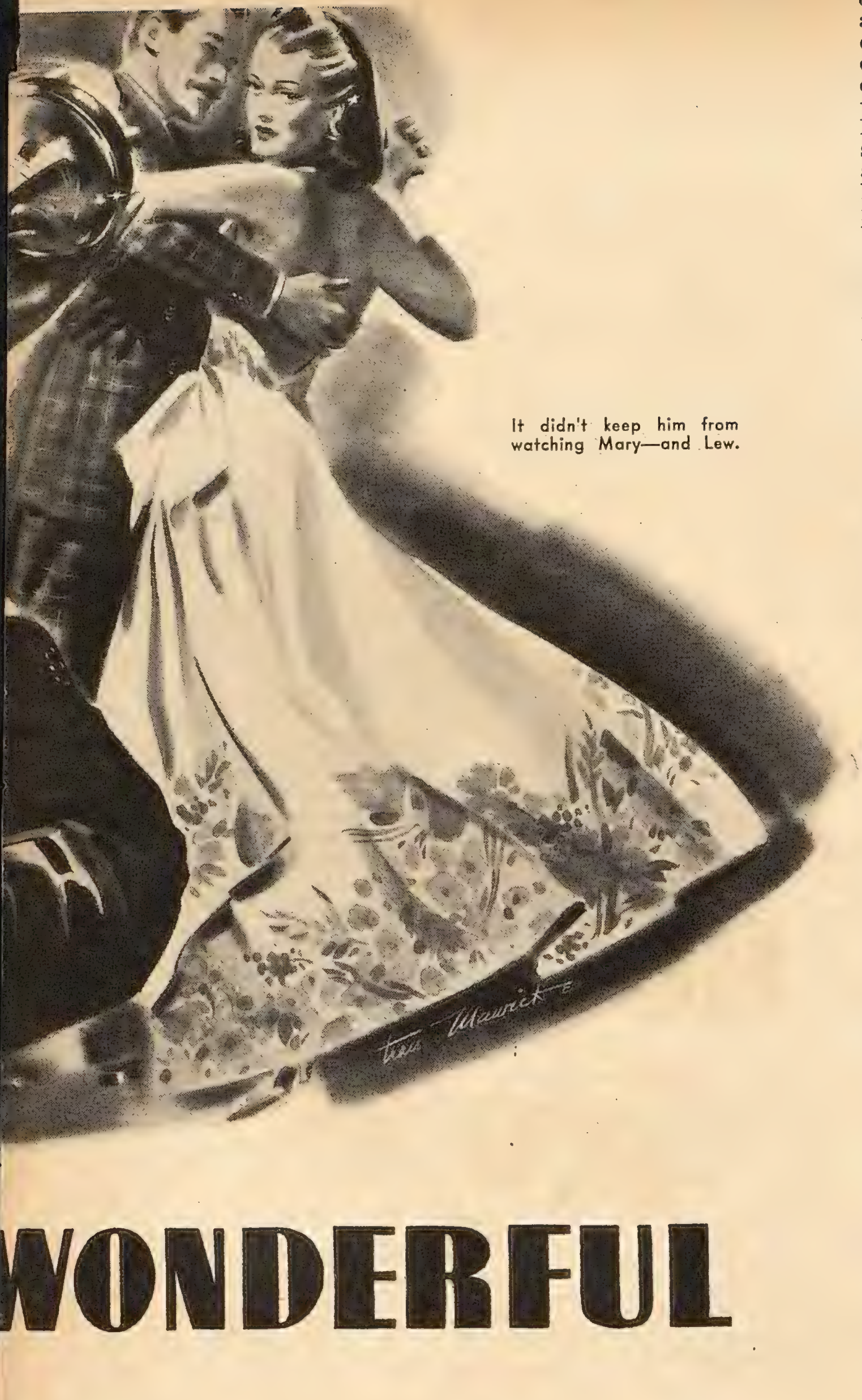
For a minute I didn't say anything. I knew there weren't any other jobs. Not the kind Mary really deserved to have. I looked at the smoke curling off the end of my cigarette, and then I said:

"There's always one place open for you."

I looked across at her, and she turned her head away. After a little she said, "I've never known any one nicer than you, Jerry. I'd be proud to be your wife. It's just that—I'm not—"

I said, "I know. You can't blame me if I keep hoping."

She bent her head a little, and for a moment neither of us said anything. Behind me, some one felt up and down



It didn't keep him from watching Mary—and Lew.

WONDERFUL

BY PHILIP CLARK

a soft little scale on the clarinet, and I could hear the band sort of shifting around and getting ready to go again. I had to say something, and I couldn't see a waiter anywhere to order a drink, so I said:

"You're too good for this, and so is the music. Where did the band come from?"

Mary said, "They're from up in the mountains somewhere. Some little town in West Virginia. They've been playing together for a long time, but this is the first real job they've ever had."

I said, "I got a whiff as I came in. They're good. They go together fine. And that kid with the trumpet is something else."

Mary said, "That's Johnny Stone."

There was something in the way she said it. A turn to her voice. I remember the way the kid had watched her across the floor, and looked at her quickly, but she wasn't looking at me. The band started then, and we just listened.

They did the Cannon Ball Blues. It was wonderful stuff for a band like that, an outfit that liked to play close and solid. They worked it around, real Dixie Land stuff, with every one hot and nobody showing off, and when they went into the first chorus this Johnny Stone with his trumpet was going away. I never heard anything quite like it. Hot and sorry and wonderful. He swung it away, but he always kept the tailboard down so the other boys could ride. He was good and he knew it, but he knew he wasn't playing alone.

When they finished, I just looked at Mary and shook my head. I didn't remember ordering a drink, but I must have, because there was one there beside me. I said, "Well!"

There was a sort of shine in Mary's eyes. She said, "He is good, isn't he?"

I took a good stiff drink and said, "How long have they been playing here?"

"Four days," Mary said—"since Monday."

I gave her a sort of half grin, because half was about all I could manage.

"Four days," I said. "How many dates have you had with Johnny Stone?"

Mary looked down at her hands for a moment. Then she said quietly, "Four, counting tonight."

I mashed out the rest of my cigarette and finished my drink. Mary was watching me. She said, "Jerry . . ."

Somewhere or other I found the other half of that smile. I said, "Forget it. He looks like a nice guy. I'd like to meet him."

She said, "You really are swell. . . . And now I'd better circulate a little. I've got a salary to earn."

I said, "O. K. I'll stick around."

She went across the floor, and stopped by the bandstand, and said something to Johnny Stone. He looked over at me, and then grinned at her and nodded. He was a nice kid, all right, and when I saw the way he smiled at her, I had a hunch I knew what it was all about. It was a funny feeling.

The band went to work again and Mary drifted off. I lost her for a minute in the dancing couples, and when I saw her again, she was dancing with Lew Steele.

I hadn't seen Steele come in. If I had, I'd never have let Mary go back on the floor, because I knew he'd bothered her before. He was a smooth dancer, the kind that likes to bend a girl around; just use her to show off his own sharpy steps. But he wasn't doing any of his fancy stuff now. He had his slick black-haired head close to Mary's and he was talking to her. She had a little stiff smile on her face, and once or twice she shook her head quickly. I didn't like the set-up at all.

I knew a lot about Lew Steele. He

was smooth and tough, and I had ideas about him that I hadn't ever been able to prove. For a front, he ran a string of cabs, but I knew he had his fingers in a dozen dirty little rackets—the kind you can't get at, no matter how hard you try. But they were all small stuff, and I knew Lew Steele was a guy with big ideas. If his ideas were beginning to circulate around Mary Flynn, there was going to be trouble. But there wasn't anything I could do now but sit still and watch.

The band was working into a new piece. It was a piece I'd never heard before, and it was built around the trumpet all the way. It was a blues song, very hot and minor, and the way Johnny Stone took the theme, changing it and working it around, was something to hear. He was going all out, but it didn't keep him from watching Mary—and Lew Steele. And his eyes were as hot as his music. He was looking trouble, and he was blowing bad trouble out of that horn. I was glad I'd decided to come out that night.

The band finished all together on a minor cadence, like a wave washing back from the shore. High and dry. The boys on the stand shoved back and stretched for an intermission, and the couples began to drift off the floor. Johnny Stone put his trumpet down and stepped off the stand. He was heading straight for Lew Steele, and I got my feet out from under the table quick. But it was all right. Mary said something to Steele quick and sharp, and he took his hand off her arm and let her go.

MARY met Johnny Stone halfway across the floor and headed him off. She took his arm, and Steele turned on his heel and went out through the door that led to the bar.

I got up when Mary and Johnny came to my table. Mary said: "Johnny, this is Lieutenant Jerry Kern."

He shook hands and said, "Army, navy, or marines?"

Underneath the light tone I could tell he was still a little mad, not quite forgetting Lew Steele. I said, "Nothing like that. Just a plain-clothes cop."

We all sat down, and I ordered us a drink. I didn't like Johnny Stone any less for getting a close look at him. His face was long and mobile, not handsome exactly but intelligent and sensitive. The kind of kid that feels deep and has to do something about it—like blow it out through a trumpet.

I said, "I think you've got a swell band."

He gave me a nice grin, pleased at the compliment but not cocky.

"Thanks. It's not my band, though. We just sort of work together."

"Maybe," I said. "But I've got ears. I know who shows the way. Where did you pick up that last number? It's new to me."

"It is new," Johnny Stone said seriously. "There are a lot of Negro miners up where I come from. It's a sort of blues song they sing in the pits. Mostly when they're drilling and setting the dynamite for a blast."

I said, "It's dynamite, all right. Has it got a name?"

"Not exactly," Johnny Stone said, "but there's a refrain. Just one line they sing over and over. 'Blow the death down . . . gonna blow the death down.'"

Mary gave a quick little shiver and laugh. Johnny Stone laughed too, and said, "It hits a lot of people like that. But I think it's swell."

I said, "So do I. It might make you famous if you don't watch out."

He grinned a little wryly.

"I wouldn't hold out for fame. Ham and eggs would satisfy me right now."

Mary gave him a comforting little pat on the shoulder and stood up.

"You won't always be playing for ham and eggs," she said. "I've got to run along now. Tavan's making gestures at me."

SHE gave us a smile to share between us and went off. Johnny Stone watched her, and there was a shadow in his eyes. He said slowly, "She's a swell girl," then added abruptly, "What do you know about that fellow Steele?"

I said, "Enough to tell you to let him alone. He's bad medicine."

He said, "He's been bothering Mary all night. He can't get away with that."

I said, "Look, Johnny. Steele can't make any real trouble. You won't do Mary or any one else any good by tangling with him."

It was the only way I could tell him that if he went up against Lew Steele, he'd just get hurt. He let it go by, but the stubborn line in his jaw didn't give way much. He just said, "I wish she was out of here."

"Sure. I wish that too."

He said, "I never really minded it before — this knocking around in cheap little dives and tooting a horn for coffee and cakes. But I mind it now."

I said, "It won't be that way long. You've got a swell band, and you're not too terrible yourself. You're bound to click."

"It's nice of you to say that. But it's not necessarily true," Johnny Stone said. "Tavan can't afford us for more than this week. Six pieces is three too many for him. We've got to find another spot or fold."

There wasn't anything I could say to that. It made too much of the wrong kind of sense.

Johnny Stone stood up and held out his hand. "I'm glad you came out tonight. Mary told me you were a good guy. She's right."

"That's a question," I said, "but I know good music. You'll get a break."

He said, "Thanks," and shook hands and went back to the band.

I ordered another drink and kept an eye out for Mary. The band was halfway through another number, and she still hadn't come back. I was just thinking maybe I'd better go look for her, when I saw her over on the far side of the room.

Lew Steele was with her. He was talking to her, his face cold and angry, and Mary was shaking her head. Then I saw something that got me up on my feet. Steele had her by the arm, and even that far off I could see that he was holding her hard enough to hurt.

I started around the edge of the dance floor. There were a lot of couples dancing, and I figured that if I was quick and smooth about it, I could take care of Steele without causing any fuss. Then I saw Johnny Stone. His eyes were on Steele too. He was putting his trumpet down and getting off the stand. And by the look on his face, he wasn't worrying about being smooth.

For a minute I thought it was going to be a brawl. But Steele saw me coming. He let Mary go and faded back to the door. Mary came straight to me across the floor. Her face was white and scared. She said:

"You'd better take me home, Jerry. I'm afraid there'll be trouble if you don't."

But there was trouble already. I said:

"O. K., kid. Go over to my table and sit down. I'll be right with you."

She hadn't seen what I had: Johnny Stone following Lew Steele out of the door, hot-eyed and furious. I got out there as quick as I could.

They were facing each other in the drizzle, a dozen yards from the steps. Johnny's back was to me, but I could see Steele, his face twisted and cruel in the blue light from the neon. He was saying:

"Go on back and toot your whistle, punk. I'll handle my women the way I please."

Johnny Stone said harshly, "If you come anywhere near—"

STEELE swung on him. A quick punch, no warning. It caught Johnny high on the cheek, drove him back. I came down off the steps fast, but Johnny was faster. He ducked and came in on Steele, letting go a flurry of punches with both hands. Steele staggered back. Johnny slugged in a terrific left on Steele's mouth, and Steele went down. He landed on his back right at my feet. He rolled fast, his right hand snatching for his shoulder inside his coat. But I stamped hard on his arm just below the elbow, and he groaned and relaxed. I yanked him over and pulled the flat deadly little automatic pistol from the inside shoulder holster.

Johnny Stone was standing over us, breathing hard. Lew Steele got to his feet, holding onto his right elbow, his face ghastly. He said very quietly:

"I'm going to make up for this."

I said, "Maybe. But not tonight. Go get in your car and wait for me. I'm following you into town."

He said, "Have it your way, copper. You've got nothing to hold me for."

He turned and walked to his car.

Johnny Stone unclenched his fists. There was blood on his face from a cut over one eye.

I said, "Go on in the back way now and wash your face. And tell Mary it's all right. She'll be worrying."

He nodded and went off. I got into my car and followed Steele into town. I took him to night court, but it was just like he said. I didn't have anything to hold him with. He had a permit for the gun, and the fight had happened way outside my jurisdiction.

I WAS pretty busy all the next day, and I had to go out of town that evening, so I couldn't go out to the Tavan Inn.

The next morning, Saturday, Mary called me and said she was in the lobby at the Cochran House, and would I please come around. She was sitting in a big divan near the door of the lobby when I got there, and she didn't waste any time beating around the bush. She said:

"Jerry, I'm afraid of Lew Steele."

I said, "Don't be. He's not going to get away with anything."

But I was talking bigger than I felt.

Mary said, "He called me up last night. He said I've got to go away with him."

I said quietly, "That's all I wanted to hear. If he threatened you, I can get a warrant for him."

Mary said, "It was a threat. He told me I'd better be ready. He sounded strange, Jerry. As if—as if something were going to happen."

She was keeping her voice steady but her eyes were afraid. I patted her on the knee and said, "Don't worry about it, kid. I'll take care of Lew Steele."

But I knew I'd have to find him first. It comforted Mary, though. She even managed a smile. I said, "Everything's going to be all right. I'll come out to the inn myself tonight, just to keep an eye on things. How's Johnny Stone?"

Mary said, "He's all right."

But there was a funny note in her voice. I said quietly, "Tell me about it."

"It's his last night," Mary said. "Tavan can't afford to keep them any longer. And they haven't been able to find another spot. Johnny thinks they'll have to break up the band and go home."

I looked at Mary. That hurt look deep in her eyes did things to me. I said slowly:

"I should have thought of this before. Ted Halsey's the biggest booking agent south of Washington. We've been swapping favors for a long time. If I send him a wire in Atlanta, he'll catch the afternoon plane down."

Mary said, "Oh, Jerry!"

She put her hand on mine, and her eyes filled with tears. But I didn't want to be thanked. I said, "Don't count on it too much. Maybe Ted can't use them. It's a gamble all the way round."

I stood up and Mary stood up too. She said, "Jerry, if I told you that I loved you in a very special way, would you understand?"

I said, "Sure. Now go home and don't worry. And don't say anything about Ted to Johnny Stone. We want to have him riding easy and wide."

She said, "You do like him, don't you?"

"That," I said, "is the toughest part of it. I like him a lot."

I WENT out and sent Ted a wire. I got his answer back, saying he'd come. Then I put in the rest of the day trying to find Lew Steele. But it wasn't any good. He'd gone completely out of sight.

About six o'clock I went out to the airport to meet Ted Halsey. We had supper, and I tried to tell him a little about Johnny Stone. About ten we went out to the Tavan Inn. I edged Ted into a booth near the door, before Johnny or some of the other boys might recognize him and get stage fright.

PHILIP CLARK

born in New Jersey, swapped college for globe-trotting, and has lived in France and traveled widely in Europe and the Near East. He spent three years in New York writing detective fiction, then set out to see America. He is married and now lives in Charleston, S. C.

Johnny Stone was at the back of the stand, his horn tucked under his arm, his face serious. I could see he was talking it up, holding his boys together for a good last night. I'd been a little worried till I saw the look on his face. But after that, I knew that—win, lose, or draw—we were going to hear music.

Mary Flynn came over to the table. Maybe it was the tension that gave her that look. Maybe it was just the way I was feeling about her. But she was beautiful. I introduced her to Ted, and she slipped into the seat beside me. I hadn't told Ted much about Mary. But he sized things up. I guess he saw the way she looked across the floor at Johnny Stone. He said:

"Jerry didn't tell me you had an interest in the band."

She flushed a little. "I'd like to see them get along."

"Sure," said Ted. "I hope they will, too."

He leaned back and relaxed, and Mary and I tried to. The boys on the stand were finding their places, getting ready to go. Johnny Stone blew a few soft searching notes on his trumpet, the drum picked up the beat with him, and they went all together into the Jungle Blues. They were solid and fine, and when Johnny Stone sounded off in the second chorus, I held my breath.

He was blowing his heart out through that horn. He wasn't looking at Mary, but I knew he was playing for her, and she did too. Blowing a last time together, but not too hopeless and not too sad. It made grand music. When they finished, I looked at Ted Halsey. He was twisting his highball glass around in his fingers, and frowning. After a minute he said:

"There isn't any doubt about their being good. And that kid with the trumpet—" He made a funny little gesture with his hands to fill out the words. "They play righteous jazz, hot and solid," he went on. "It's the best kind of music—and the hardest kind to sell."

Mary's face fell. I said, "Then you don't think—"

"I don't know," Ted said. "I'm trying to make up my mind."

I drew a long breath. Then I saw Johnny Stone coming across the floor to us. He said, "Hello, lieutenant!" And I said, "You're going swell tonight."

Johnny said, "Sure. It's the last night. We're giving them the works."

He was looking at Ted Halsey, and I said, "Johnny, I want you to meet Mr. Smith."

It was the only thing I could think to do. If Ted couldn't use them, it was too tough for Johnny to know how close they'd come. Johnny looked hard at Ted and then he smiled a little and said, "Glad to meet you, Mr.—Smith."

The way he looked at Ted and the way he hung up on the name, I knew he'd recognized him. But he didn't let on. Ted said something nice but noncommittal about the band, and asked Johnny to sit down and have a drink. Johnny shook his head.

"Thanks," he said, "but I've got to get back to work."

He went back to the stand. I wondered if he'd say anything to the other boys about Ted, but he didn't. He knew what was going on, and if the break was bad, he was going to take it himself.

TED HALSEY watched him go. Then, all of a sudden, he threw back his head.

"They're too good to lose," he said. "I'll find a spot for them."

Mary grabbed my hand and squeezed so hard it hurt. Ted said, "It won't be wonderful, but it'll hold them together till they catch on."

Mary said, "Oh, I'm so glad."

There was a catch in her voice, but she was smiling. I guess I was grinning all over my face. I looked up, and Johnny Stone was watching us. He knew. He couldn't help knowing. And, being the guy he was, he said it with his horn.

They did the King Porter Stomp, and Johnny really made it a parade. I could fairly feel Mary's happiness, and that made it all right with me. Halfway through the piece, a waiter came and tapped my shoulder, and said the office wanted me on the phone.

I got up, and Mary got up too. I guess she wanted to thank me. Anyway, she followed me into the back room where the phone was. She was standing right beside me when I picked up the receiver. It was Cassidy from the office, and his voice was hurried and strained. He said:

"Lieutenant, you'd better get back here quick. Some one just blew the safe in the Power Company office. Two cars in the getaway, and they split. We think maybe one's coming your way."

I said, "Any one hurt?"

"The watchman," Cassidy said. "They used a shotgun on him. He's pretty bad." He hesitated a moment, then said, "The watchman thought he recognized Lew Steele."

So that was it. I said, "O. K., Cassidy. I'll be right in."

I slammed the receiver back on the hook and turned around. I said, "Mary—"

THEN I stopped. Mary was staring at me, her eyes wide and dark with terror. Lew Steele must have come in the back way. He was standing close beside Mary. His right hand was in his coat pocket, and I could see the covered muzzle pressing into Mary's side. I stood quite still. There wasn't anything else to do. Steele said:

"My car's cracked up, Kern, so I'm borrowing yours."

I said very carefully, "Sure. But I'll have to put my hand in my pocket to get the keys."

Steele said, "Keep the keys. You're going to drive. We'll put Mary between us to see that you drive straight."

He turned Mary to face the door, the gun still against her.

I said, "Give it up, Lew. You can't—"

He said, "Don't talk. Move."

I started for the door. I was almost there when Steele snapped "Stop!"

There was the faint wail of a siren far off, growing, coming toward us. For an instant Steele hesitated, his face twisted and terrible. Then he said, "Get back inside. We're just a happy party, see? If anything happens, you'll get it, but she'll get it first."

I went back to the dance floor, Mary and Lew Steele following me. I tried to look as if nothing was happening, but there was sweat on my forehead and on my hands. The band was still playing, and people were too busy dancing to notice much. All but Johnny Stone. He was blowing it out, but he saw us come in. He saw Steele close to Mary, Steele's pocket lifted against her, and the look on Mary's face. I guess he caught on right away. He skipped a couple of notes, but I put all I could into a look, and he went on playing. But his eyes followed us like burning coals. And outside the siren wailed.

The nearest booth was the one we'd just left. Steele jerked his head toward it, and we slid in. Ted Halsey looked up, saw our faces, and froze. I didn't have to tip him off. One look at Steele's eyes was all he needed.

The siren was screaming right by the door. People were stopping on the floor, looking out. And then the police car went shrieking by. Lew Steele said softly, "A couple of minutes, and then we'll get going too."

I tried to think of a way out. But everything came back to Lew Steele's pocket, to the cold death pressed against Mary's side. And the seconds were going. Then I saw Johnny Stone. And heard what the band was playing. It was that wailing blues song from the mines. And Johnny Stone was down off the stand, blowing it hot and wild and wandering across the floor. I saw he'd put the mute in the end of his horn, holding the brass cone in with the fingers of his right hand, and blowing like a man possessed.

He drifted along by the booths, and everybody stopped and watched. They thought it was an act. The band did too. They were all swinging it, really tearing it off. Through it all I could hear the man at the bull fiddle pounding it out and chanting the refrain . . . "Blow . . . it down . . . oh, man . . . *blow* the death down. . . ."

And Johnny Stone was blowing it down. Trumpet muted, blowing his way to us step by step. Lew Steele crouched a little, his eyes glittering.

☆ BOOKS OF THE WEEK ☆

by Oliver Swift

★★★★ DOCTOR AT TIMBERLINE by Charles Fox Gardiner, M. D. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

The autobiography of an American doctor who for years practiced in the Far West when it was still wild and woolly. A book that is vigorous and jovial and of lasting American significance.—*Achmed Abdullah.*

★★½ THE ESKIMO AND HIS REINDEER IN ALASKA by C. L. Andrews. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

Story of a teacher among the Eskimos, illustrated with interesting photographs.

★★ NORTHERN LIGHTS TO FIELDS OF GOLD. by Stanley Scearce. The Caxton Printers, Ltd.

A colorful autobiographical narrative of a young man's adventures in the roaring camps of the Alaskan gold rush. Its frank melodrama and unpretentious style have the ring of truth. A good picture of one of the strangest incidents in United States history.

He said, "If that punk comes here—"

I said, "It's just an act. He'll go on by."

But I knew he wouldn't. I didn't know what he was going to do, but I knew he wouldn't go by. He stopped by our booth, swinging the horn over as if he was playing a specialty just for us. Steele was closest to him, on the outside. Steele said fiercely, "Move on, punk. Move on!"

But Johnny stayed where he was. His fingers were holding the mute back against the blaring bell of the trumpet, almost in Steele's face. I didn't know what he was after. I knew he must see that gun against Mary's side. But he knew what he was doing. I saw Steele's lips curl back from his teeth, the sudden shift of his shoulders, and the swift triumph in Johnny's eyes. I knew the gun was shifted away from Mary, pointing at Johnny Stone. And then it was all too fast.

Johnny snapped his fingers off the mute, and the blast behind it shot it out of the horn. It was too close to miss. The metal cone struck Steele fairly across the eyes.

I heard the gun go once, a muffled *chug!* Then I was across the table, slamming Steele's head against the back of the booth, grabbing for his gun. I got my hand on it and twisted sideways, throwing us both out on the floor. The gun under my hand jerked fiercely and flame seared my fingers. Steele screamed shrilly, almost threw me clear with one convulsive leap, and then collapsed.

I jerked the gun away, but he was finished. The bullet had caught him just under the ribs. I stood up slowly, feeling weak and sick. People were screaming all around, and then suddenly the place was oddly still. Johnny Stone was leaning against the side of the booth. His hand was pressed up against his side, and there was blood on his fingers. I heard Mary's agonized gasp.

Before I could reach him, Johnny Stone was down on his knees. I grabbed him, and he dropped his head forward on my chest. He said:

"I blew it down, didn't I? I . . . blew it . . . down."

I said, "All the way, kid. Take it easy now and rest."

AFTERWARD—after the ambulance had taken Johnny and Mary to town and I'd cleared the place out and had the routine pictures taken of Lew Steele and got all that cleared up, I went over and sat down in the booth with Ted Halsey. He was drinking rye-and sodas one after the other, and they weren't doing him any good at all.

He said, "It just can't be this way. There hasn't been a trumpet like that in twenty years."

There wasn't anything I could say to that. Things happen, whether you think they can or not. The phone rang, and I went to answer it. It was Mary. She said:

"Jerry . . ."

I could tell she was crying, and I went cold and very tired. Then she said:

"He's going to be all right, Jerry. They got the bullet out. It didn't touch his lungs."

I said, "I'm glad."

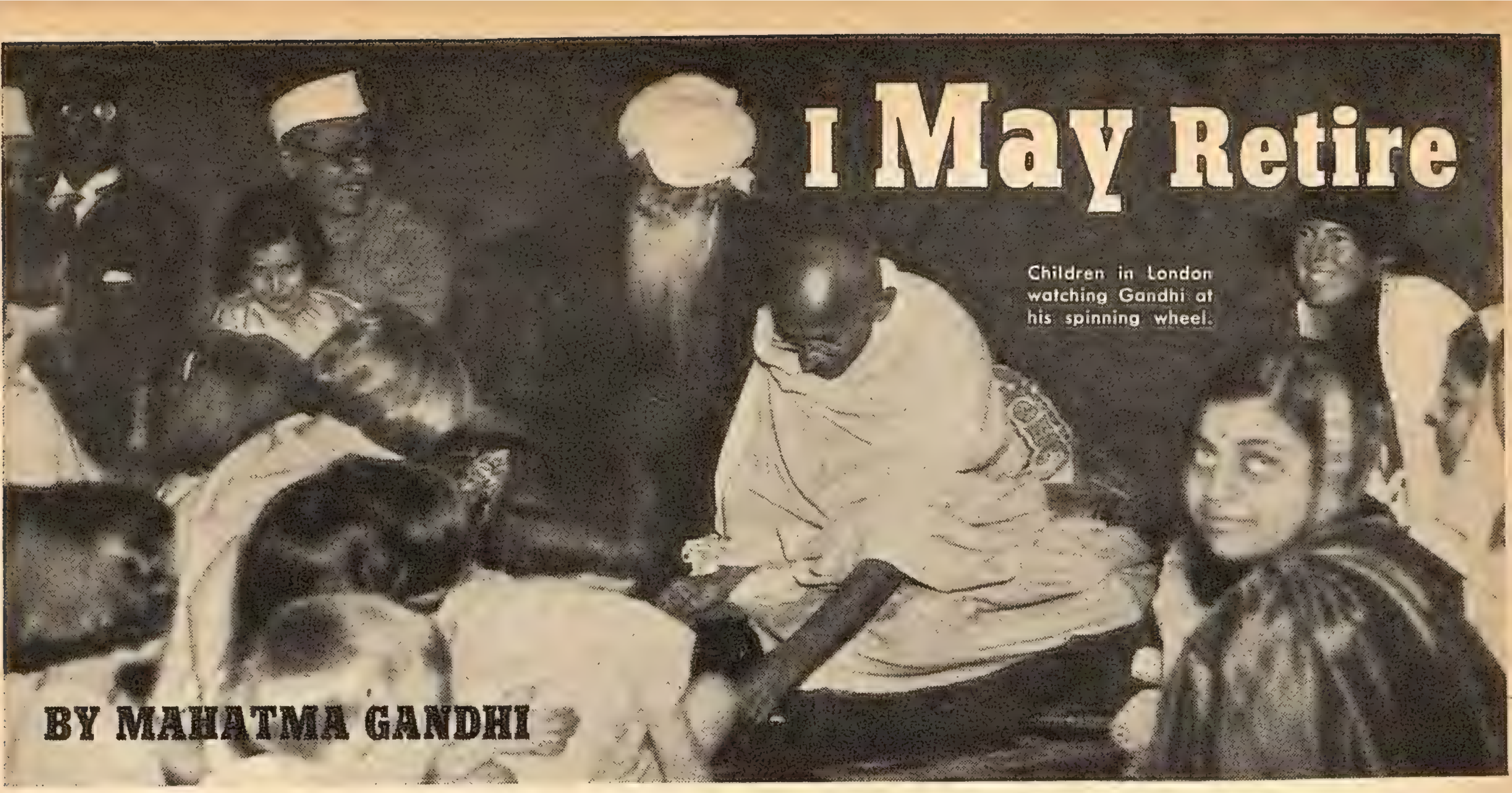
She said, "Jerry, I can't tell you—"

I said, "The hell with all that. When he's strong enough, tell him about the spot Halsey's got for him. We sort of missed that in the rush."

She said, "Jerry, you're so swell."

And I went back to tell Halsey the good news.

THE END



I May Retire

Children in London watching Gandhi at his spinning wheel.

BY MAHATMA GANDHI

India's leader makes a startling announcement

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THERE has been a report recently that I have contemplated severing physical connection with the Indian National Congress. This would mean my retirement from public political life and possibly would lead to several serious changes in the present situation in India.

The report is true. There are a number of reasons why I have debated the advisability of taking such a step. But first let me say something about the National Congress itself.

The Indian National Congress is the great popular group that rose up to give voice to the Indian people's desire for independence. Throughout history, similar popular groups have been subject to violent attack. The most familiar criticism of it is that it represents Hindus alone. The truth is that the National Congress was founded by an Englishman and for a long time had as its secretary another Englishman. Its presidents have been Moslem, English, and Parsi, and many of its executives have been Moslem. It has never spoken for Hindus as against Moslems, nor for Moslems as against Hindus. It is based on both, as well as on the numerically weaker religious groups.

The very existence of the Congress—now running into its second half century—should be enough to disprove the oft-heard excuse that, because of her peoples' different faiths, India is not fit to govern herself. The Congress holds all of India's hopes and aspirations. My retirement from leadership in it would seem to indicate that I am stepping out of the Indian movement for freedom. And that would appear to mean that I am renouncing everything for which I have ever lived, hoped, and prayed.

But of course that can never be true so long as a living breath remains in my body. If I retire, it will be because I shall have convinced myself that it is the way in which I can serve my country best.

I must confess frankly that I have had distressing experiences during my work in the National Congress. I have made the discovery that policies of mine have been adopted by other Congressmen and leaders only because they despaired of opposing my position and prestige. I do not wish to have my policies adopted because others think me too powerful to oppose. I wish my ideas to be accepted because others believe in them, as I do, with all their hearts and minds.

These policies on which there is a difference of opinion rest on two basic points which constitute the whole of my life's work and thought. The first is absolute nonviolence. The second is the spinning wheel.

These are the foundation of my program for India. They are interlocking. Perhaps it has been difficult for Western readers to understand the connection between them, and even more so to appreciate the part they can play in India's movement for freedom.

Civil disobedience can never be effectively and thoroughly exercised without absolute nonviolence, which in turn cannot be achieved without perfect organization, each individual fully understanding and acting in harmony with what the other is doing; and this cannot be achieved without something that will draw the whole mass of people into one great unit.

For a long time I cast around for this force that would unify India's millions. The spinning wheel was the answer that I found, and I believe that there is no other that possesses its advantages. For spinning is the one thing that all can do easily without any capital to speak of. It is indigenous to the soil and it is peaceful and productive labor. Furthermore, it is the perfect expression of nonviolence. And a country spinning its own cloth is a country acting as one. A person who wears his own homespun cloth has a constant reminder of his part in the great national movement.

There is another argument for the spinning wheel. India at present is clothed largely by English factories. If her people spin their own wearing apparel by hand, they are thereby exercising a pressure, absolutely nonviolent, that cannot in the end be resisted.

To my mind, the case for nonviolence and the spinning wheel is unanswerable. But many members of the National Congress do not agree. Certain members of the intelligentsia of the Congress have virtually given up spinning and question its efficacy. And I have always considered it essential that the most intellectual member of the population use the spinning wheel wholeheartedly every day, as well as the humblest person.

In these circumstances one thing is clear. If there is disagreement, the fault is not in nonviolence, nor in the spinning wheel, but rather in me. It therefore becomes my paramount duty to demonstrate more convincingly the efficacy of nonviolence and the spinning wheel as the means of achieving freedom. To do this, I need complete detachment and absolute freedom of action.

It is for those reasons that I have considered retirement.

THE END

"THOU SHALT NOT KILL"

By CHANNING POLLOCK

LIBERTY'S
Short Short

Editor's Note: The following story first appeared in Liberty, October 19, 1935. We republish it now because it bears so directly on the present crisis, showing up clearly the unconscious treason of well meaning, but foolish pacifists and emphasizing the necessity of arms for defense.

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

I DON'T understand you," the Rev. Peter Very declared. "If you're opposed to war—"

Harriet Quinner looked up from her knitting.

"There's no 'if' about that," she said. "I've been a member of every peace society ever formed in this town."

"Exactly," Mr. Very assented. He was a square-jawed, square-built little man, convinced that there were two sides to every question—his own and the wrong side. He had known "Miss Q." for years, and respected her. Every one in this part of New England respected "Miss Q." For generations her family had lived in the same white-clapboard house and made its influence felt in every righteous movement.

"You agree with me that nations could and should settle their disputes as good citizens do—" went on the clergyman.

Miss Quinner nodded.

"—and yet you refuse to sign a petition calling upon our own country to disarm."

Miss Quinner was reversing her needles. Mr. Very had seen her do that hundreds of times, but still he couldn't help looking at her poor maimed left hand. Now his hostess followed his glance.

"I lost those fingers in Yucatán," she said.

"I know."

"I lost my sister there, too."

"Yes, I know that."

"She was all I had," Miss Quinner went on. "I've been alone ever since."

She rose and put down her work and crossed to the tall old-fashioned windows that faced the prim old-fashioned garden. She was a curiously quiet woman, Mr. Very thought. She reminded him of an ocean liner in a harbor—in a world full of panting undecided tugboats.

Mr. Very waited a moment and cleared his throat and resumed. "Some one must lead the way," he said. "'Thou shalt not kill.' Some one must show that there can be no excuse for murder."

He stopped because Miss Quinner so obviously was thinking of her own tragedy.

"I want to tell you how I lost my sister," she said. "No one else knows that."

"I had understood she was killed in a jungle."

"In the bush at Uxmal," Miss Quinner corrected him.

"That was just before I came here," Mr. Very remarked.

"It was something over ten years ago. The country really wasn't opened up yet, but Thompson had interested Harvard, and published a book or two. My sister and I had been in Egypt with my father before he died. I was anxious to compare the Egyptian ruins with those in Yucatán."

She returned to her chair but remained standing.

"I don't know why I took Florence. She was hardly more than a child, and very gay and romantic. I needed some one like that with me. We spent a week in a rest-house at Chichen Itzá, and then we went back to Mérida, and engaged an Indian to take us to Uxmal. The man's name was Raymundo, and he drove a decrepit Ford from the end of the railway at Muna. We two women spent the night at Muna, and started for Uxmal at daybreak.

"It was frightfully hot, and the road was unbelievably bad. Florence and I were in the back seat of the Ford, and Raymundo sat in front with a double-barreled shotgun beside him. Florence asked him why he had brought that. He said he wanted to kill pigeons."

"What did he do with them?" Mr. Very asked.

"I don't know. Ate them, I suppose, or sold them. But I was horrified. I love birds. I used to be president of our Audubon Society. So I argued with Raymundo, and then tried to buy him off. I suppose he thought I was crazy. Anyway, he brought down one dove from the car. The poor little thing; it wasn't even dead yet. Florence cried, and I was furious, but Raymundo only laughed and reloaded his gun."

Mr. Very inclined his head. He'd heard an outline of the story before, and he was anxious to get his petition signed and go home to dinner. Miss Quinner picked up her knitting and sat down with it in her lap.

"It was noon when we reached Uxmal," she continued, "and no shade anywhere. Just bush and half-buried heaps of stone and a blistering sun. Raymundo said there was a big tree half a mile through the bush. He began carrying our lunch there, and Florence wandered off, and I waited alone in the car. And then Raymundo came back for us and his gun and the dead pigeon, and I told him I'd rather starve than eat that. He laughed again, and we all went into the bush and had bread and a native dish of beans and some fruit. There was a cool breeze there, and Raymundo dozed off. So did Florence.

"I was nodding, myself, when suddenly I saw a queer movement in the bush. I touched Raymundo's arm and pointed and whispered, 'What's that?'

"Raymundo listened, and then whispered back:

"'Wildcat.'

"An instant later the beast broke cover. Raymundo reached for his gun."

Miss Quinner looked down again at her maimed hand.

"He was too late, I suppose?" Mr. Very remarked sympathetically.

Miss Q. shook her head.

"His aim was bad, then?"

"I don't think so," Miss Quinner said. "He was a dead shot. But my sister was killed—almost torn to pieces. And my arm and hand were torn too. The beast was half starved. Raymundo had to club him off."

"I don't understand," Mr. Very repeated himself. "If the Indian was a dead shot, and the gun was loaded—"

"It wasn't," Miss Quinner interrupted, suddenly upright in her chair. "The gun wasn't loaded. I knew that. I knew it before I heard the hammers click on two empty chambers. I'd taken the shells out while I was alone in the car so Raymundo couldn't kill pigeons."

Miss Quinner's voice had become shrill.

And then, very quietly, she picked up her knitting.

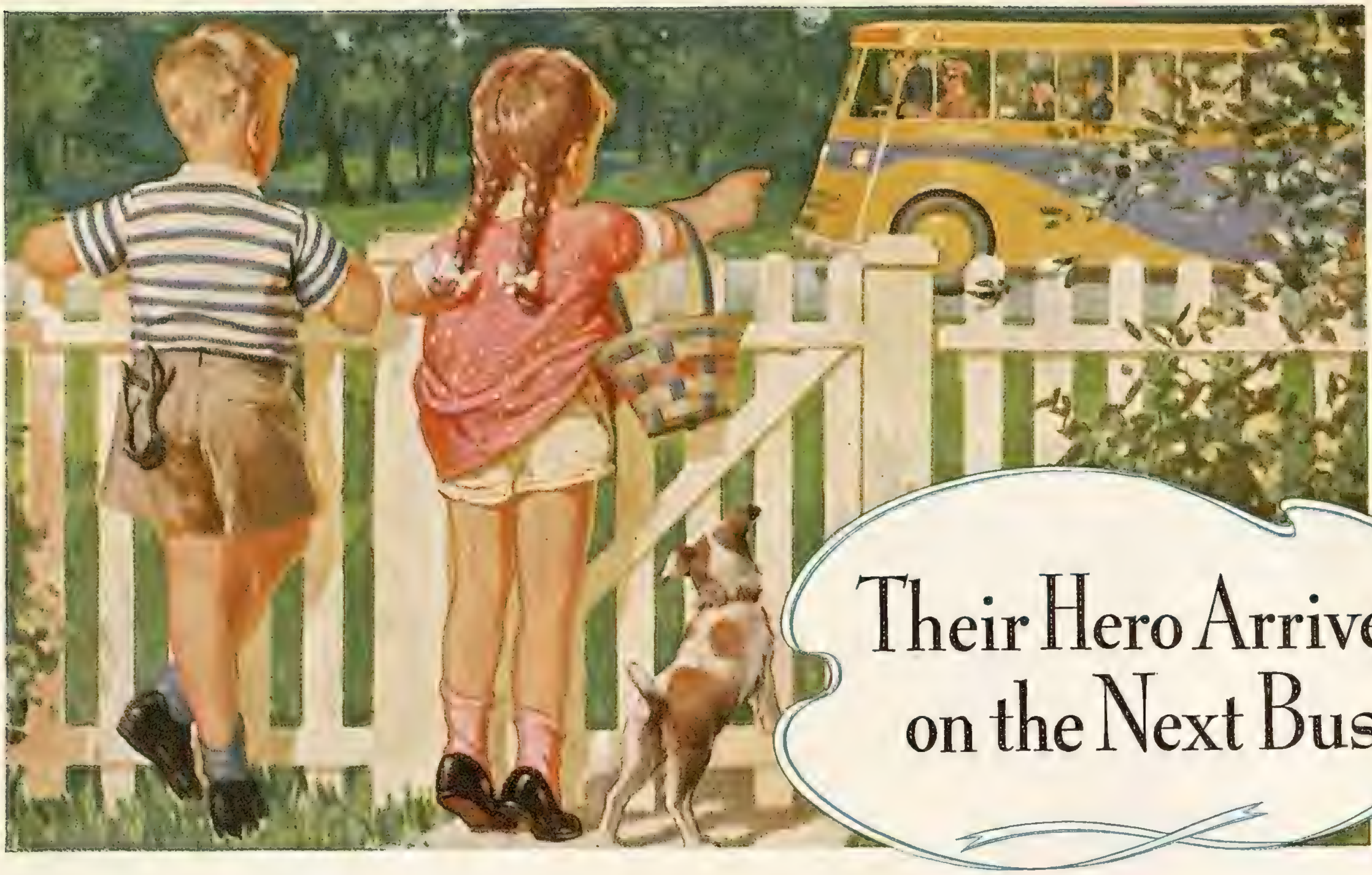
"I've never told any one else," she concluded.

Mr. Very rolled up his petition.

"You were right to tell me," he said.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1940; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.



Their Hero Arrives on the Next Bus

Thinks of himself as Daddy — just a fellow like millions of others making the most of every day... working with a purpose and then relaxing to live with his family and friends. His age? He feels so young that the years don't matter. He's the best playmate his wife and youngsters ever had. And why not? No setting sun sees him bringing home the cares of the day. No rising sun fails to find him refreshed and eager to greet the new day.

* * *

Advice to Wives: One of Home's greatest charms for Daddy is the icebox — especially when well stocked with Budweiser and other good things. It gives the busy man-about-town the urge to be a gracious man-about-home.

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BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

$2,000 in Cash Prizes

WITH Coupon No. 5 on this page the Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest for $2,000 in cash awards reaches the halfway mark with chances to enter still open if you act promptly to get into the competition. You can start now and make up the lost ground later. Begin by reading the Rules carefully. Then turn to Mr. Macfadden's editorial in the front of the magazine. Read it with the contest requirements in mind and select the sentence or paragraph you wish to quote. Copy the quotation upon the contest coupon. Provision is made for additional space if you need it. Do not send in any coupons until your set of ten is complete at the end of the contest. Coupon No. 6 will appear next week in Liberty.

LATE-ENTRY OFFER

For the convenience of late entrants Liberty has prepared reprints of the first four coupons and the editorials they involve. When you mail your request to the address given in Rule 6, be sure to enclose five cents in stamps to cover cost of mailing and handling.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated August 3, Liberty will publish a Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Contest coupon.

2. To compete, study carefully the Bernarr Macfadden editorial in each issue in which these coupons appear. Select from each editorial the sentence or paragraph you believe most worthy to be quoted for its power to awaken the reader to his duties as an American citizen. Copy the selected sentence or paragraph on the coupon appearing in the same issue. Use typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil. If you require additional space, paste the coupon on a larger sheet and continue your quotation on that.

3. Save all coupons until the end of the contest and submit them as a unit, together with a statement of not more than fifty words explaining, "The editorial in this series of ten that I liked best, and why."

4. The entry presenting the set of ten quotations which in the opinion of the judges best expresses the Macfadden ideal of patriotic Americanism, accompanied by the most convincing, logical statement, will be awarded the $500 First Prize. In the order of their excellence on this basis other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; 20 prizes, $10 each; 200 prizes, $5 each. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

5. The judges will be the editors of Liberty, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Winning entries become the property of Liberty for publication wherever desired. No correspondence can be entered into concerning any entry.

6. Mail entries to Bernarr Macfadden Editorial Quotation Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight, Saturday, August 3, 1940, the closing date of this contest.

BERNARR MACFADDEN EDITORIAL QUOTATION CONTEST

COUPON NO. 5 (Paste this coupon on a larger sheet if you need more space)

Liberty

INVITES CIVIC ORGANIZATIONS EVERYWHERE

to sponsor one of the great series of patriotic dances now being arranged from coast to coast

●

Each LIBERTY BALL

is dedicated to a realization of the priceless benefits of

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Each LIBERTY BALL

will feature the nomination of a

LIBERTY BELLE

as honorary ruler over the program. Automatically she will become one of the candidates from among whom a National Miss Liberty will be chosen. The National Miss Liberty will be taken to New York, all expenses paid, and featured as National Miss Liberty in Billy Rose's Aquacade Show at the New York World's Fair. In addition she will be given screen tests by leading motion-picture companies of America. What an honor for any girl!

●

Already patriotic groups in many cities are enthusiastically preparing to participate in this great nationwide honor to a great free nation.

Any civic organization wishing to sponsor a Liberty Ball in its city can obtain complete particulars by writing to Liberty Magazine, 205 East Forty-second Street, New York City, where all information is now available.

Controversy in sportdom! A much criticized promoter strikes back

BY
MIKE JACOBS
as told to
JACK MAHON

Am I a menace to Boxing?

"I've often threatened to answer my critics," says Mike. "I've never done so. But now—"

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

IN the past six months I have been publicly accused many times of "ruining" the boxing game. Jack Dempsey accused me only a few weeks ago, and the National Boxing Association must agree with him, for they vacated two titles because I would not allow certain champions to fight the men they "designated." I have been called a monopolist and a boxing dictator and have been charged with "tying up" fighters by illegal contracts. One fighter, in a national magazine, said he would never fight for me because I was "wrecking the game." Big men in cities throughout the country say I am causing boxing's downfall by refusing to show champions outside of New York. They also charge that no out-of-town fighters can get a "break" from me in Madison Square Garden.

Now, I have been in show business for twenty-five years and actively interested in boxing for the past ten. I have taken all kinds of criticism and have been called many different names. While I've often lost my temper and threatened to make a reply which would certainly embarrass several of my critics, I have never done so. At this time, however, I think it is only fair to state my side of the case and let the public judge for itself.

Fight promoting is essentially show business—which, as any one knows, is really all a gamble. Champions are made—not born. They have to be developed over the years. It takes plenty of time, patience, setbacks, and hard cash. Boxing stars are built on publicity, just like stars of the stage and screen. Managers must have money to entertain, to pay their rent and feed their boys, to keep them out of trouble and to pay doctors' bills between fights. I have to supply that money. At the moment, I am owed approximately $110,000 by fight managers from coast to coast—and the figure is still climbing.

The 20th Century Sporting Club, of which I am president, is a corporation with approximately $14,000,000 worth of property on which to carry out its yearly schedule. Ticket takers, publicity men, office help, technical crews, traveling expenses, and those "advances" to fighters and managers must be written off each year by shows at Madison Square Garden, the Polo Grounds, Yankee Stadium, and Long Island City Bowl, in New York, and by any out-of-town promotions I may try.

Last year I paid $496,000 in taxes to the state and federal government on my shows. That does not include the tax on the money earned by the fighters or the amount earned by the various charities which shared in those fights. Does that look as if I am trying to kill boxing?

To protect my investments and property, certain business contracts are essential. When I see a fighter I think will develop into a champion, or at least a big box-office attraction, I usually gamble on him. I stake him, offer him more money than he can get elsewhere, and try to build him up. I have no guaranty that he will make good for me. If my guess is correct and he develops into a title challenger, I demand that he sign, if successful, to defend that title exclusively for me. It is the only insurance I ask for advancing money and getting him a shot at the championship. Any theatrical agent who performed a similar service would certainly demand a similar contract. Yet because of these contracts I am accused of being a dictator and a monopolist.

Champions are the only fighters bound by such agreements. And the charge that I never let champions fight outside of New York is not only ridiculous — it's a downright lie. Henry Armstrong defended his welterweight title in no less than ten cities in 1939! They were New York, Los Angeles, St. Louis, Minneapolis, Seattle, Denver, Des Moines, Cleveland, Havana, and London.

Ceferino Garcia made his first defense of the middleweight title in the Philippine Islands, and his second in Los Angeles against Henry Armstrong. There's an example of two fighters I promoted into champions fighting for a title under other sponsors thousands of miles from New

York. Does that seem exactly like a tie-up?

Former lightweight champion Lew Ambers fought all over the country. Billy Conn has risked his light-heavyweight title in his home town of Pittsburgh and will risk it again in Detroit this summer. Joe Louis has fought in Detroit and Los Angeles and expects to fight outside of New York again this year. How, then, does the charge that champions are locked up in New York hold up?

Could it be that out-of-town promoters feel that, by blasting me, they can cover up less attractive cash guaranties and offers to these champions? Ambers and his manager, Al Weill, will readily admit they'll accept good offers anywhere; but when it comes to title fights they'll sound out New York first, for that is where the big money lies. Every other good manager has the same idea. Managers who have criticized me for years will break all speed regulations to my office, once they find a fighter they think I can use. If they can get a title chance or a sizable cash advance, all past grievances are soon forgotten. If their fighter is beaten, they resume criticizing my methods.

WHEN Jack Dempsey recently told some Kansas City newspapermen I was ruining the game by my monopoly, I wasn't greatly annoyed. I realize, now that Jack is out of boxing and is selling food and liquor, he has to keep his name in the headlines. The fact that I do not consider a certain heavyweight, in whom he has an interest, a good box-office attraction, might also have something to do with Jack's remarks.

Only a few weeks ago Al Hostak, the Seattle boy who claims the middleweight title, had his ideas on boxing published under the title, Why I Won't Fight for Mike Jacobs. Hostak said he wouldn't fight for me even "if he gave me the Empire State Building," because he did not approve of my methods, etc. He said his manager, Eddie Marino, had told him all about me, and that he was pledged to fight only for Nate Druxman, the Seattle promoter who gave him his start.

I read young Hostak's piece very carefully. Either he is very naïve or very dumb. Perhaps he forgets several conversations he, his manager, and Mr. Druxman had with me in Chicago only a few months ago. Perhaps he forgets how anxious his manager was to have him fight for me in New York *if* the proper terms were arranged.

Hostak was very willing to fight for the very sizable guaranty I offered him. The boy wanted to fight, but—in case he doesn't know it—the reason the match (with Garcia) never came off was because I refused to "deal" with Marino and Druxman. I offered to let the winner of such a fight make his first defense of the title in Seattle, provided, if Hostak became champion, he would then come to New York and defend it there. In order to prove Hostak's ability, I also asked that he have a tune-up fight in New York before the Garcia bout. Both Druxman and Marino refused to agree to this without other excessive guaranties.

All this was discussed in January, when I flew from Miami to Chicago to get my first look at Hostak. He was to fight Tony Zale there. When our final meeting, the day of the fight, broke up without any agreement being reached, I wished Hostak luck and warned him to be careful of Zale. That night Zale whipped him.

My chief objection to staging title fights outside of New York is a personal one. I like to run the show myself, have the headaches and take the loss or profits accordingly. This is impossible when I move out of town. The police force, Chamber of Commerce, local newspapers and bankers think all they have to do is to ask and they can have as many complimentaries as they wish. You can't pay your bills with satisfied complimentary customers. I found that out in Philadelphia when I staged the Lou Nova-Tony Galento heavyweight elimination last September. It was a red-hot match. Several cities bid for it. One Philadelphia business man offered me a $150,000 check for the rights to the show. It was a good check, too; but, though I refused it, I was convinced Philadelphia was the spot for the fight.

So I promoted it there. The fight which was supposed to gross a quarter of a million dollars grossed exactly $69,906, which, less taxes, gave me $56,855 to pay off all expenses. There were almost as many customers there "on the cuff" as there were who paid their way in. How I wish I had taken that first check!

THEN again, every place you go, you are under many obligations. I took Joe Louis out to the Coast to fight Jack Roper. Here too I was practically guaranteed a $200,000 gross gate. By the time I was through taking care of people who "just had to be taken care of" the fight grossed $88,000. Louis' fights in New York have averaged over $335,000 gross, while in the last two years I've had shows between lightweights and welterweights which have drawn from $80,000 to $104,000. These figures should explain why I have to be sold a real bill of goods before pulling a "name" fight out of the big town.

The complaint that out-of-town favorites are denied a chance to fight at Madison Square Garden is another which will not stand up under close scrutiny. Where are the fighters working whom I supposedly ban? The answer is, they're not. A good fighter can get a chance very easily in New York. All I ask is that they fight good opponents, not hand-picked second-raters.

The managers who talk the most about boycotts have repeatedly turned down bouts at the Garden. There are a few around New York right now who want main events for their boys without making them earn them in a preliminary bout.

All these complaints have found a welcome ear at the National Boxing Association, which has joined in the drive to "break the Jacobs monopoly." The N. B. A. every three months rates the first ten challengers for every crown in pugilism. It demands that champions defend their titles against the most favored members on these lists. That is all very well in theory. In practice, things don't always work out as planned.

This organization recently vacated Joey Archibald's featherweight title and Lou Ambers' lightweight title. Archibald lost his title because he refused to meet Harry Jeffra of Washington, who the N. B. A. felt was being unfairly ignored. In fact, Representative Ambrose J. Kennedy of Maryland demanded a federal investigation of boxing. Yet, a month or so after its proclamation, the N. B. A. suddenly abandoned Jeffra and decided that Pete Scalzo of New York should have first chance at Archibald.

When Archibald refused to abide by its confusing rulings, the board announced it had vacated his title. Though Ambers signed to defend his lightweight title against Lew Jenkins of Texas on May 10, he too was stripped of his robes because the great minds decided Sammy Angott of Louisville or Davey Day of Chicago rated such a bout.

This organization should content itself with its ratings and stop trying to make matches. If they know so much about fight promotion, why don't they stage an Archibald-Scalzo fight and gamble on its success?

I have often been asked if a czar of boxing would help the game. The idea has met with approval in some sections, and I understand Representative Kennedy is in favor of putting the sport under such an executive and also under federal control. I do not think it is a workable idea. Politics has no place in boxing.

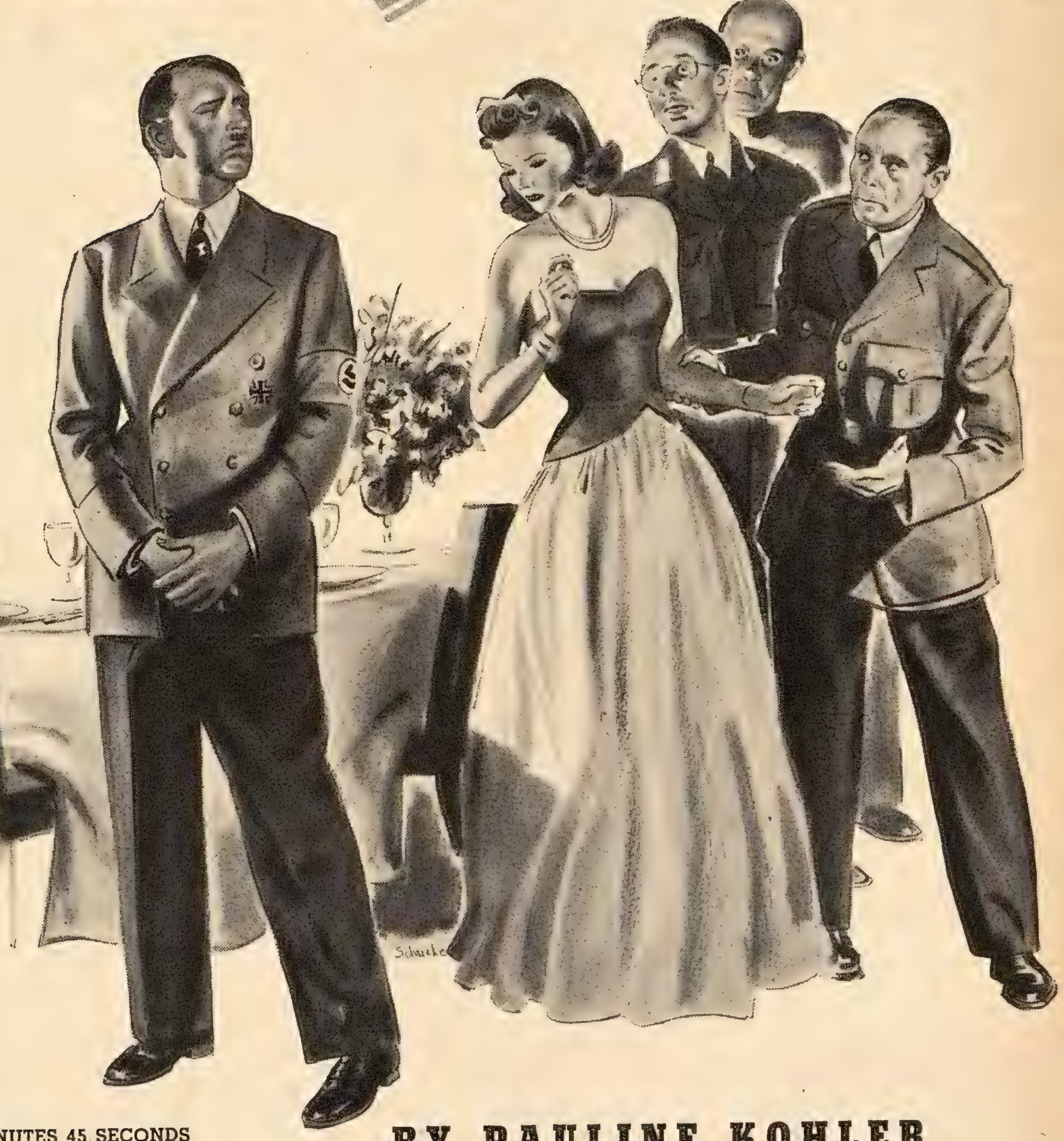
A czar like Commissioner Landis is fine for baseball, where each club has its own organization and owns its property and players. We do not own fighters and there are different boxing rules in every state. Prizefighters appear and disappear much more rapidly than any other professional athletes. I believe it would be impossible for one man to rule them all.

I HAVE been asked by many writers if Joe Louis is going to quit at the end of this year, and even told by some of them that he is. The doom not only of the heavyweight division but of my entire organization has been scheduled for that dread day.

Boxing is bigger than any one individual, and the 20th Century Sporting Club will live on, no matter who the champions are. And Joe Louis will retire only after he has been beaten or knocked out. And he won't quit then—until after I have staged a return match!

THE END

UPSTAIRS AND DOWN IN Hitler's House



Hitler ignored her. "Where is Magda?" he snapped. "Ah, she asked to be excused," explained Goebbels.

ILLUSTRATOR
JAMES SCHUCKER

READING TIME ● 20 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

BY PAULINE KOHLER

A synopsis of the preceding installment of this series will be found on page 24.

PART THREE—THE MEN BEHIND THE MASKS

THAT was the beginning of the six most unpleasant months I spent at the Berghof. After six months, Hausmann was called away from Berchtesgaden and he never returned, to my unbounded delight.

Of course there were real affairs among the domestics, virtually imprisoned together as they were in the Berghof.

I have not mentioned one unusual fact about the life there. Use of radio sets by servants or staff for private pleasure was not allowed. We were not even permitted to hear the German stations on the special people's set with its limited reception powers. I was told that it was to keep us in ignorance of events outside, lest, in the event of anything like an armed rising, we be tempted to help the rebels from inside.

We were allowed, however, to get up shows of our own or occasionally to be visited by a troupe of actors performing popular plays. These shows were always staged in the big recreation room. The Gestapo men, the Storm Troopers, and the outside staff, as well as the servants, were allowed to attend or to take part.

Goering watched the performances several times, and once Hitler himself paid us a surprise visit, much to

Uncensored . . Here are Goering, Goebbels, et al. in the most revealing close-up the world has seen

the confusion of some of the cast, who forgot their lines on the stage and had to be prompted in loud whispers, which made every one, including Hitler, roar with laughter.

I was quite cool, however, and I was afterward complimented by the Führer on my singing. I think it was because the song I sang was Vilia, from The Merry Widow, one of his favorite songs.

After two years as Hitler's maid, with little need or opportunity to spend money, I found that I had 3,000 marks saved up, which was more money than I had ever seen in my life. I often wondered whether I should ever get out of Berchtesgaden before the Nazi regime cracked and disappeared, as I felt in my heart it would sooner or later.

THERE were always visitors coming and going. I saw most of them. A frequent one was Hermann Goering, fat, red-faced, blue-eyed gangster. He was always cracking jokes. Coarse and obscene as most of them were, it was still a relief to discover some one who had kept his sense of humor. Goering drinks a tremendous amount—beer and hock chiefly, although he likes cognac too. Time and time again he has arrived for a conference with the Führer dead drunk and has had to be taken hurriedly away for medical treatment in an attempt to sober him up as quickly as possible.

His appetite is enormous. He goes on eating long after every one else has left the table. This amuses Hitler, who often says that “little Hermann must keep his strength up.”

The first time I saw Goering he weighed just under two hundred and eighty pounds. He was worried about it and went down to talk with the cooks and see if they could not provide him with food large in bulk but nonfattening. At one time he was losing a pound of weight each week and was as happy as a child about it.

Goering has always supported the paganism of the Third Reich. But one of his staff told me that he wears a small gold cross hanging from a chain round his bull neck and that he never takes it off, night or day. He was once asked about it. He flushed with anger and roughly told the questioner to mind his own business.

Goering is sentimental. He has the brutality of the Prussian officer and can be completely ruthless. But I remember in particular the case of a boy of twenty who had been sent to a concentration camp for some remark against the regime. He was the only son of his widowed mother. He arrived in the camp a fortnight before Christmas. His mother wrote a pathetic letter to Goering, saying that this would be the first Christmas her son had spent away from home; that he was really a good boy but a little rash in his speech.

Goering insists on looking at all letters addressed to him. He read this and at once phoned through to the camp commander ordering the lad's immediate release. And for Christmas he sent an enormous goose and three bottles of cognac to the widow, with a personal note: “Best wishes for Christmas. But tell your boy to think before he speaks next time.”

Hitler hates being touched. He only shakes hands when a ceremonious occasion demands it. But Goering slaps him on the back—and I think Hitler likes it. For, in spite of their quarrels, he is very fond of Goering. Perhaps it is because Goering refuses to be bullied.

Goering is a crack shot with a pistol. He has often displayed his prowess in the gardens of Berchtesgaden. And he is a good conjurer. He once wandered down to the servants' quarters and performed some astonishing tricks.

He works very hard but seems to be able to get through a great deal without apparent effort. He is a man of quick decisions. His staff are devoted to him, largely because he often takes the blame for their mistakes.

IN LIBERTY LAST WEEK

Pauline Kohler told of Hitler's ways in everyday life: his meatless diet, his craving for sweets, his insomnia and strange "cures" for it that have proved ineffective, the bulletproof vest he wears, and his fondness for reading about such pioneer builders of the British Empire as Drake and Clive. She told how he once shrieked at Goering, in her presence, after Goering told him an idea of his was stupid. She stated, on the authority of his assistant housekeeper, Elsa Holzfahn, that he has a weak heart and that a surgeon has removed one of his vocal cords, which was cancerous, and replaced it with tissue taken from his own skin. She told of his three doubles; as far as she knows, only one of them has ever been wounded by a deceived would-be assassin.

She said she had once rashly pocketed a scrap of waste paper on which Hitler had scribbled. In consequence, she found herself utterly in the power and at the mercy of a brutal Gestapo lieutenant, Gregor Hausmann.

I have heard Hitler raging at the incompetence of some minor officials and heard Goering quietly tell him that he himself ordered them to do the job in that way. Then, more often than not, Hitler's rage would subside.

In spite of their rows, I think there has only been one serious dispute between Hitler and Goering. It happened long before my time at Berchtesgaden. Rumors about Goering and an actress began to spread in Berlin and seep through to the provinces. The actress was Emmy Sonnemann, a buxom blonde with a bad voice and a poor figure but known throughout Germany for her many and colorful love affairs. Goering bought her a little villa in Dahlem, a fashionable Berlin suburb, and spent many weekends there.

About this time the Nazis were posing as puritans. Hitler heard about this affair and was furious. He ordered Goering to marry Emmy. Now, Goering is an aristocrat, and in his mind making love to an actress and marrying her were two entirely different things. But the Führer was insistent. So Goering, after many bitter protests, had to give way and duly married Emmy. Hitler was present at the ceremony and at the luncheon held afterward. He gave Goering a motorcar and Emmy a pair of emerald pendants. And whenever I saw Goering and his wife together it struck me that the field marshal was quite happy in his marriage. She certainly was. Her success in having got her Hermann to the altar had obviously gone to her head.

Goering always gave lavish presents to his friends and servants. I once found a ring he had lost in his bedroom. He thanked me, and a week later I received a small platinum wrist watch from him.

He has bought houses for three friends, men who served with him in the German Air Force in the last war. He has given another friend a seagoing yacht.

But I don't think he has ever given anything to little Dr. Goebbels, the man he hates and despises.

Once, in the early summer of 1938, they were both staying at Berchtesgaden. Toward the end of Goebbels' stay I met him on the stairs. I stood deferentially pressed against the wall as he went past me, but I glanced at his face. It was set in an ugly scowl and a livid weal marked one cheek. Naturally, I was curious and started asking cautious questions of other members of the staff. From one of them I finally got the truth.

GOERING had just come from a drive. He was walking through the entrance hall when Goebbels appeared. Goebbels made some witty but malicious remark about Goering's appearance, a remark which Goering would have laughed aside if it had come from any one else. As it was, he pulled off one of his long, heavy leather gloves and slashed the little doctor across the face with it. Then he walked on. A guard on duty saw the whole incident.

Naturally Hitler asked for some explanation of Goebbels' marked face, and Goering told what had happened.

“I can't have this continual squabbling!” Hitler cried. “You behave like children.”

Goering scowled and said nothing. He refused to apologize. So did Goebbels. Their hatred of each other was far too bitter for even Hitler to be able to quench it.

Goebbels always treated the servants at Berchtesgaden with insolence and was continually complaining about their work. Fortunately no one took much notice of these complaints.

Goebbels was behind every attack on religion that was launched during my stay at Berchtesgaden. And he infected Hitler with the same hatred of Christianity.

In January, 1937, Goebbels, who is a good driver, took his car out on the roads east of Berlin. On his way back he passed through the village of

Werneuchen without slackening speed. Just as he reached the outskirts, an elderly man stepped into the road. Goebbels made no attempt to swerve. He hit the man and sent him flying high in the air. He reached Berlin and then had one of his agents phone the village to find out whom he had killed. It was the village priest.

"And that was the pleasantest afternoon's driving I've ever done," Goebbels always declares when he tells this story. Naturally no details of his exploit were allowed to appear in the German press. He hates Roman Catholics and was always urging Hitler to take severe steps against them.

Hitler's hatred of Jews is something pathological. Goebbels' is only pretense. I know this, because one of his friends is a former Jewish librarian of the Preussische Staatsbibliothek on Unter den Linden, and several times this man has been sent out of Germany to collect rare books for Goebbels' library. Goebbels is the best educated of all the Nazis, and he has got together a sumptuous library of eighteenth-century literature. Hitler sometimes borrows books of him—a thing which Goebbels hates, for the Führer always reads with a big red pencil in his hand and scores scarlet lines alongside the passages of which he approves.

Goebbels' affairs with women are notorious throughout Germany. Most of them are carried on in a villa he owns in the Charlottenburg district of Berlin. I have never seen it, but I have talked with servants who have worked there. They all agree on one thing: it is one of the most luxurious houses in Germany.

THE Führer is very fond of Magda Goebbels, the little doctor's wife. He once showed it very pointedly. He invited Goebbels and his wife to Berchtesgaden for two or three days.

I saw Goebbels arrive, but out of the car there stepped—not his wife but a blonde with an exciting figure. She was a Viennese and a very minor film star. She wore a long sable coat that must have cost thousands of marks. She entered the house and was taken to a room adjoining that of Goebbels. Neither of them saw the Führer until dinner that evening. As they entered the dining room, Goebbels led her up to where Hitler was standing and introduced her. Hitler ignored her.

"Where is Magda?" he snapped.

"Ah, she asked to be excused," explained Goebbels. "She said she was feeling too ill to make the journey."

Hitler at once went to his study and got on the phone to Berlin. He spoke to Magda; discovered that she was perfectly fit and had just been shelved in favor of the film star. He gave her a personal and pressing invitation to Berchtesgaden and told her a military plane would be waiting for her early next morning. That done, he went back to where Goebbels was shifting about uneasily and announced that the Viennese would find

"I lived in a haunted house..."

It was just like seeing a horrible ghost—everytime I opened that linen closet. There were my clothes all washed and ironed—and there was that dingy shadow of tattle-tale gray. It simply haunted me. I never dreamed my weak-kneed soap was to blame until...

The lady next door asked me to wash the Fels-Naptha way. "Try the *golden* bar or the *golden* chips," she told me. "Either way, Fels-Naptha Soap brings you richer, *golden* soap teamed with gentle dirt-loosening *naptha*. And those two busy cleaners get the grimiest, tattle-tale gray dirt."

Well, I was so frantic I rushed to the grocer's for that big, *golden* bar of Fels-Naptha Soap. And do I thank my lucky stars! My washes now look like a million—so sunny-white and sweet-smelling! I'm so proud of my curtains and clothes and linens, I just love to have folks come into the house. And, Jim...well...if you could see how he hugged me last night, you'd know *he's* proud of *me!*

Golden bar or golden chips—
Fels-Naptha banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

FELS-NAPTHA
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP
FELS-NAPTHA SOAP CHIPS

P. S. Use the Fels-Naptha bar for bar-soap jobs. Use Fels-Naptha Soap Chips for box-soap jobs. The crinkly flakes made of richer, *golden* soap and naptha. They're HUSKIER—not puffed up with air like flimsy, *sneezy* powders. Wonderfully sudsy, too—thanks to a new added suds-builder!

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an excellent meal served in her room in a few minutes.

I served that meal—to a pale-faced and very frightened young woman. "What have I done?" she cried. "He made me come. I knew there'd be trouble. And now I'm ruined." Actually she was far from being ruined, for she remained Goebbels' mistress for several months and acquired a fortune in jewelry.

She left after breakfast next morning, and Magda arrived shortly afterward, to be greeted by an effusive Hitler and a sulky husband.

Goebbels is a genius at propaganda. Time and time again when he has been at Berchtesgaden the line has been cleared to Berlin and he has picked up the phone and dictated a two-thousand-word article with hardly a pause for breath. The article has appeared next day in every German paper and confirmed the wavering faith of thousands of Hitler's followers. Nothing is too small to escape Goebbels' attention. He himself has read every schoolbook, to make certain that it is all Nazi propaganda. That is why, in spite of his unpopularity with every other big Nazi, Hitler still listens to him. He is one of the few Nazis entitled to wear the Führer's Chain.

THIS has never been described before. It is a small gold chain of five links, each stamped with a swastika, and it ends in a tiny gold medal on one side of which is the Führer's profile and on the other an eagle with outstretched wings clutching a swastika in its claws. Only five men possess this chain. They are Goering, Goebbels, Himmler, Hess, and Streicher.

Himmler is particularly proud of his. Presumably he has earned it by his devotion to mass murder. We always spoke of "Heinrich and his little black bag," because whenever he arrived at Berchtesgaden he was never without a black leather briefcase. The case never left his side. When he traveled it was attached to his wrist by a thin steel chain.

His secretary told us that it contained reports on the latest activities of the Gestapo and plans for the future. Certainly he and Hitler spent long hours together going over its contents, and when he left, a new reign of terror would begin throughout Germany.

Himmler is slim, with thin sandy hair, watery blue eyes, and a receding chin. He neither drinks nor smokes and is a vegetarian. He has two hobbies—keeping rabbits and collecting china. His Gestapo agents have orders to seize any pieces of china they see when they raid a home. These are always sent to Himmler to see if they are valuable and rare enough to go into his collection. Museums, too, have been raided.

Himmler's health is bad. Every one at Berchtesgaden declares that, although long ago pronounced cured, he still suffers from the effects of venereal disease contracted when he was twenty. It is this, they say, that accounts for his bad eyesight. The reports he has to read are typed for him on a machine whose letters are three tenths of an inch high. He is rarely without a headache—for which he was taking drugs when I was seeing him. His voice is soft and gentle, with a slight lisp. He has a most elaborate traveling case, which I have unpacked at least twice. It is packed with mysterious highly scented pomades, after-shaving lotions, a complete set of manicure equipment, and a vibratory-massage gadget with which the master of the Gestapo spends half an hour every morning trying to beautify his skin.

He is extraordinarily superstitious. He believes three to be his lucky number, so does everything in threes. For example, he insists on three of his staff being present when he only wants to speak to one. He always eats three apples at once, must have three potatoes on his plate, and always gives three marks as a tip. He has an ordinary pen which he has used since he was a young man. He refuses to write with any other, and must have worn out hundreds of nibs signing the decrees which have brought torture and death to so many German citizens.

In spite of his childish vanity he is seriously interested in no woman but his wife. He is really in love with her, but she has had no softening influence on him. I only saw her once. A woman of rather faded prettiness, she had an acid tongue and severe narrow lips. I did not see her smile. I doubt if she can. She always wears woolen stockings and drab shapeless dresses. Her hair is greasy and her skin blotched and sallow.

HIMMLER is sane, although a monster of cold cruelty. But no one could imagine bald-headed, pot-bellied, bandy-legged Julius Streicher to be anything but a lunatic escaped from the nearest asylum. Yet Hitler refuses to hear a word against Streicher. I have often seen him at close quarters. Perhaps the most repulsive thing about him is his lips—full, fleshy, red, and always moist, for he drools as he speaks. His voice is like a parrot's. He is, of course, editor of the Stuermer, a paper packed with anti-Jewish obscenity, and when he begins to speak about the Jews, he shouts louder than his Führer. Flecks of foam fly from his lips, sweat breaks out on his forehead, and his whole body trembles with rage.

He is an epileptic. One evening at Berchtesgaden I was coming along the corridor past his bedroom when I heard a terrible scream come from his door. I opened it and glanced in. The Jew-baiter was lying on the carpet, his body rigid, his eyes rolled up until I could only see their whites, and a trickle of blood running down his chin where he had bitten his tongue. I rang the bell, summoning his personal attendants. When they arrived I was hustled out of the room. Next morning they came to me and warned me to say nothing of what I had seen. I heard later that these fits occur fairly frequently, sometimes as often as once a week.

In Nuremberg, the city he rules, he often goes to the jail and flogs a few prisoners until they scream for mercy. Then he tells the whole story of the flogging, with many details, to Hitler on his next visit to Berchtesgaden.

He has three illegitimate children about whom no one is supposed to know anything. I know the names of two of them—Kurt and Konrad. The third is a daughter whom I have never seen, and whose name I do not know. I was told that she had a responsible post in the Ministry of Propaganda. Kurt is twenty, Konrad seventeen. Both are SS men stationed in Breslau. Already Kurt has been involved in a scandal.

All the women servants at Berchtesgaden hated Streicher. He leered at them and they were lucky to escape with a pinch or two if he met them on the stairs or in any of the corridors.

STREICHER has considerable influence with Hitler, largely because he has an apparently inexhaustible supply of dirty stories and is forever telling them. These are one of the few things which amuse the Führer. Perhaps it is in payment for them that he always gives Streicher costly birthday presents. In 1937 he sent him a Mercedes car. In 1938 it was a cinema projector made by the best technicians in Germany, together with the complete film of the Olympic Games made by Leni Riefenstahl.

Personally I should prefer the present Hitler gives Rudolph Hess every year—a check for about $20,000. Hess was imprisoned with Hitler after the abortive Munich Putsch. During this imprisonment much of Mein Kampf was written, and Hess had far more to do with it than most people imagine. Many of the ideas in this "Bible of the Nazis" came from Hess. That is why every year, out of the enormous royalties he draws from the sale of the book, Hitler gives Hess such a check. Hess' real name should be Yes. He has never been known to contradict Hitler. His invariable answer is: "Yes, *mein Führer.*" He must be too stupefied with drugs to be able to think for himself. He cannot live through a day without a dose of heroin, and he has to have an extra large dose every time he makes a speech.

Von Papen rarely came to Berchtesgaden except to be stormed at by Hitler for some diplomatic blunder. The only reason he is still alive is that Hitler is still a snob at heart and von Papen is an aristocrat and one of the men who first introduced Hitler to a fashionable, moneyed society.

Von Papen is a dandy. All his clothes have come from London. He imitates the English. His favorite drink is whisky, of which he consumes nearly a bottle a day. This gray-haired, shifty-eyed, notoriously bungling diplomat imagines he is the Romeo of the Reich. I will say one thing for him—his amours are not of the kitchen.

A great admirer of von Papen was Miss Unity Mitford. She thought he was "so distinguished." Her feeling for Hitler went beyond admiration. She worshiped him. She was a frequent visitor to Berchtesgaden, where her favorite occupation was taking snaps of Hitler with a camera he had given her. She was always an honored guest, but we could never discover whether it was because Hitler was genuinely fond of her or because he saw in her a way to get Nazi propaganda circulating through the ranks of English society.

No foreigner is allowed to wear the swastika badge, but Hitler had a gold one specially designed for Miss Mitford, with the swastika on one side and an engraving of his signature on the other.

I often acted as Miss Mitford's personal maid at Berchtesgaden. She had lovely clothes. On her dressing table a signed photograph of Hitler always stood. She carried it around with her whenever she traveled.

I once ventured to ask her if she was really fond of Germany. Her face lit up.

"It is a marvelous country, led by the greatest genius in history," she declared, "and Britain's truest friend is Adolf Hitler. Together, the two countries would be invincible. I would sacrifice anything to bring about an alliance between them."

I asked her what she thought of the revolution in Germany's social life since the Nazis came to power.

"It is magnificent," she said, without a moment's hesitation. "All the riffraff have been imprisoned. Only clean-living men and women are allowed to live peacefully in Germany now. Hitler has been hard on the others. Sometimes I think he has not been hard enough."

Her eyes blazed with fanatical fervor as she said this. She paced up and down her bedroom.

"I hate the little petty-minded critics who attack the Führer. What can they know of what goes on inside his mind? He is a man, a real man, superior to every other. One day every one in the world will recognize his greatness."

I have seen her drinking coffee with the Führer. She was like a woman in a trance when he spoke.

VERY different was King Carol of Rumania who came to see Hitler at the Führer's invitation. I liked him tremendously. He behaved like a king who knew exactly how to treat ex-house painters. Hitler attempted some of the blustering tirades that had intimidated the Austrian Chancellor, Schuschnigg. They did not succeed at all with King Carol. When Hitler shouted at him, he shouted back—in a voice that startled the Führer into temporary silence. And, besides the delight most of us felt in having some one in the house who could stand up to Hitler, we liked King Carol's generosity. He gave us all fifty-mark tips when he left.

Hitler is a bachelor. Dr. Goebbels says he will never marry because he has only one love in his life—Germany. Hitler may remain single, but to say that Germany is his only love is nonsense. Hitler is woman-crazy. He is discreet and his love affairs are not always the normal affairs of a healthy man. But he cannot exist without women.

He owes his present position to women. Women flocked to his meetings long before he was much more than a soapbox speaker. It was the woman's vote which swept him to increasing victories at the polls. The wives of the great Ruhr financiers met him and were fascinated. Their husbands' money soon afterward began to flow into the Nazi till.

That is well known to every student of the Nazi movement. But what is not well known at all is the story of Hitler's personal, intimate friendships with women.

Let us go back some years. . . .

Is it true that at least two women in Hitler's life—one his stepniece—have been driven by dread of him to suicide? What about those rumors of a secret marriage? Of "platonic friendships"? And who, above all others, is the feminine mystery in that house of his at Berchtesgaden? The facts, as gathered there, will be bared in Pauline Kohler's concluding revelation next week.

1 **I'm dared** into riding a bicycle on my vacation, when I haven't been on one of the things since I was ten. Everything goes okay until I suddenly come to a hill. I zip down it and—

2 **Smash!** Into a fruit stand! "Listen," I say to the owner, "let's talk terms over a TEN HIGH or two." We do, and he's so pleased at finding a whiskey with No Rough Edges at so little cost, that he calls it even!

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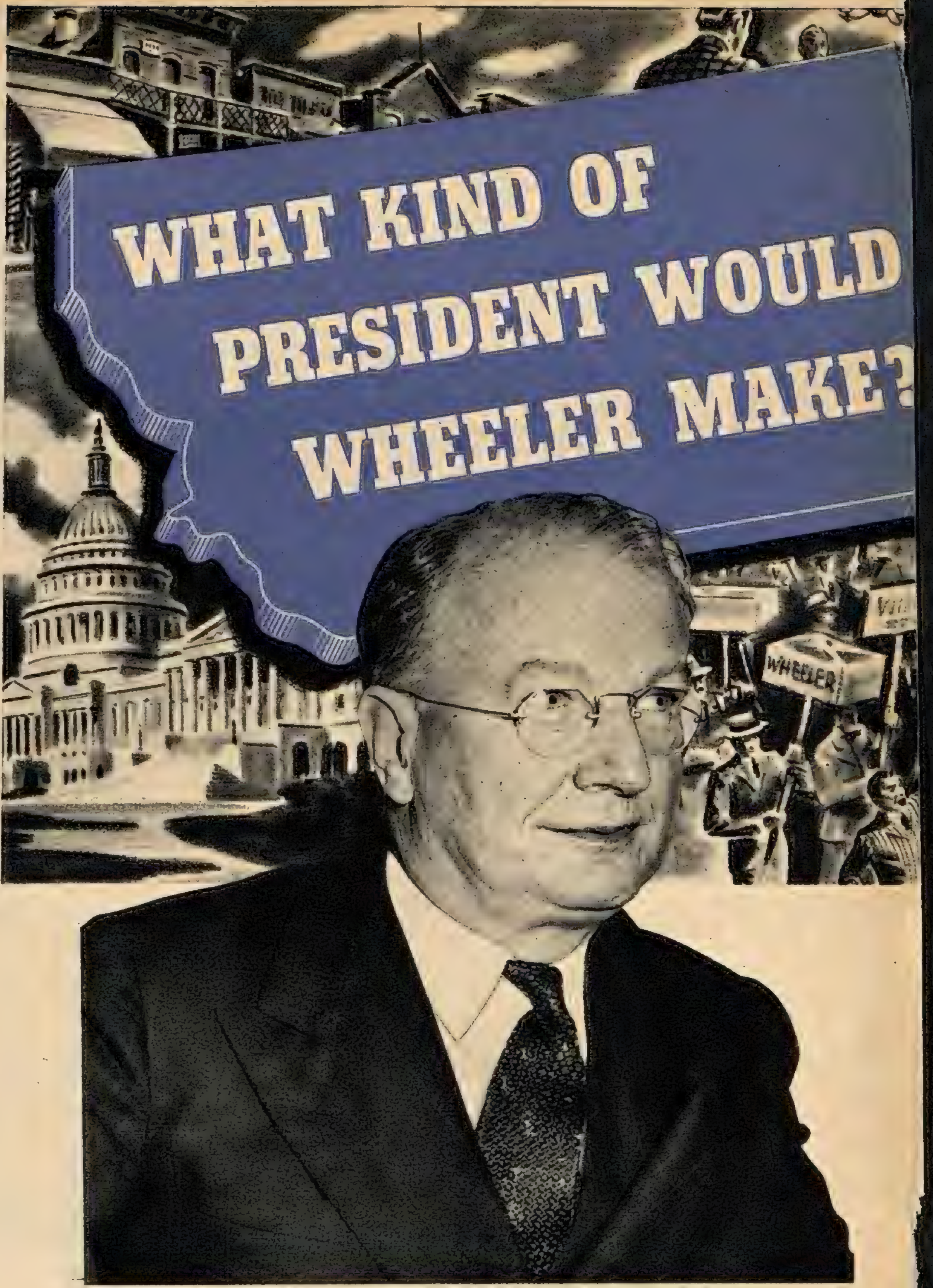
WHAT KIND OF PRESIDENT WOULD WHEELER MAKE?



The stranger-than-fiction story of a "left-wing Coolidge" who has broken all the political rules

BY all the laws of practical politics the hero of this story—and hero *is* the word—ought long since to have become a shabby, somewhat cynical small-town lawyer.

Instead, Burton Kendall Wheeler, having violated every rule in the politicians' handbook, is one of the most influential men in American public life, and has been for nearly twenty years. He was practically thrown out of the Democratic Party once, and left it voluntarily on another occasion. He was a New Dealer when Franklin D. Roosevelt was supporting the Wall Street corporation lawyer John W. Davis for President. He was an anti-New Dealer when he rallied the conservative Democrats in 1937 to beat Roosevelt's "Supreme Court packing bill." Big business is his devoted audience. So is left-wing labor, as represented by the C. I. O.

Altogether, this man Wheeler is somebody out of a book—a book, say, by Horatio Alger, Jr.

Thirty years ago—he is now fifty-eight—he was elected to the Montana state legislature despite his defiance of the copper trust which almost literally owned the state. Three years later he was appointed United States District Attorney for Montana, and five years after that he was kicked out of office because he refused to succumb to the war hysteria which demanded penal servitude for everybody with a German accent. Right then and there Burt Wheeler should have been ruined.

Instead, at the next election for that office, he became United States senator. The other Montana senator was Thomas J. Walsh. When Walsh started to brew his first-class tempest in Teapot Dome, Wheeler, freshman senator though he was, began to take the stuffings out of the Ohio gang. Attorney General Daugherty sent the F. B. I. of those days into Montana to see what it could find to discredit Wheeler. There was not a speck of scandal to be found, so a purely phony case was cooked up and Wheeler was indicted for having taken money from a client to use his senatorial influence in obtaining concessions from a government agency.

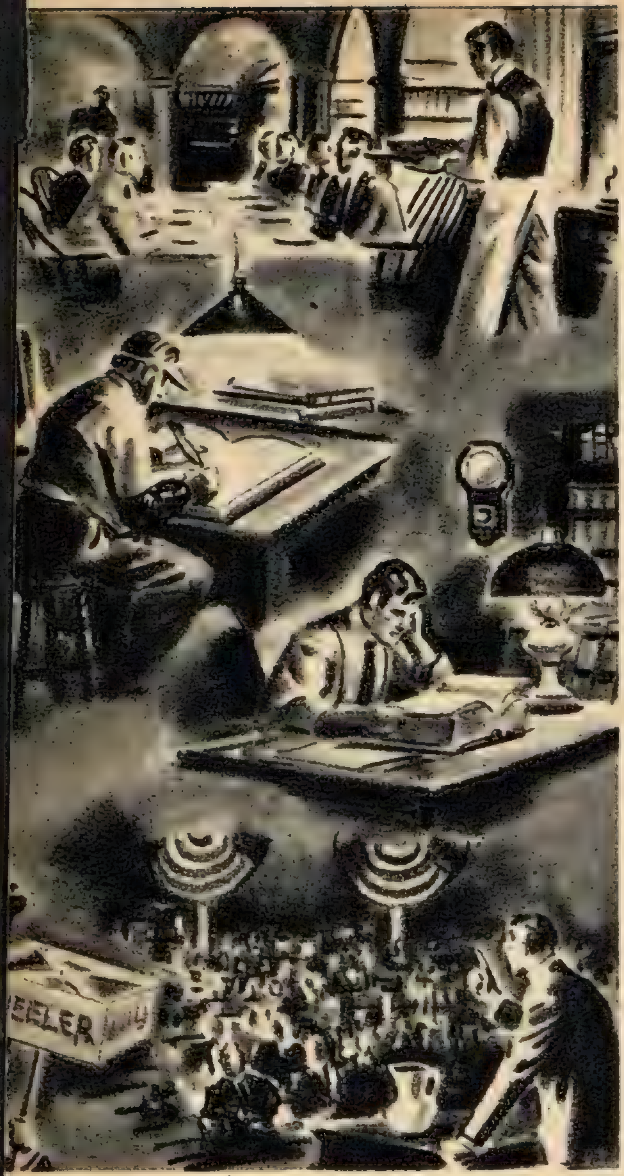
Again he should have been ruined. But the trumped-up charge was too rancid, and the Republican Senate voted the tyro Democrat an exoneration. When his case came to trial he was acquitted in ten minutes.

That was in 1923. In 1924 Wheeler quit the Democratic Party to become Vice-Presidential candidate on the Progressive ticket headed by the late Senator Robert Marion La Follette of Wisconsin. He knew he was a leader of a lost cause, although La Follette was optimistic. Their ticket polled half as many votes as the Democrats', and a quarter of the Republican vote that elected Coolidge. And that, too, should have ended Wheeler's career. Instead, he was re-elected to the Senate by increasing pluralities in 1928 and 1934.

Today he is the man whom Democrats and Progressives mention first as a compromise nominee for the Presidency. He is on President Roosevelt's private list of "acceptables," and he is also the known heir of Vice-President Garner's convention strength. John L. Lewis has made Wheeler his first choice for President, and so has Senator Norris, Nebraska Independent. Just before he died, Senator Borah of Idaho declared he would bolt the Republican Party to stump the country for Burt Wheeler if the Democrats "had the sense" to nominate him.

There, in thumbnail sketch, is the contradictory career of Burton K. Wheeler. Today he has recanted some of the impracticable theories of his youth. It was in the pages of this magazine that he repudiated public ownership of railroads, one plank in his 1924 La Follette platform. He said the railroads were pretty badly mismanaged, but were 100 per cent better off than they would be if political bosses were running them.

He was born in Hudson, Massachusetts, on February 27, 1882. The Wheelers were Quakers who settled in Sudbury, Massachussetts in 1654, while the senator's mother was a Tyler of North Ireland Presbyterian stock. Asa, Burton's father, was a maker of shoes on a small scale. His hard-working mother died when he was in his sophomore high-school year, and the boy, though he had been advised to study law later on, added



BY WALTER KARIG

the commercial course to his academic studies. Just before his graduation Professor Williams, the school's principal, took him aside.

"We all agree that you will be neither happy nor successful as a bookkeeper," the principal said. "You have been taking the commercial course, but you have also passed in most of the subjects in the college preparatory course. If we give you a diploma for that, will you promise us to study law?"

Burton would; but he would have to earn his own way, and earn it as a bookkeeper. To get a bookkeeping job he would need a diploma in commercial schooling.

The upshot was that Hudson High School granted him *two* diplomas. Then he went to Boston and went to work for Chandler & Farquhar, wholesale dealers in hardware, for six dollars a week. When H. J. Whittemore opened a rival business, he applied for a job at ten dollars, gave his employers a chance to meet that wage, and, when they refused, kept books for the new concern.

He lived at home, commuting to Boston by trolley, with his lunch in a paper bag. In quick succession, he got three other jobs at better pay, the third one raising him to fifteen dollars a week. By the second September after his graduation from high school, he had $750 in the bank, and he quit bookkeeping to go to college. He chose the University of Michigan because he had relatives in Ann Arbor.

At the university he discovered he could get his board free if he waited on tables in a dormitory. Dean Hutchins found him typing to do. With two jobs and a tough law course, his health suffered. A fellow student who was preparing for medicine counseled outdoor work during the summer. Wheeler took to the highways, peddling Old Doctor Chase's Receipt Book, a complete medical library in one volume combined with 500 cooking recipes and 1,000 hints for the busy housewife.

He had not been long on the road before he learned to pick a cozy-looking, well kept house along about dinnertime, to solicit an order for the book there. At Garden Plains, Illinois, a rural community, he selected such a house one noon hour. A young brunette answered his knock. No, she wasn't the lady of the house, but she would call her mother, Mrs. White. That motherly soul was sorry that she already had a book of household hints and remedies, but wouldn't the young man stay for dinner?

It was a delicious dinner, but Burt Wheeler dreamed even more of young brunette Lulu than of spareribs that night. Next morning he was back, urging that he be taken in as a boarder. Mrs. White declined. She had no housemaid, and Lulu was going to Methodist camp meeting for a week.

Burt found another boarding place. No community on earth has ever been as thoroughly canvassed by a book agent as that one was, just so he could stay around near Lulu. Came Sunday, and he went to the Methodist church, sidled into the White pew, and held the hymnal with her.

Walking home from church with him, Lulu confided that she had changed her mind about going to camp meeting. Encouraged, he again asked Mrs. White to take him in as a boarder. This time she consented.

In a week's time Wheeler discovered he had earned commissions amounting only to three fifty, and that he simply had to move on. Mrs. White refused to take a penny from him and insisted upon doing his washing, while Lulu prepared him for his journey by darning his socks and shirts.

In the autumn he delivered the books for which he had orders, a job necessitating a horse and buggy, which did double duty when Garden Plains was reached. By the time he went back to Ann Arbor, he and Lulu had "reached an understanding."

At the university, he continued working for board and tuition—and postage stamps for a daily letter to Lulu. He was elected president of his class, and given leadership of the antifraternity group, which won control of the college self-government organization.

He graduated in 1905, an overworked, emaciated lad of twenty-three with a "sheepskin" which declared him to be a lawyer, but with no prospects of clients. He went straight to the home of his fiancée. The Whites, worried at his appearance, suggested that for his health's sake he go to Telluride, Colorado, where Lulu had an uncle. He went. Then began three months of tramp lawyering. Telluride offered no prospects, so he went to Salt Lake City, then to Portland, Oregon, to San Francisco, to Los Angeles, to Tucson. His meals were railroad lunch-counter doughnuts and apples. He began working his way eastward—toward Garden Plains.

He reached Butte, Montana, on October 15, 1905. He wore a straw hat and no overcoat, and it was snowing. He tried all the main street's law offices for employment. There was none to be had. One John A. Shelton, however, offered him fifty dollars a month as a bill collector. Wheeler was tempted. Fifty dollars was all he had in the world. But he was going to be a lawyer.

So he shouldered his suitcase and trudged back toward the station. His train was two hours late, and while he sat in the waiting room a couple of affable strangers suggested he step over to a little yellow saloon for a drink. Wheeler said he didn't drink.

"Come along and have a cigar or a sandwich, then," he was urged. "We'll enjoy your company."

THERE was a card game going on in the saloon, and they offered to teach him poker. One of them suggested stakes of a few cents "just to make it interesting."

To his delight, Wheeler found four kings in his hand. On the showdown, of course, the other fellow had four aces, and the young victim was out his entire fifty dollars.

Panic-stricken, he protested, and was roughly told that had he won he would surely have kept the money. Dazed, he wandered back uptown and told Shelton he would take the bill-collecting job. The building in which the office was located contained the headquarters of the prosecutor and several other attorneys, with whom Burt became acquainted. The prosecutor suggested that he attend court. "I'll see that the judge appoints you to defend somebody without counsel from time to time," he promised.

Burt's unwilling first client was a safeblower, who went to prison, as he probably deserved. The prosecuting attorney, however, complimented the young lawyer on the defense he had put up. "I'll make an orator out of you," he declared.

Thus began Wheeler's legal career. His moving ambition in Butte was to earn money enough to marry Lulu White. But he quickly saw that the best fees were paid by the copper interests and the railroads. It was a different world from Hudson, Massachusetts. He began accepting labor cases, mostly claims and minor damage suits against the corporations from miners and railroad men. He won enough to win also both the respect of the company lawyers and the regard of the laboring people.

He opened his own office, two rooms. By subletting desk space in it, he reduced his rent to four dollars a month. He slept in the office, on a folding bed. In two years he saved enough to buy a little house, and in 1907 he and Lulu were married. She had graduated from Oberlin College, and had been teaching piano in her home town.

Wheeler became famous in Montana as a fighter against monopoly. Then came the panic of 1907, and the young lawyer, with his mortgaged home furnished on the installment plan, found himself with a jobless clientele. The mines had shut down.

But the Wheeler luck, if that is not belittling Burt, held. Matthew Canning, a brilliant Irish-born criminal lawyer, offered him a partnership, then shoved him into politics—into the municipal contest for delegate to the local convention from the Seventh Ward. He won in a three-cornered contest. With a baby on the way, he tried to capitalize his political debut by getting a patronage job as city attorney. He was frozen out by the corporations. "It was the best thing that ever happened to me in my professional career," he says now.

In 1910, wage earners and small business men sent him to the state legislature, where he found himself one of the few not on the Anaconda Copper pay roll. In those days United States senators were elected by state legislatures, and Wheeler was a leader in the fight to send Tom Walsh to Washington from Montana. Walsh lost to Henry L. Meyers, but when the Montana preferential primary law (which Wheeler had worked years to put through) was adopted in 1913, Walsh was elected senator, and he repaid Wheeler by having President Wilson name him United States Attorney for Montana.

It was a tranquil, inexacting job until the war broke out. Wheeler was pro-Ally but opposed to our entry into the conflict, which is exactly his state of mind today. He regarded with a dubious eye the creation of vigilante "loyalty leagues" by the corporation crowd. He was convinced that the I. W. W. agitation and strikes were aided, if not promoted, in the corporations' interests.

"My trouble wasn't getting people to prosecute but preventing persecution," he reminisces.

His activities in protection of free speech and the free press in those war years forced his resignation. That should have finished him. He was "disgraced." But the railroad men and the miners stuck by him. He was sent to the Senate at the next election; re-elected twice, he polled nearly three quarters of the state's vote in 1934. The times, it seems, caught up with Wheeler.

And through it all, in fat times and lean, Lulu Wheeler has marched at her husband's side.

No other Presidential possibility of either party has either his endorsements or his freedom from criticism. The A. F. of L. holds aloof because John L. Lewis endorsed him, although Wheeler went to the C. I. O. miners' convention in Pittsburgh and told Lewis to his face where he thought him wrong. He repeated the performance before the manufacturers and before the Farmers' Union, and was cheered for his criticisms. He delivers pretty much the same speech to all audiences, and the gist of it is this:

"The principles of democracy can become effective only if they prevail in the industrial, as well as the political, life of a nation. As Americans, we completely reject the notion that our political destiny can be controlled by any single person or group of people with special privileges."

Co-operation, not conflict, compromise and not compulsion, is Wheeler's way; but when his opponents refuse to arbitrate, he shucks his coat and fights. For all that, he is partisan in many issues. He is dead set against monopoly, although he decries the New Deal witch-burning. Practically all of his insurgency against the New Deal, however, is based on the belief just quoted. He is, in foreign affairs, neither an isolationist nor an internationalist. He favors Pan-Americanism. The man is no provincial. He has been around the world twice.

More diverse economic and social elements, from New Deal to conservative, have put their regard for him on record than for any other outstanding Democrat or Republican. Personally, he is a tall, grizzled, humorous, left-wing Coolidge.

THE END

WANT LONGEST MILEAGE-QUICKEST STOPS?

I KNOW! GENERAL SQUEEGEE TIRES

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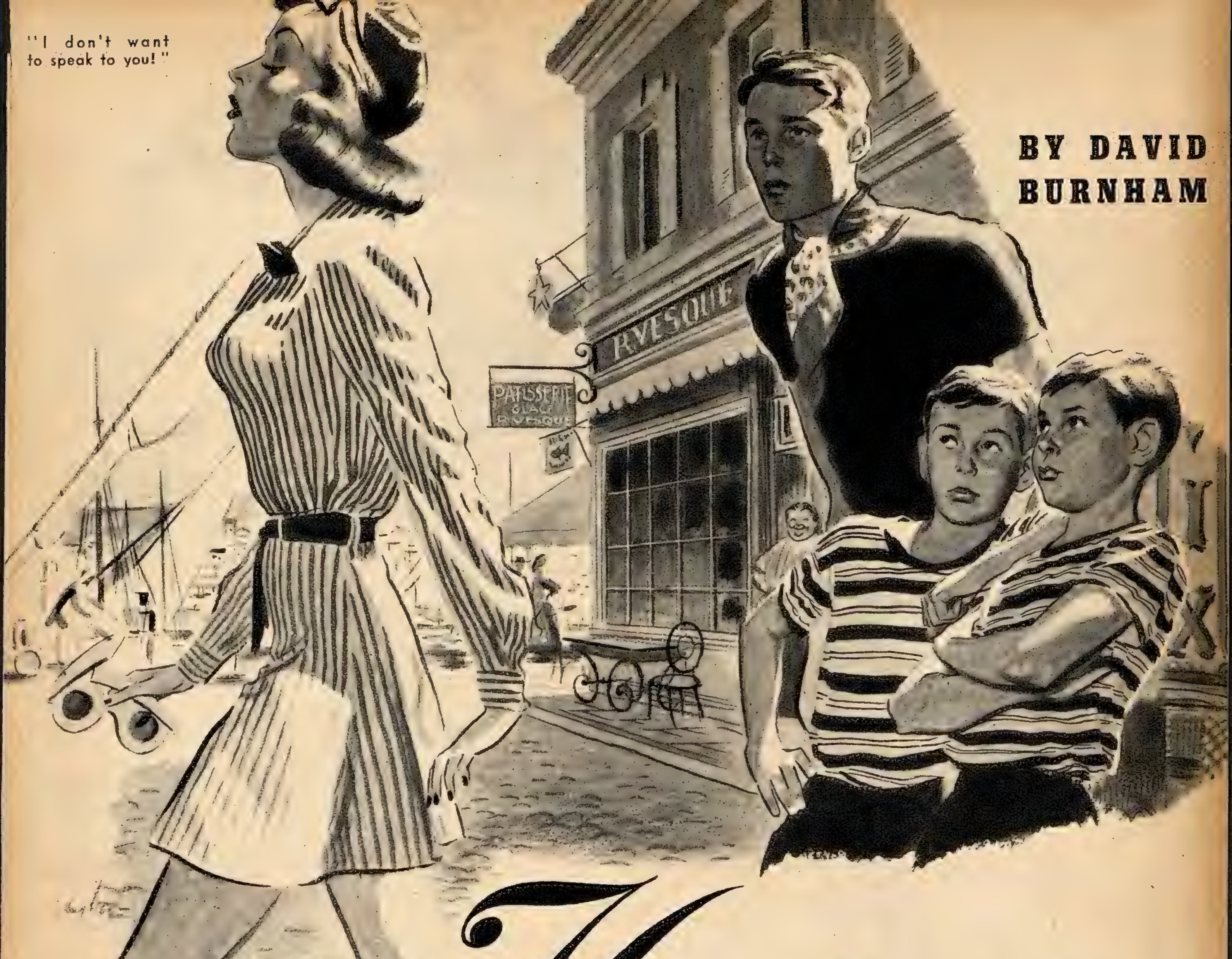

"I don't want to speak to you!"

BY DAVID BURNHAM

How does it Feel?

The rollicking story of a rash young man, two imps of Satan, and a hazardous romance

READING TIME ● 31 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

JUST before midnight I heard a noise in the corridor and opened my bedroom door the width of my eye. It was Nancy again. She was in evening dress, carrying her slippers in her hand. I watched her tiptoe the length of the hall and start down the stairs.

She disappeared around the bend, and a minute later I heard the front door open, then softly shut. A minute after that I heard a car go into gear a hundred feet up the road. From the noise of it, it was a Fiat. I shrugged my shoulders, went back to bed, and tried to forget the whole thing.

It was none of my business. She was a grown girl, and she had a mother and a father, and it was their affair, not mine, to look after her. My job was the boys. As she had frequently and in no uncertain terms reminded me, how and where and with whom Nancy spent her time was her own funeral.

But it's one thing to tell yourself that, and it's quite another thing to go to sleep.

THE morning I arrived, a chauffeur met me at the station in an American station wagon. Don't let that throw you off; last summer in France

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you could trade a Ford suburban for a Rolls-Royce. It was the last week in June, Cannes; the season was just hitting full stride. The flowers were all out, all the trees were in blossom, the sidewalks were crowded with women out of fashion magazines, men out of the Almanach de Gotha and the Ritz Bar. The color of the Mediterranean was pure Dufy; the back-drop mountains were snow-sprinkled. We drove back toward these, up into the *Californie* quarter, midway between sea and snow. Mr. Whitman had rented his villa from a Parisian perfume king. It was in the modern style, white, low, cool, clean-cut. Great plate-glass view windows gave onto the sea; outdoor sun decks and terraces were shaded by candy-stripe awnings; the interior was decorated in cool blonds and pastels by a celebrated Finnish architect.

I WAS shown up to Mr. Whitman's dressing room. The barber from the Carlton was there, trimming Mr. Whitman's hair while he read the financial page of the Paris Herald. I introduced myself.

"Graham?"

I reminded him he had hired me in Paris a week ago to tutor his sons.

"Of course. Remembered you at once. You're the man what's-his-name, at the Guaranty Trust, dug up." He shook my hand. "Have you seen Mrs. Whitman yet? She's probably out, unless she broke a leg."

He was a young-looking successful American business man of about forty-five. He said, going back to his paper: "You'll find the boys outside somewhere. Try the swimming pool first."

They weren't at the pool. But from there I heard the *plupping* of tennis balls, and walked down to the next level.

Two boys—or rather, the same boy twice: ten years old, black-haired, well-built, clean-featured—were playing tennis against their older sister. There seemed to be some question as to whether the last serve was inside or out. One of the boys was good-naturedly shouting across the net:

"You're a dirty stinking liar."

"Who's a liar? Here's the mark. Two feet out."

"You made that mark with your toe. Do you think we didn't see you?"

"I did no such thing!"

"We saw you. Didn't we, Peter?"

"Of course we did. What can you expect from a dopey girl?"

"Who's dopey?"

"I wonder. Who's dopey, Michael? You can have two guesses."

The girl said: "You're impossible. That's what I get for playing with children. I wouldn't if there were anything else to do."

One of the twins said to the other: "Who's that dope watching us?"

The girl saw me then for the first time. She blushed. Then she scowled to cover it up. She was dark as her brothers, and at least as handsome. Dressed like them in shorts, she might have been anywhere from sixteen to twenty-two. She collected her dignity and came over to greet me.

"I'm Nancy Whitman. You must be the new tutor."

"Right. Jimmy Graham. Princeton '38."

"They're your headaches," she said, pointing across the net. "Heaven help you!" she finished.

Michael and Peter were strolling over, hands in their pockets. "Take your hands out of your pockets," their sister ordered, "and shake hands with Mr. Graham."

Michael, or perhaps it was Peter, held out his hand. When I shook it, I felt something soft and cold and clammy against my palm. When I took my hand away, I was holding a live toad.

"Glad to know you," Michael said. "You know, you shouldn't handle those things. They give you warts."

I dropped the toad on the grass; it hopped indignantly away. There was no toad in Peter's hand. Instead, as soon as our hands met I got a violent electrical shock. Soberly watching me jump, Peter said to Michael: "Seems sort of a nervous type, don't he?"

"Doesn't he," Michael corrected. "You dope."

Nancy said: "Peter! Michael!" To me she said: "I hope father warned you." But she had to hold herself from smiling.

Michael and Peter started after the toad; no telling when he might come in handy again. Nancy asked me what train I came on, and I told her; I asked her whether she liked tennis and she said yes—did I? I did. Neither of us cared much for golf. The twins were back again, watching me light a cigarette. Seeing that my lighter wouldn't work in the wind, Michael handed me a box of matches.

The match exploded in my face.

Nancy said: "If you'd like to use my belt, Mr. Graham." But she was smiling again; looking down my nose, I could see that it was covered with soot.

MAYBE, I decided, I didn't want to smoke just now, after all. I put the cigarette back in my case. Peter had given Michael a stick of gum and was unwrapping one for himself. Michael said: "Aren't you going to give him one?"

Peter politely retrieved the package from under the toad in his pocket and offered it to me. When I pulled out a stick, a hidden spring snapped out and nipped my finger.

"Very funny," Michael said witheringly. "Here." He gave me a stick from a genuine package from his own pocket.

There was no spring in Michael's gum. Instead, it was generously flavored with black pepper.

They were watching me, waiting for me to spit it out. I couldn't chew it; my mouth was burning up. So I swallowed it. When it went down, each of their throats gave an involuntary gulp. I said: "Sorry. I swallowed that one. Got another piece?"

A sort of awed admiration widened

their eyes as Michael brought out his package again. This stick he pulled from the bottom of the pack. And it was pure, honest peppermint.

They capitulated. Peter, or perhaps it was Michael, said: " Have you got a swimming suit? Last one in the water's a Democrat! "

I met Mrs. Whitman at dinner. I was late. When I came to dress, the sleeves of my dinner jacket had been knotted together, my tie had been decorated with lavender polka dots, and there was a live crab in the toe of each shoe. The twins had dined early. I locked their door before I went down, and my own, and put the two keys in my pocket. This was Nancy's birthday, and as a treat for her Mr. and Mrs. Whitman had invited a dozen of their own friends to dinner. Nancy, in a strapless white evening dress, I scarcely recognized. The nice-looking friendly kid the twins and I had swum and played tennis with had changed into a beautiful young woman, conscious of her new dignity as an adult: she was eighteen.

The guests were just beginning to arrive. Nancy was excited and happy. Each guest had a little present for her: perfume, charms for her bracelet, novelty jewelry. And each guest had a little speech:

" My, such a grown-up girl! "

" What a beauty she's become! "

" What a pretty dress, my dear! Just like a grown-up."

" How does it feel to be a grown-up? "

THEIR duty discharged, the guests forgot Nancy and settled down to the serious business of Martinis and have you heard the screaming story about Gladys? And *who* do you think we saw Archie with last night? It was a gay and amusing dinner, like the second act of an English comedy. As gay and amusing as that—and as long. I caught Nancy's eye several times. She too seemed to feel that this was a pretty lengthy build-up for ice cream and cake. She was allowed to drink a glass of champagne.

When we adjourned to the drawing room, Mr. Whitman's eye caught the clock set in a slab of moonstone over the fireplace.

" Almost eleven. Suppose we adjourn to the Casino for our brandies. They're saving me a place at the tables."

They looked about for Nancy to say good night. She was in the powder room. When she came out, they had all gone.

Hiding her eyes from me, Nancy got out a pack of cards and we played two-handed rummy. Nancy played carelessly at first and I won the first two games, and then she began to get interested and won three games running. She said:

" It's nice having you here. I like this much better than solitaire."

" I'm death," I said, " at Russian bank."

" How about pounce? "

" Nothing doing. A friend of mine lost an arm playing that."

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The clock struck twelve. Seeing Nancy's expression, I said:

"Oh, well. Birthdays only come once a year."

Nancy smiled. "I *am* glad you're here."

MY bed was pied when I went upstairs; the twins' talents evidently included lock-picking. There was glue in my bedroom slippers. My tooth powder was flavored with Epsom salts. There was a rubber spider on my pillow.

When it came time for lessons next morning, my pencil had a rubber point; my fountain pen contained a live water snake. There was a hot-seat in my chair.

There were three things I could do. Punish them; but that would make me an enemy. Complain to their parents; but they would never forgive that. Or I could meet them on their own ground. That night each of them had a pie bed. When they opened their bathroom door, a bucket of water spilled on them. A hidden alarm clock woke them up at one o'clock; another at three; another at five.

They came back at me with a dozen new tricks. The war was on.

The last tutor—a Harvard man—had left after two days. But I knew the twins weren't malicious — they were just out for fun. They were goodhearted and attractive kids and I liked them, and I didn't think they disliked me. But if I expected any peace this summer, if I wanted to get any work out of them, I had to make them respect me. I must beat them at their own game, think up something they couldn't think up. One afternoon while they were studying I took apart a portable radio and a house-telephone unit and rigged up a system for haunting their bedroom.

My room was next to theirs. I heard them moving around that night when they should have been in bed. I spoke through the microphone:

"Michael, get back into bed."

I heard Michael say: "Who said that?"

"That goes for you too, Peter."

"Who said *that?*"

The microphone said: "Look under the bed."

I heard them scrambling about.

"Not that bed; the other one."

More scrambling.

"Try the closet . . . the window seat . . . behind the curtains. . . . Jiggers, here comes Mr. Graham!"

I opened their door. "What's all this noise in here? What are you two doing out of bed?"

I kept it up for three days. They tore the whole room apart looking for a clue. Finally, on the fourth day, they gave up and came to me. I unscrewed the head of their shower and showed them how I had run the wire through the pipe and set the microphone in the bend, so that the flare of the spout would act as an amplifier. They took their showers at the bathhouse, so I'd known they wouldn't be using this.

That turned the trick. From now on we were partners. We spent the afternoon transferring the haunter to Nancy's room.

The second night I used it on Nancy, I thought it might be fun to pretend the voice was an unknown admirer who was able to transmit his thoughts through the air. I started out in a sugary voice:

"Hello, darling."

I almost jumped out of bed when a voice said, right beside my ear: "Hello, dear."

I couldn't have really heard it. I went on:

"I'm lying in bed, unable to sleep for thinking about you, wondering if by some happy miracle the air might be able to transmit my thoughts to you . . ."

DAVID BURNHAM *was born in Chicago. Since his graduation from Princeton in 1929, he has lived abroad and in various parts of the United States. He has written short stories, criticisms, three novels and has another on the way. He is unmarried and now lives in New York City.*

"Go on," the voice in my ear said. "You interest me strangely."

I said: "You rat! How did you find out? How did you do it?"

"Look under your pillow." There was a microphone there, a duplicate of the one I had made. "Don't disconnect it. I rather like this. You were saying—"

"I was saying you're a smarter girl than I thought you were."

"Don't change the subject."

"If the kids hear of this, my name's Mud."

"That's a useful suggestion. I might blackmail you."

"What would you like me to do?"

"Are you very sleepy?"

"Not particularly. Why?"

"How about a swim? There's a full moon."

"Fine. Meet you in five minutes at the pool."

THEY were good kids, all three of them; we had a good time together. We generally spent the morning doing the twins' lessons. The boys had quick, curious minds, and they learned quickly, once they began to co-operate with me. After lessons there was time for a set of tennis and a swim before lunch. When Mr. Whitman found out I could sail, he rented a boat for the boys, and afternoons I showed them how to handle it. It increased their respect for me that I could play a decent game of tennis and handle a boat. They transferred to me the affection that would ordinarily have gone to their parents, if their parents had cared to claim it.

I don't mean to make out Mr. and Mrs. Whitman as ogres. They were generous and indulgent. The children had all the advantages; they were given everything they asked for. But interest and understanding are something you can't have for the asking. Mr. and Mrs. Whitman had their own interests. The twins, fortunately, had each other. And Nancy—

Nancy, of course, should have been spending the summer at Cape Cod or Nantucket with a crowd of her own friends. I don't say that I wasn't glad she was not. As it was, finding no friends her own age, she spent most of her time with the twins and me. She made a fourth at tennis; she swam with us, sailed with us, went on the drives we took up and down the coast. For myself, it was an ideal arrangement. The days she wasn't with us seemed somehow twice as long. But for Nancy—well, this is what happened:

We were sailing one afternoon, and Nancy had the tiller. She was telling us about a man she had met the day before, when she had run into some friends of her mother's on the Croisette. An Italian count: super-handsome, black mustache, monocle. He had kissed Nancy's hand when they were introduced. Nancy had never met a count before. She was very impressed.

"Sounds like a dope," Michael said, bending his fingers in the shape of a monocle.

Peter elaborately kissed Michael's bare foot. "Call me County," he said.

"All right," Nancy said. "Wait until you see him. He promised—"

She wasn't watching her course; she was making straight for a bell buoy. I shouted to her, "Come about!"

NANCY'S eyes jerked up. She decided she could brush by the buoy by coming closer into the wind. But she obviously couldn't. I ordered again, "Come about."

Nancy set her jaw; she would show me.

She would also wreck the boat. I jumped across and jerked the tiller away from her and came about, and we missed the buoy by the width of a cigarette paper. Nancy was sitting there, her mouth sullen, rubbing her wrist where I had wrenched it.

I said, "Sorry if I hurt you. But when I say come about I mean come about."

Nancy flared up. "Whose boat is this? Yours or ours?"

"I'm skipper. If anything happens, I'm responsible."

"You're also omnipotent, apparently," she said. "It's all very well to order the boys about. But do you think I'm a child too, that I have to do everything you tell me?"

I didn't argue with her. I said: "Michael, you take the tiller. Peter, you take the jib sheets. We'll put back now."

Nancy went up forward and sulked. I was upset. I wanted to apologize; I wouldn't have talked like that if she hadn't frightened me. But I couldn't apologize in front of the boys without undoing everything I had taught them about sailing. Nancy continued to sulk, and I felt worse than there was any reason for. Or perhaps it was suddenly understanding the reason that upset me. We tacked back into the harbor, tied up at our buoy, and rowed ashore. There's a teashop on the quayside where we always stopped for ice cream before we drove home. At first Nancy said she wouldn't have anything, but finally she compromised on a double peach sundae and I began to feel better.

The boys had some sea shells they had picked up earlier. They also had a homemade magnifier—a long cylinder with an arrangement of lenses inside—that they were looking at the shells through, holding one end of the tube against their eye socket, like a telescope. They would look at one of the shells and then exclaim aloud in exaggerated wonderment.

It was pointed, of course, toward Nancy; they were waiting for her to break down and ask to look. She held out for three minutes, and then asked: "Let me look."

Michael gave her the glass. She didn't notice that he turned it about when he handed it to her. She put her eye against the black velvet eyepiece and looked at a shell.

"Is that all? It's just a magnifying glass." When she straightened up, there was a ring of soot around her eye socket. The boys had looked through the other end.

The boys didn't let on. The joke would be when she got home and found out, and wondered how long ago it happened. I called for the check, and we were just leaving when a man came in the door, and Nancy whispered excitedly, "There he is."

"Who?"

"Count Rapallo. The man I was telling you about."

The count recognized her. Nancy was right: he was a handsome party, if you go for that Latin type, and I have no doubt you do. About forty and trying to look thirty; and I'd have bet a month's salary that he wore a corset.

AH, Miss Whitman. What a delightful pleasure to see you ag—" He saw her eye and straightened from his hand-kissing stoop. "My dear young lady, whatever happened? *Poverina.* You've had an accident."

Nancy's eyebrows went up.

"Accident?"

"Your eye. So bruised."

Nancy turned to look in the wall mirror. She gingerly touched her eye with her finger. A smear of soot detached itself.

We burst out laughing then, the three of us; we couldn't keep it in any longer. Nancy'd been working so hard to be grown-up and worldly; and the count was so comically bewildered. Nancy took one more horrified look into the mirror, then into the count's handsome agape face, then rushed outside.

I followed her. "Nancy."

"I don't want to speak to you!" She kept her back to me and there were tears in her voice.

"Where's your sense of humor?"

"I suppose you think that was funny. Embarrassing me that way in front of—of all those people. What must he think of me?"

"What do you care? You'll never see him again."

"That's just it. He promised yesterday to call. The first attractive man I meet all summer, and you humiliate me in front of him!"

"Why blame me?"

"You probably put them up to it. You encourage them in their idiotic tricks; you teach them new ones. Well," she said, throwing out her chin, "I've had enough of it. I won't take orders from you or anybody else. From now on, you can play your tricks on each other. I refuse to waste my whole summer playing kid games with two children and their hired stooge."

That stopped me, that last phrase; that hit below the belt. There wasn't any answer to that, I stood there watching her get into the station wagon and drive off, leaving the twins and me to walk home.

I WAS good and mad. And the twins were good and mad, because they knew that Nancy had hurt me. And Nancy was good and mad. She stuck to what she said; our foursome became a threesome. No more tricks were played on Nancy. The twins avoided her like the plague. We went to work seriously on the twins' tennis, their diving, their sailing. In the back of our minds, all that was pointed toward Nancy. We were going to show her how much better things went without her.

The day after the incident at the teashop, the twins' underground grapevine reported that a box of roses had arrived for Nancy.

"From that count. There was a black crown on the card. He's coming this afternoon to call."

It was about a week later that I first heard Nancy sneaking out at night. When I got down to breakfast the next morning, the twins were arguing about whether the count's car that had waited up the road for her was a Bugatti or a Fiat. Her parents wouldn't have objected, probably, if she'd gone out with him openly, but I suppose it was more romantic this way. The car, by the way, the twins found out, was borrowed.

What made me maddest, as Nancy saw more and more of Rapallo, was knowing that if there were anybody else about, people her own age, she never would have looked at him twice; if it hadn't been for that afternoon at the teashop, she probably never would have seen or thought about him again. But a thing can start like that, out of pique, and then grow into something important. He gave her what she wanted. He flattered her, he treated her like a grown-up.

So that night when I saw her go out, and a minute later heard the count's car start up, I told myself it was none of my business and went back to bed. But I didn't go to sleep.

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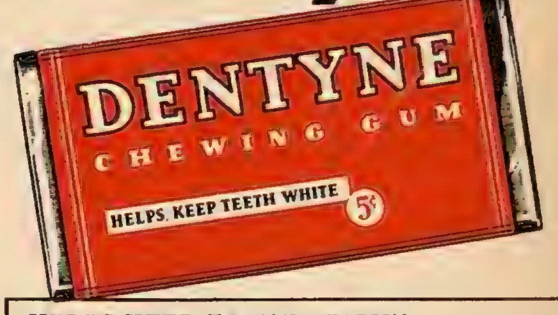

HELPS KEEP TEETH BRIGHT
...MOUTH HEALTHY

I lay there thinking round and round in the same old circle. I would think about it, and the longer I thought the madder I would get. She was a crazy little fool, a spoiled brat, and whatever happened to her would serve her right. But then all at once the madness would be gone, I would feel sorry for her because I felt so sorry for myself. My anger was all for her parents then. Maybe the thing to do was to take it to them, to get them to put a stop to this once and for all. But I knew I couldn't do that, behind her back.

I don't know how long I lay there, turning it over and over, wider awake every minute. Finally I realized I had to do something if I ever wanted to get to sleep, and I pulled on a bathrobe and walked down to the pool for a swim. I swam for half an hour, as hard as I could, until my bones ached, until every muscle was worn out. I rubbed myself down and started up to the house.

I didn't hear her—the first I knew was when I ran smack into Nancy coming up the walk from the front gate.

THERE wasn't a moon, but it wasn't quite dark either, and I can't tell you how lovely she looked in a full-skirted white evening dress with star sequins on it, and her face relaxed and open to the night.

But that didn't last long. "Well!" She was furious. "This is the last straw. Spying on me."

I was relaxed from my swim—my will as well as my body. An overwhelming impulse came to me to say, very simply: "I love you." But instead I said: "A pretty sight, I must say. Is he afraid to drive you to the door?"

"Have you been waiting here," she said, "hiding in the bushes ever since I left?"

"I've been for a swim," I said, "if you care to know. It's nothing to me if you sneak home from heaven knows where at three o'clock in the morning."

"We were at the Martinez Hotel," she said. "Dancing. Not that it's any of your business."

"You and your phony count."

Nancy snapped: "He's *not* phony. He belongs to one of the oldest families in Europe."

"I don't know about his family tree, but I can tell a phony when I see one."

"You're impossible," she said, and started up the path.

"Wait." I changed my tone. "Nancy, I hadn't meant to bring this up—I'd promised myself not to. But now that it's come up, we may as well have it out. You don't realize what you're doing. You're riding for an awful fall. This isn't one of your friends at home, a nice clean young college boy."

"Are you implying that—"

"I'm not implying anything. But I wonder if you realize what you're implying to your count. This isn't America, you know. In this country, when a young unmarried girl goes out alone at night with a man—much worse, when she sneaks out of the house to do it—that means only one thing to the man. Especially to a man like him."

Nancy drew herself up. "Before you go any further with your insults, you may be interested to know that Count Rapallo has asked me to marry him. He's coming tomorrow to speak to father."

20 QUESTIONS

On this quiz, rate yourself as follows:

1 to 4	correct	Poor
5 to 7	"	Average
8 to 10	"	Not bad
11 to 14	"	Give yourself a pat on your back
15 to 20	"	(Fill it in yourself)

1—What famous baby recently made a hazardous journey and what was the unique conveyance in which she traveled?

2—What did the design motif of the fish symbolize in early Christian art?

3—Why is the truth often called "naked"?

4—What is a "kangaroo court"?

5—Who was known as the "Great Commoner"?

6—What is the first name of the First Lady of the Land?

7—Why is seven considered a lucky number?

8—What is the derivation of the question mark?

9—When the willow began to shed its leaves, a father overheard his daughter and her sweetheart pledge their love under an orange tree. The father forbade marriage, so they fled in a small boat. The father pursued, would have killed them, but the gods changed them into turtledoves. What application has this story to the daily lives of thousands of modern Americans?

10—What decidedly romantic young lady at one time bore the name Priscilla Mullens?

11—According to latest scientific findings, men have been in America approximately how many years—1,000, 2,500, 25,000, 50,000?

12—What world-famous poet wrote: "With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino"?

13—Famed over the world is the Koh-i-noor diamond. Do you know what its name means?

14—What famous opera singer, whose F sharp over high C won her world acclaim, died not long ago, an almost forgotten old lady?

15—Did today begin when the clock started to strike midnight or after it had finished?

16—What, according to old superstition, is supposed to happen if it rains on July 15?

17—Nose, bell, and stocking are words with distinct meanings. What one word, placed before each, will give three entirely new meanings to the words?

18—What song writer recently received a medal from President Roosevelt for writing two songs—and what were they?

19—"How deep is the ocean?" runs a line in a popular song. Well, what is the deepest sounding ever made in the sea? (Only round figures allowed.)

20—What beloved American screen personality recently renounced her career in order to devote herself to more scholarly pursuits?

(Answers will be found on page 56)

"You little fool," I said, "don't you see he just wants to marry you for your—" Then I saw her eyes, and stopped myself. Slowly, painfully it was coming through. "You mean—you mean you're in love with him?"

"Yes." She set her chin. "Yes. I'm in love with him. And he's in love with me. You wouldn't know about a thing like that."

Wouldn't I? I thought. There was nothing to be said except:

"I'm sorry, Nancy. I wouldn't have said all this if I'd realized. You're right; it's none of my business and I should have stayed out of it."

I turned to leave. "Jimmy," she said, "before you go: let's be friends, the way it was at first. Won't you shake my hand and wish me luck? And be nice to Giorgio tomorrow, for my sake?"

I GAVE the twins a serious talk after lessons the next morning.

"Look, you two. I want to ask you a favor. Nancy's having a guest for lunch today—"

"Sure," they said. "We know. The count."

"I want you to promise me: no tricks."

"What's he coming for?"

"That's Nancy's affair, not ours."

"We know, don't we, Michael?"

"Sure. He's coming to ask father can he marry Nancy."

I said: "How did you find that out?"

"How did *you?*"

"She told me last night. But I'll bet my shirt she didn't tell *you.*"

"Maybe she didn't exactly tell us."

The other said: "Well, that's one way of getting rid of Nancy."

"That's a nice thing," I said, "to say about your sister."

"We thought you were mad at her."

"I was. But I'm not any more."

"See?" Michael said to Peter. "I told you it was only an act."

"What do you mean, act?" I said.

"Why don't *you* marry her?" Peter said. "Then you could live with us all the time."

"Do you mean," Michael said, "that if she marries the count, then he'll live with us? Kissing hands all the time? Jimmy, you marry her, please!"

"She likes you. After you bawled her out that day in the boat, she cried herself to sleep."

"How do you know?"

"We heard her. And she stole that picture we took of you."

"That's enough of this," I said. "She's in love with Giorgio Rapallo. She told me so herself. And I'm asking you, as a special favor to me, to lay off him today. For once in your life, show a little consideration for your sister."

"Consideration? To let her hook up with that dope?" Peter went through his old gag of kissing Michael's foot.

"All right," I said. "That's enough. Nobody thinks you're funny. Get your swimming suits."

WHEN the twins came down for lunch, their father took one look at them and said, "What's the matter? Are you boys sick?"

They were wearing freshly laundered white suits. Their faces were scrubbed. Their fingernails were spotless. Their hair was slick.

They bowed politely to the count. "How do you do, Count Rapallo?" While we drank our Dubonnets they sat quietly in their chairs, with no fidgeting. Nancy, too, couldn't believe her eyes. She took me aside as we adjourned to the dining room to whisper: "Thank you, Jimmy. I knew you'd help."

Mrs. Whitman sat at one end of the table, Mr. Whitman at the other; the count at Mrs. Whitman's right, Nancy beside him at her father's left; myself between the twins opposite. The count was immaculately dressed in one of those green silk suits they evidently throw in free when you buy a green shirt in Italy. His necktie was a deeper shade of green; his socks were olive; his shoes were green suède.

He ceremoniously bowed Mrs. Whitman into her chair, then Nancy, then took his own. As he squatted, there was an ominous sound of ripping. The count straightened; he lowered himself more carefully. Again the ripping. The count, delicately using the hand away from his hostess, tested the seam of his trousers. They appeared intact; but the noise of ripping continued until he was firmly in his chair. The count wiped a bead of perspiration from his brow with his green-bordered handkerchief. I took a quick look at the twins. Their faces were angelic.

THE count, still uncomfortably warm, took a drink of water. A thin stream trickled down his necktie. He apologized to Mrs. Whitman. "So clumsy of me."

The count began his consommé. All went well until the last sip. He started; the cup slipped from his fingers, smashed itself against the saucer. Mrs. Whitman looked up.

"Fortunately," she said graciously, "it's an open pattern."

The count politely refrained from explaining that he had found a dead fly in the bottom of his cup. He didn't know that it was made of rubber, but I did, and gave the twins a warning glare; and I saw that Nancy was scowling at them too.

The entrées had been passed. The count was glancing strangely at his plate. It was rocking gently to and fro. I reached under the table for the rubber bulb one of the twins must be manipulating, but I couldn't reach it. The count removed his monocle, polished it with his handkerchief, replaced it. He took up his knife to cut his meat. As he pressed down, the knife bent back to a sixty-degree angle.

The count quickly concealed the knife under his napkin, glancing down to see whether Mrs. Whitman had noticed that he was despoiling her silverware. Guiltily he worked to bend it back into shape. Nancy was scowling more deeply; the twins were dead-pan. The count tried his fork. Its prongs squashed together. Mrs. Whitman said:

"I must apologize. The silver comes with the house, you know."

The count wiped his brow again. Mr. Whitman said: "Michael, what are you doing under the table?"

Michael came up. "Dropped my napkin, sir."

A minute later the count began to squirm. You might have thought a

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colony of ants had run up his trouser leg—as no doubt they had.

There were bright spots of anger on Nancy's cheeks as she glared across the table at her brothers.

The count was chewing on a roll. He chewed, and chewed, and chewed. Then he sheepishly set the roll back on his plate, hoping Mrs. Whitman's household pride wouldn't be offended. The roll was a good imitation; any one not knowing the twins would never have suspected it was rubber. Mrs. Whitman was watching the count, more and more puzzled by his strange behavior. Mr. Whitman said, "Peter, now what are *you* doing under the table?"

"Dropped my napkin, sir."

"Seems to me there's a good deal of napkin dropping at this table. Not to mention"—he glanced significantly at Count Rapallo—"not to mention other mighty strange goings-on."

The count flushed and reached for his wineglass. This time it was a red stream that ran down his tie.

Mrs. Whitman said, "How unfortunate! Your pretty necktie."

"I'm afraid I've stained your cloth, too." It was her best cloth, and Mrs. Whitman's smile was a bit on the stiff side.

I knew from experience that dribble glasses are only the beginning; under the table, I pinched both the twins. They said together, "Ouch!"

Their mother looked up. "What's the matter?"

"Somebody pinched us. It seemed to come from across the table."

Mrs. Whitman glared at the count. His expression was a mixture of embarrassment and bewilderment. He dabbed his forehead with his napkin—it was yellow linen—and a series of bright yellow smudges appeared on his perspiring face. He took another drink from his water glass. Another dribble down his front. Mrs. Whitman was watching him in growing perplexity.

The maids had brought dessert: vanilla ice cream with chocolate sauce. When the count lifted his spoon, it bent back double. Mr. Whitman was grinning now. To cover up, he looked away. Michael's head had disappeared again.

"*Will* you boys stay in your seats?"

"Sorry, sir. Napkin again."

Mrs. Whitman said, "I *must* say, this is a very curious luncheon party." She glanced at Nancy as though to ask, Does your friend always carry on like this at meals?"

The count had found a safe spoon. He beamed with pleasure upon his dessert; it was evidently a favorite of his. He loaded his spoon, raised it to his mouth.

He coughed violently, dropped his spoon, hid his face behind his napkin. Mrs. Whitman, suspecting disaster in the kitchen, sampled her own dessert, then shrugged her shoulders. These foreigners. If she had looked more closely, she might have noticed that the count's chocolate sauce was half a shade darker than ours—pure castoria.

A man's last resource is a cigarette. The count took a cigarette from the crystal container by his place. He lighted it, inhaled deeply. His face lost the better part of its redness, if it couldn't lose its yellow spots. He inhaled again—again, with growing confidence. Now he had recovered himself; a man with a cigarette is beyond embarrassment.

There was a sudden explosion. My eyes, fearing the worst, jumped to the count. He was no longer smoking. A few wisps of blackened tobacco dripped from his lips.

Mr. Whitman had given up. He was doubled up with laughter. The twins let go, too, forgiven by their father's laughter. And even Nancy, at last. You couldn't look at that outraged speckled face without laughing.

The count had had enough. More than enough. He collected the shattered remnants of his dignity and pushed back his chair. "I have always heard that all Americans are insane. Now I know it. I shall never set foot in this house again." He turned his indignant back on us and stalked toward the door. And when I say stalked, I mean stalked.

And then I discovered why the twins had dropped their napkins so often. They had tied a corner of the tablecloth to the count's shoelace. Count Rapallo did not leave alone. The tablecloth followed him. The entire luncheon service crashed to the tile floor.

I FOUND Nancy outside on the terrace.

"Are you angry?"

She wouldn't answer.

"I had nothing to do with it. Honestly."

She didn't answer.

"I made them promise not to. But I'm glad it happened. You weren't really in love with him. It was just growing pains."

No answer; she kept her back to me.

"It *was* funny. Even you thought so, didn't you? You were laughing at the end. It's more fun to laugh than to be grown up, don't you think?"

She turned then. And her eyes weren't angry; they were soft and forgiving and inviting.

Her silence too was an invitation. I came closer to kiss her.

A stream of cold water splashed into my face. The reason she hadn't spoken was because she had filled her mouth with ice water before she left the table.

There were whispered voices in an upstairs window.

Michael: "Two bits he gives her a licking."

Peter: "Two bits he kisses her."

And then, a minute later:

Michael: "See? Pay up."

Another minute.

"Here—give me back that quarter!"

THE END

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READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

HOUSEKEEPING is a world-wide occupation for Irene de Bruyn Robbins, assistant chief of the Foreign Buildings Office. She plans and furnishes our United States embassies abroad. . . . "We arrange each embassy to suit the local climate," Mrs. Robbins told me, "but one detail is always the same: separate bedrooms for Mr. and Mrs. Ambassador. That's because an ambassador has to receive or send reports at all hours. Often he'll read reports in bed until very late. One ambassador's wife complained that *her* husband snored. So now they all get separate, connecting bedrooms."

To protect ambassadorial regalia against mildew, clothes closets in tropic embassies have cross ventilation. These hot-climate embassies get no soft beds, carpets, window curtains, or veneered furniture; too damp and buggy. . . . Elsewhere the government sets up furniture, curtains, and carpets, but Mrs. Ambassador must kick in with her own kitchen utensils and household trimmings. China, however, is furnished everywhere. She always demands a screen for the door between dining room and kitchen or serving pantry. . . . Most embassy couples have grown-up kids, need few children's rooms—then along come the Schoenfelds with six, the Kennedys with nine—a housing problem for *any* family, official or private! . . . Born in the Argentine, but of Belgian parentage, Irene Robbins has orchid-colored hair, is handsome and active, unbelievably a grandmother. As the wife of career diplomat Warren Delano Robbins, she has managed homes of her own in ten different countries.

☆ After quite a long absence from Washington the sight of the Capitol thrills me as deeply as ever, and though I have several times been a guest at the White House, my first garden party there adds a new thrill. Across the lawn we move in slow procession, waiting to shake hands with the First Lady of the land. Many are army and navy couples interestingly unfamiliar to me. The men look oddly stiff-backed out of uniform. I see women in knit suits, in sweeping garden dresses, in plain cotton frocks. Some are fresh-complexioned, some burned by tropic sun. I hear mention of far places—China, Guam, the West Indies—where these officers and their womenfolk have spent long years. Says a navy wife: "I always like to carry away this picture of the house and lawns and fountains as my memory of home." . . . Under a tree stands the First Lady, gracious and cool in blue-and-white chiffon, her only ornament a pendant of small aquamarines such as any of us might wear. Her smile is friendly and welcoming. Every one feels *at home!*

Dots . . . Uproar among senators' daughters because of Liberty's revealing series, Tales Out of School. The DOTS, as they're called here, held a mutually suspicious luncheon at which nobody ate a bite but all signed a round robin denying authorship. Comparing notes assiduously, they still can't ferret out who wrote it. Yet a DOT certainly did!

☆ *Dashes* . . . I'll have to use dashes to indicate the name of a well known Washingtonian whom local gossip treasures this season. He has an uncommon first name. It seems that he and a silly lady were caught by a dictograph trap set to snare talk of much more serious import. What the trappers picked up was this plaintive remark from her to him: "But, —— —— darling, it's so difficult to be affectionate on a full stomach."

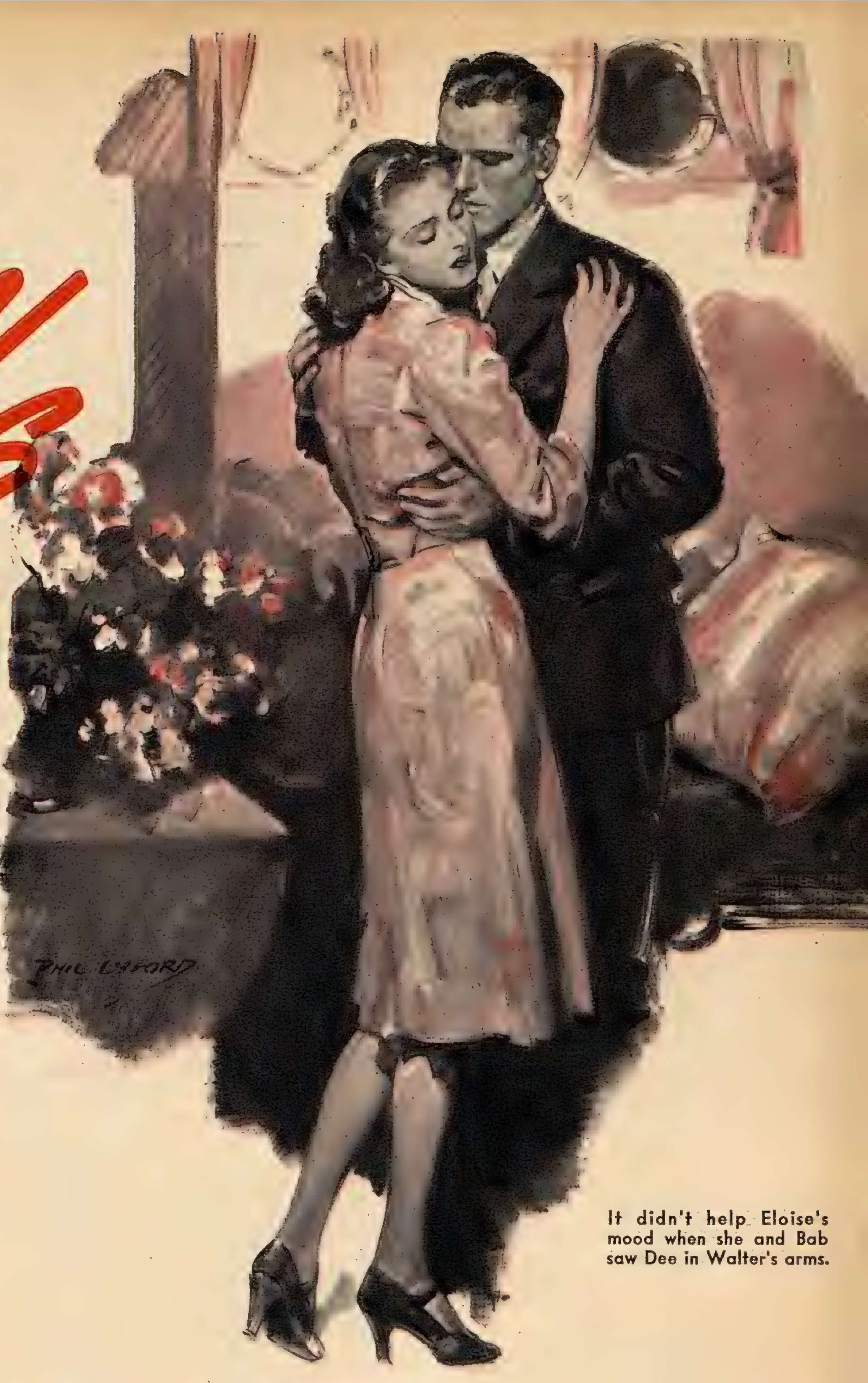
"Perhaps the shorter one, if madam doesn't care to stoop."

☆ Lunching in the House dining room with Massachusetts' lively, popular congresswoman, Edith Nourse Rogers, I met Minority Leader "Honest Joe" (Joseph W.) Martin, whose career began with an outburst of temper. As a twelve-year-old printer's devil, he got mad at the boss, vowed he'd own the paper in ten years. Did, and still does. His dimples, by the way, are famous in Washington.

At Edith Rogers' lunch I also met Representative Ralph Brewster of Maine, and learned a potato lesson. Awhile ago the House gourmets judged a baked-potato contest between Idaho and Maine. When it was Maine's turn, Mrs. Ralph Brewster herself took charge, broke open and buttered six hundred baked potatoes with her own hands. Maine won, and here's the lesson: *Always break a baked potato, never cut it.*

☆ When Washington hostesses get panicky about precedence, as they often do, they appeal to Protocol—an unlisted division of the State Department—for rules as to where official guests should sit, who should come first, etc. A lady planning an afternoon party recently asked Protocol this queer question: "Which takes precedence, tea or coffee?" At her affair, she said, the wife of one foreign diplomat would pour tea while the wife of another poured coffee, and the husband of one ranked higher than the other husband, so which wife should pour which? Didn't stump the Protocol people. "Madam," they answered, "you're giving a *tea* party. Therefore tea outranks coffee."

MONEY talks



It didn't help Eloise's mood when she and Bab saw Dee in Walter's arms.

Peril—and shattered hopes! New drama in a vivid tale of a rich man's love and a poor girl's heart

READING TIME • 21 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

DEE MASON, in New York from Cape Cod to sing on a radio program for amateurs which may lead to a permanent job on a church program, meets an attractive man whose face seems strangely familiar to her. After her broadcast, she goes with him to his schooner, anchored in the Hudson, and he shows her two Polish war orphans, twins, whom he has adopted. He and Dee talk and dance and she finds herself falling in love with him—a man whose name she doesn't even know!

While they are having supper, they are interrupted by the arrival of a gay group, fashionably dressed and slightly drunk, led by a golden-haired woman. This woman, Eloise, proves to be the wife of Dee's host. She has just changed her mind about going to Reno for a divorce. The host turns out to be Walter Bassett, a multimillionaire whose father has a mansion on Cape Cod near Dee's home.

Dee feels out of place at the party and is aware of Eloise's resentment of her presence. Chub Davis, a radio talent scout, offers to take her home, and she goes to the guest stateroom to get her coat and hat. She is sitting before the dressing table when she is startled by a frightening apparition reflected in the mirror. A grinning apelike creature is coming toward her from behind, and in his hand he holds a bomb, with the fuse lighted!

PERFORMS

PART FOUR—THE PRODIGAL WIFE

IT seemed to Dee that she sat frozen before the mirror for whole minutes; but in reality she had been there only a few seconds. This terrifying creature had shuffled into the room the minute she had sat down. And now he was moving toward her with hitching jerky steps, carrying the smoking bomb stiffly before him.

"No!" Dee cried—this time aloud.

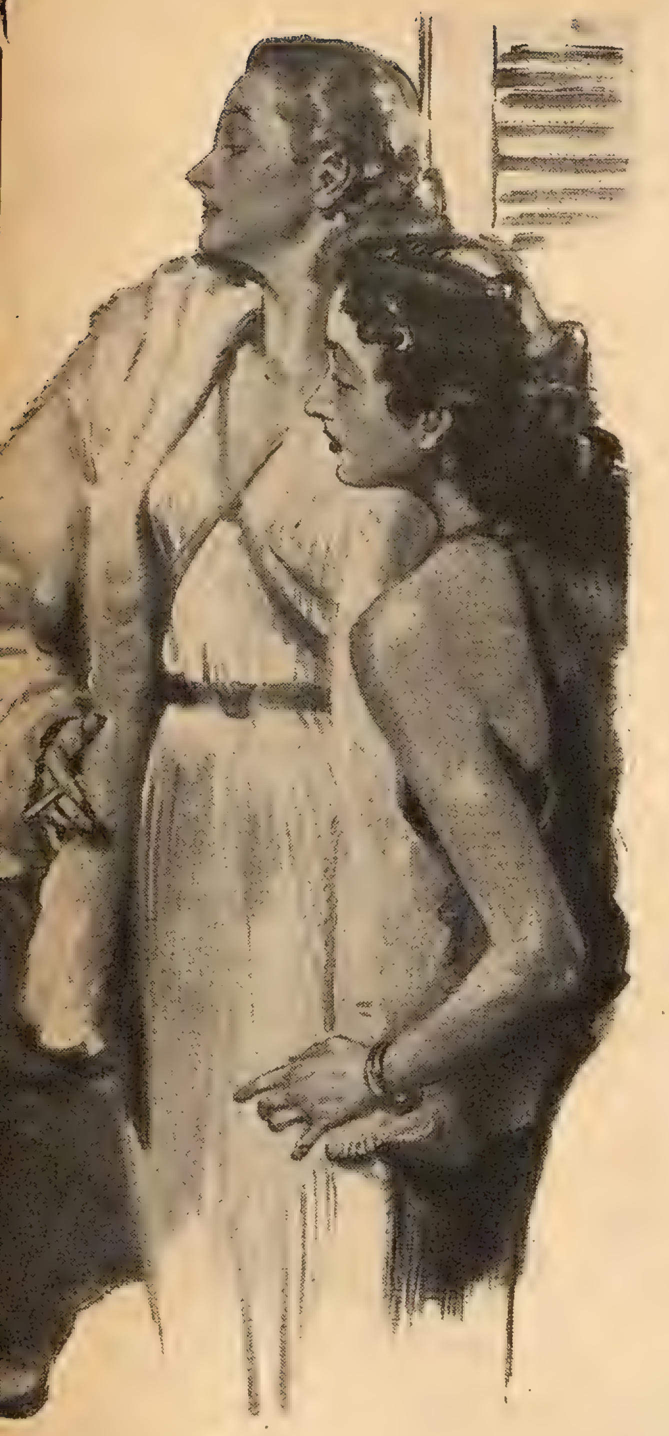
As she spoke, she heard some one knock on the door of the guest bathroom, on the nursery side; knock and then rattle the knob vigorously.

The shaggy apparition approaching Dee also heard. He halted apprehensively, his red-rimmed burning eyes peering feverishly over his mountainous shoulder. Then he grinned. And Dee thought, *He locked that door! And he's insane! If I scream, he'll throw that at me!*

Dee wrenched herself about and faced the ghastly intruder. To her surprise, she saw that in his eyes there battled a terror as great as that which she was experiencing!

Before she had time to speak, this creature blurted out in a hoarse sobbing voice, "I didn't know dey vass babies here! I loff babies! I couldn' do it to babies! Oh-h—vat shall I do? It iss going to blow up!" He waved the bomb feebly.

And now Dee heard some one



ILLUSTRATOR PHIL LYFORD

BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

crashing against the bathroom door, heard wood splintering.

"No!" the man snarled, his voice changing. Angrily he whirled about, as though to fling the bomb in the direction of the noise.

But Dee had leaped to her feet. "Throw it out the port!" she cried.

"Vat iss port?" the creature gasped, as his feeble mind bowed to the authority in the girl's voice.

Dee ran to the porthole, pushed it open, shuddered as the madman brushed past her, raised his arm, hurled the steaming round black nugget into the waters of the Hudson. "I go, too!" he screamed at the top of his lungs; and he began to pull himself up to the porthole.

But at that moment doors burst open. Walter rushed in through the bathroom, his shoulder covered with splinters. Others crowded in from the saloon. Dr. Paisley and another guest seized Dee's Frankenstein's monster. Walter flung his arm across Dee's shoulders, and Chub Davis took her arm. "Are you hurt?" "What happened?" "What was it?"

Every one was babbling loudly. Newspapermen were gloatingly making notes. Two cameras and flashlights appeared from somewhere and were set off.

At the quick lurid glare of the flash bulb, the hairy would-be bomber howled like a maddened dog. "De babies!" he screeched. "Don'd blow up de babies!"

"That wasn't a bomb," Paisley said in a low cool tone as soothing as a wet compress.

The man peered distrustfully through his filthy fingers. "I don'd believe you," he grunted. "I don'd believe any rich peoples. De vorld vill be better ven dey iss all as dead as de millions of poor dey have starved!"

His eyes rolled sickeningly upward under their red rims; froth bubbled from his hairy lips.

"Call Bellevue for an ambulance," Walter said quietly to a steward. "And take the poor thing into sick bay until it arrives."

Sailors led the now limp apparition away. Dr. Paisley followed, a clinical look on his face.

"Walter!" Eloise, who had been pretty patiently quiet for her, now broke from the group. "Tell us all about it! I only got in on the end of it. He was a lot more exciting than the window washer we found scribbling Black Hand messages on our music-room wall!" Her green eyes were lighted with an almost phosphorescent glow.

"Oh, Lord!" Walter ran his hand over his sunburned hair. "Anything for a thrill, eh? . . . This was just another poor nut whose mind has an antiwealth twist. Anarchistic, fanatic, and very probably insane. He must have got on board from a rowboat. He isn't the first of his breed I've run into. They're all alike. They think they have a solution to the world's Gordian knot; which is—don't cut it; blow it up, a piece at a time. And he happened to pick this yacht as a starter. We have the twins, and especially Dee here, to thank that at this minute we aren't all strewn like so much floating refuse from here to the Jersey shore!"

Eloise shuddered. "Brrr! Need you be so picturesque?" But she wasn't annoyed at the picture Walter had painted of river-washed carcasses; she was annoyed that he had focused the attention of every one on this Dee Whatever-her-name-was postmaster's daughter! Maddening! She clapped her hands, called, "Come on. What we all need is a lot to drink—fast. Go on out, all of you."

"Eloise is right—out you go," Walter helped herd the throng, even getting rid of the loath-to-leave reporters. He waited until the room had emptied before, blocking her exit, he turned to Dee. Closing the door, he caught her hands in his.

"Child," he murmured swiftly. "Thank God you're all right! He didn't touch you, did he? He didn't frighten you too terribly? You were wonderful! When I finally got that door broken in, and came in here in time to hear you order him to throw that bomb out the port—"

"But, Walter—" Dee was trying valiantly to control the reaction of weakness after former strength that was besetting her. "Walter," she forced her voice to be calm, "the poor thing was as frightened as I was! He was so thankful to have some one tell him what to do."

Walter looked searchingly at her. Then, very gently, he kissed her. "Yes, Dee dear, he was thankful to have some one tell him what to do. So few people are lucky enough to meet some one able to tell them what to do!"

Dee realized that this big man, this wealthy, powerful, important man, was trembling like a child, even as his strong arms were engulfing her. And she wanted—oh, so fiercely she wanted!—to throw her own arms about him, to give him all her courage and weakness; and, more important, wanted to give him all her recognition of *his* courage and weakness. But she knew she mustn't. His arms couldn't mean what hers would. His arms about her meant only that she was a child, a Tanya. So Dee told herself as she stood there, trying to be childlike, unresponsive. Trying hard—because his arms tightened, surely as they would not have done about Tanya!

It was at that moment that Eloise chose to come rocking back into the cabin, ushering in her wake a late-arriving female celebrity-chaser of the journalistic world. A not too scrupulous gossiporter who saw eye to eye with Eloise in the anything-for-a-thrill philosophy. Bab Loser's gossip column was not in one of the best papers; but it was read by the best people. Bab regarded Eloise as top-drawer copy and a good enough egg—even though addled. She considered Eloise's husband, on the other hand, as an overstarched stuffed shirt. So now she was amused enough to split a seam, as she would put it, to catch him thus.

Eloise, however, was again not amused. She was in a state of furious frustration about the whole evening. And it didn't help her mood when she and Bab Loser saw Dee in Walter's arms. The tableau would have meant little if it hadn't been for the blaze of newly lighted fire in Walter's eyes as he bent down to kiss Dee for the second time. Eloise watched that kiss in amazement. She saw the light in his eye; she sensed that there was something quite novel for him in his manner.

Inwardly Eloise stiffened. Outwardly she smiled, and her voice was hilariously gay and teasing as she shouted dramatically, "Behold! This should be the second-act curtain! Prodigal wife returns, eager and penitent, sniffing hungrily for fragrance denoting the roasting of the fatted calf! Instead, what does she find? A bomber in the nursery and her husband in the arms of his childhood sweetheart! . . . You *are* his childhood sweetheart, aren't you?" This last she demanded of Dee.

Several other members of the party, having heard Eloise's raised and too merry voice, had gathered in the doorway.

Dee faced Eloise. She looked very gentle and small and — so Walter thought—defenseless. But Dee was quick; nor was she ever easily downed. She answered, "I suppose you could call us childhood sweethearts if you wanted to. I haven't seen Walter—until tonight—since I was six years old. But I'll admit that then I considered him, next to Lord Fauntleroy and Robin Hood, my favorite hero!"

Guffaws greeted this. "Four-star remark!" . . . "Good for little Cape Cod!" . . . "What was Sir Walter like in those days? Did he throw down capes even then?" . . . "The childhood sweetheart needs a drink; she has earned it!"

But Dee said thank you, no; she really must leave now. So, while the party trooped back to the bar to toast bombs, babies, and childhood sweethearts, Dee put on her hat and coat.

She looked for Chub Davis in the salon; but he had disappeared with Walter to superintend the taking ashore of the demented would-be bomb tosser. So Dee waited.

While Dee waited, Bab Loser wandered casually over and sat down beside her. Dee didn't know who she was; she knew only that this was the woman who had entered the guest cabin with Walter's wife—and had seen Walter kissing her, Dee. Therefore Dee's first tendency was to feel embarrassed; but as the other began to chat in a friendly way, Dee relaxed. This brittle glittering woman really seemed very nice—and so interested in Dee's past and future. The woman insisted that they drink a stirrup cup together while Dee waited for Chub. And Dee, not wanting to seem ungracious, agreed.

THE woman brought the drinks and began asking Dee gently leading questions about Eastmouth; about having known Walter there; about choir singing, about her present radio aspirations. When she asked Dee about her ambition for singing fame, Dee said laughingly, oh, she wasn't foolish enough to aspire to fame; all she wanted was money—to help out at home.

The woman admitted lightly that that was a laudable enough ambition and nice work if you could get it. Which last didn't quite make sense to Dee, although she was sure it should. And suddenly Dee felt that she had been drinking too much, and perhaps talking too much.

She was glad, therefore, that Dr. Paisley joined them and that the woman went away to have a drink with Eloise at the bar.

Dr. Paisley said to Dee, "You handled that unfortunate madman with remarkable levelheadedness, Miss Mason. He was potentially an ugly customer. I congratulate you."

Dee shook her head. "Thank you, but it was nothing." She glanced about the luxurious room, then up into the psychiatrist's keen black eyes. "Do they — I mean wealthy New Yorkers—have things like that happen very often?"

He laughed. "Bombs? Fortunately not. But men as rich as Walter Bassett are constantly surrounded by other nuisances and dangers. Beggars, blackmailers, cheats, thieves. Every time he meets a stranger socially, he never knows when that stranger is going to try to take advantage in some way of acquaintanceship with the rich Walter Bassett."

"How dreadful! He must hate it!"

The doctor shrugged. "I met him only tonight; so I haven't yet made up my mind about his attitude—on that and on other things. But I would say, offhand, that it's easy to put up with almost anything if one has fifty million dollars. . . . And now, what do you say to a dance? Your escort seems to have vanished." He started to help her off with her coat. "I've always wanted to dance with a heroine, especially a pretty one."

DEE had felt Eloise's eyes on her for the last few minutes—eyes fixed as unwaveringly as those of a snake on a mongoose, and with somewhat the same deadly intent. She saw Eloise leave the bar, head toward them. Dee said to Dr. Paisley, "No, really. If Mr. Davis doesn't come in about one second, I am going to slip away alone." And Dee told herself that she didn't blame Walter's wife for feeling annoyed. Maybe she had taken the childhood-sweetheart business seriously. How ridiculous!

Eloise was abreast of them now. She cried lightly to Paisley, "It's stifling in here. I'm going out." She did go out, and her voice floated back to them: "I've made a bet that I can climb the rigging higher than any one else can!" They heard the sound of her running feet on deck.

"My heaven!" Paisley cried, rushing after her.

"Stop her!" some one else shouted.

They all surged out into the silver darkness, to find that Eloise, quick as a wraith, had kicked off her evening slippers and was climbing in the moonlight — a swaying, glittering white-and-gold figure. Somebody went to call Walter; somebody yelled to a steward to send sailors up after her.

Eloise heard that suggestion, and shouted down warningly, "Don't you dare! I'll kick anybody who tries to follow — and I'll probably lose my balance when I do it! It's glorious up here!" She waved gaily. "I'm the woman who married an archangel. St. Walter. St. Walter. And being married to an archangel, I might as well climb right up to heaven!"

Philip Paisley, his face drained of color in the moonlight, called pleadingly, "Eloise, we have ten chapters to proofread tomorrow; and I don't want to do it alone. Come down!"

Eloise taunted back, "The psychological approach to the problem child! No go, Phil. You try it on the childhood sweetheart; it won't work on me!" She mounted higher.

Dr. Paisley groaned. And Dee, glancing at him suddenly, thought, He's in love with her!

Then Walter appeared in the crowd. He looked both angry and alarmed. "Don't be a fool, Eloise!" he called up sharply.

"The wrathful approach!" she yelled back. "Be calm, my saintly husband!" She had now climbed out on a spar and was standing up straight and tall, steadying herself by holding merely a single shroud.

The crowd shrieked.

ELOISE posed in the moonlight for a moment, then declaimed in mock heroic tones, "'Good-bye, proud world! I'm going home!'"

She leaped free. Her body made a silver streak against the night before it struck the black water.

Chaos ruled on the schooner. Every one rushed to the rail, babbling, gasping, gesturing.

Walter, however, in contrast to the rest of the crowd, was surprisingly calm. He explained to Dee swiftly, "Eloise is one of the best divers on this coast. I've seen her do this trick before. My only worry, a while ago, was that, because she had had a little too much to drink, she might have fallen on deck."

Chub also maintained a serene demeanor, as did one or two other very old friends who were used to every variety of Eloise's pyrotechnics. But the rest of the party was certainly getting its money's worth of shivers and horror. Two sailors dived overboard and a bevy of life belts were tossed in Eloise's direction.

At first Eloise, when her head bobbed up, made a pretense of being knocked out. Then, when the sailors approached her, she cried out to them to leave her alone, swam swiftly to the ship, climbed aboard. Gratefully she let herself be wrapped in an eiderdown puff and escorted to a bedroom.

The shock of cold water, however, instead of sobering her, had had the opposite effect. And she babbled drunkenly—bewailing that life was an empty bore. She said that Walter had those darn twins in tow, and was it her fault if she was too young and full of spirit to want to settle down and mother a foreign invasion? Besides, even when she *had* decided to come back from Reno and be a good wife, what happened? She found Walter in the arms of his childhood sweetheart!

Walter very gently laid her down on the bed, called a stewardess, and went out to the bar himself, to concoct a hot drink for her. But his face was that of a man sleepwalking.

Chub Davis said to Dee, "Some day El will do something like this once too often—either for herself or him!" He took Dee's arm. "Come on, honey chile, we'll get going." And, after a few farewell words to Walter, they left.

Chub had obviously imbibed enough at the party to make him confiding without making his driving too wild. In the car he confessed to Dee that he came as near worshiping Walter as any thoroughly masculine man could. Walter had given him his start, backed him, helped pay for his education. "I'm only one of hundreds he's helped," Chub added. "Eloise can well shout that she's married to an archangel! She is! And a plenty suffering one—as no doubt all earthbound angels are!"

Dee murmured sympathetically, and Chub went on to tell her smatterings of the story of Walter and his wife.

"Eloise is almost a psychopathic case because she's so nuts over the limelight and publicity. She does things as wild as tonight's performance, however, only occasionally—usually when she's been drinking too much. Then, for a while, she plays penitent and clings to Walter and makes him believe that he's her only salvation on earth! . . . And Walter? He's too patient with her for her own good! He blames all her faults on the horrible publicity that she had to go through when she was seventeen—when Walter's mother ran away with El's father. Did you know about that?"

Dee admitted that she had heard.

WELL, Walter ever since has blamed his mother's act for every twist in Eloise's make-up. El has headed for Reno two or three times—fed up with Walter's being so good to her, I guess. (What she needs is a nasty man—like that smooth article of a doctor who's writing a book with her.) But she always comes back—knowing that Walter is a swell bet, as well as being a man with half the money in the world. Money means more to El than anything else, except excitement!"

Dee, remembering Walter's question—What is the most important thing in the world?—whispered, "How does he stand a life like that?"

Chub shrugged. "He's numb to it all—or almost numb by now. When he can't stand it any longer, he goes away on one of his long expeditions. He'll never leave Eloise as long as he thinks she needs him. . . . And now let's talk about you!"

But there was little time to talk of Dee, for they had reached the Y. W. C. A. where she was staying. She did tell Chub of her hopes for a spot on the Rev. Mr. Peters' radio hour, and that she was pretty sure of getting it; she was to see him in the morning.

Chub wished her the best of luck and gave her his card. "Let me hear from you if you need any help or advice," he begged. "And if you stay in town, perhaps you'll let me trot you

How's your "Pep Appeal"?

—by Dorne

Starlet: Just wait till I find that columnist! Listen to this, Steve: "Newest starlet, all looks and no 'oomph' . . . somebody should tell her about *pep appeal!*"

Steve: Now, now. It's only a newspaper man. But you *haven't* been feeling up to scratch lately. Bet all that dieting you youngsters do has cut into your *vitamins.* Come along with me, and we'll have a bite of lunch.

Kellogg's
PEP

Steve: And one of the things this doctor orders, young lady, is that crisp and flaky cereal, KELLOGG'S PEP! Because it is extra rich in two of the most important vitamins, B_1 and D.

Starlet: Save the details, Steve! PEP is the most dee-*li*-cious cereal I ever tasted!

Starlet: Thanks a million, Steve, for that tip about vitamins and KELLOGG'S PEP. And just watch me become the pep girl of 1940! I might even win an Oscar.

Steve: I'll be pulling for you.

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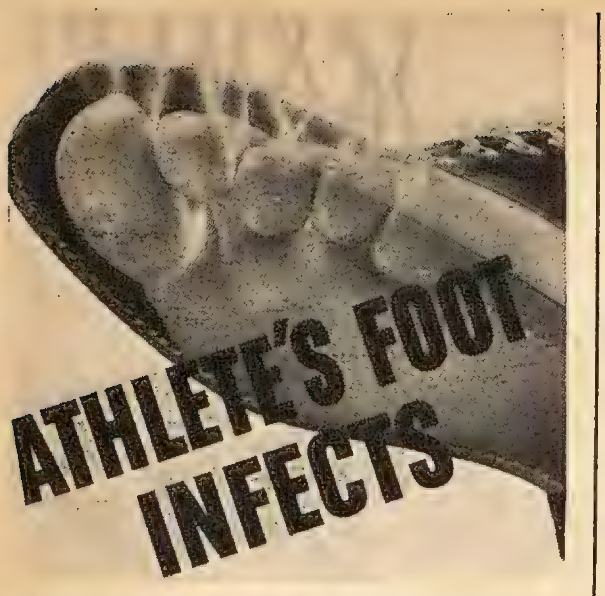

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The fungi that cause Athlete's Foot actually grow twice as fast when they feed on excessive perspiration and dead skin. When cracks appear between your toes, they get under the skin, spread quickly. Your toes redden, itch—it's Athlete's Foot!

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Guard against reinfection. Boil socks 15 minutes. Disinfect shoes. In advanced cases consult your doctor in addition to using Absorbine Jr. $1.25 a bottle at all druggists.

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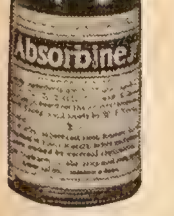

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out for a bowl of chop suey sometime soon?"

"Thank you. I'd like to. You've been awfully kind."

Heartened by Chub's friendliness, Dee went up to her room. And there, in that narrow little place—which seemed cold and drab to her after the glories of the Emeralda—she went to bed to live over the evening. It was an unreal, a beautiful, and a horrible nightmare. Over and over every incident she went, but ever before her mind's eye was Walter's face. And above the subdued hum of the city was Walter's rich deep voice.

Finally Dee began to fall asleep, with tears in her eyes—tears more for Walter than for herself. If all that Chub had said was true, Walter was a life prisoner in a cell built by his own hands. What good was his money to him? What good was anything—so long as he knew he had stopped believing in the most important thing in the world?

THERE was rain and fog and a chill wind blowing when Dee woke up on her big day. But no rain or gloom could quench the excited optimism welling up in Dee. She jumped from bed, downed the window, and sought the shower room.

Singing, she dressed; singing Blue Orchids and remembering how she and Walter had danced to it—floating. But she mustn't think of Walter! She must think of work and singing and home; mother—she must write mother today, after she had had her interview with Mr. Peters and had good news to tell.

Vigorously Dee brushed her hair. "It's really brown," she told her reflection. "But—yes—he was right, it used to be redder." . . . Walter again! She must forget him.

That, however, was going to be hard to do for more reasons than one. For just as Dee finished dressing, a maid knocked on the door and presented her with a small square florist's box. The maid eyed Dee with surprising interest and seemed loath to move away from the doorway. Dee thought, The girl must love flowers, as she thanked her and closed the door to be alone with the exciting box.

She opened it with fingers that seemed stupidly unnimble. And there —a tiny perfect corsage! One flawless gardenia surrounded by forget-me-nots as blue as her new dress—as blue as Walter's eyes, she thought at once. And a card from Walter, reading: "Good luck, little Dee. The twins and I will be thinking of you singing this morning."

If Dee could have kissed the flowers without hurting them, she would have done so. She was, in fact, childish and sweet and excited enough to kiss the card with his handwriting on it. Or rather, she paused, she *hoped* it was his handwriting. How did she know? . . . But they were his flowers, and it had been his thought that had sent them!

Blithely she pinned them on her coat, and blithely she fared forth to conquer New York. At a corner drugstore she had a hasty cup of coffee—and of course coffee made her think of Walter! She took a bus, and two tiny tots on the bus made her think of the twins and Walter!

At last she reached the church where she had agreed to meet Mr. Peters in the vestry at ten thirty. Outside it looked gloomy enough, in the rain and gray cold light. But inside it was warm and richly suffused with a jewel-hued glow from the many fine old stained-glass windows. It was also full of an old, old peace. And full of the magnificent strains of Bach's Sleepers, Awake! played by some unseen organist.

Dee wished that she had time to sit and listen to the music. But she had business to attend to.

Mr. Peters, frowning, watch in hand, met her at the vestry door.

"Am I late?" she cried.

"A few minutes," he said, staring more at her corsage than at her. "But I imagine that you did very well to get here now—considering."

Dee puckered her forehead in bewilderment. "I'm sorry," she said. "I had no idea I was late—or I wouldn't have lingered out there in the church. But that music is glorious. You have a fine organist."

Mr. Peters nodded briefly. "He is very able; he plays for our radio hour."

"Oh, how nice!" Dee's eyes were sparkling now. Eagerly she waited for the minister's next words.

And then they came. "About that radio hour, Miss Mason. You surely must realize that, under the present circumstances, it is quite out of the question for us even to consider letting you sing with our group."

"But—" Sick disappointment, and bewilderment at the churchman's scarcely veiled disapproval of her, engulfed Dee. "Why, Mr. Peters? Last night you seemed to feel—"

MY attitude has been altered since last night," he said dryly; "in fact, I might add *because of* last night. . . . It is fruitless for you, Miss Mason, to continue to affect that air of innocence. Surely you are intelligent enough to realize that the sort of publicity which you have achieved makes your name quite unsuitable to be connected with our church program! I feared, on meeting you, that you might prove to be flighty. Now I am convinced of it!"

"But I still don't understand."

The minister stared at her in stony unbelief. Then he went abruptly to his desk, where a pile of newspapers lay. "Then you can't have seen the morning papers! See for yourself what they say about you!"

What have the gossipmongers made of Dee's adventure? How have they twisted her unguarded remarks? Alone in New York, jobless, and separated from Walter by the fear of more scandal, Dee falls into a dangerous trap. Startling events crowd next week's chapter of an exciting novel.

WHY AMERICA'S NEXT PRESIDENT *Should be a woman*

Humor salted with sense!—A famous scatterbrain speaks up for her favorite candidate

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

BY GRACIE ALLEN

MAYBE it's rank heresy, and maybe Martin Dies will accuse me of being 100 per cent un-American—but I firmly believe the next President should be a woman.

Today, more than ever before, the time is ripe for womanhood—or femininity, as I call it—to take over the White House.

And there should be little or no opposition from the crop of male candidates who have tossed their last year's felt hats into the ring. All of them fine fellows, certainly—never beat their wives, mow their lawns regularly, pay their income taxes promptly. But fine fellows don't make fine birds, and none of them represent real Presidential timber outside of having the qualifications and ability. To give you an idea—

Thomas Dewey cleans up racketeers like Luciano, which only makes good movies for Warner Brothers. On his last trip through the West, Dewey shook hands with 15,000 people—why, I've kissed more girl babies than that, and I'm only waiting for the boy babies to grow up. Herbert Hoover did a great job for Finnish relief—but he still wears stiff collars and disagrees with my theories.

Cordell Hull has a poker face that bluffs you into thinking he's got three aces while he's holding four. And he's too impartial—they tell me that once, when he was a judge, he fined his own father five dollars for sitting in court with a hat on. Maybe the hat was all his father had to wear. Robert Taft eats five-cent candy bars—which would soon put the country in debt; he doesn't look well in Indian war bonnets; and the fish he catches in campaign pictures look as though they mistrust him. Like the men I've mentioned, Paul McNutt, John Garner, Burton Wheeler, Jim Farley, and Arthur Vandenberg are other candidates who have ability and nothing else.

Against such uncertain male opposition a woman today should have a good chance to plant herself in the Chief Executive's chair.

Now, the editors of Liberty have asked me to tell them *seriously* just why a woman should be the next President. They even underlined the word "seriously." As a matter of fact, everything I've said since I started campaigning has been serious, including my Surprise Party's symbol, the kangaroo, for leap year. It's plenty serious.

But let's keep this impersonal and not talk about me or my campaign. Let's make out that I'm not even a candidate—we'll just assume that some other brainy, clever, intelligent, capable woman is running. Have you assumed that? Good! Now I can tell you frankly why a woman should be the next President, and without sounding overconfident.

Of course, at the very mention of a woman President some people will say, "It's absurd! It's ridiculous!" The harness makers used those exact words, too—when somebody said the automobile was here to stay.

Any natural-born citizen, man or woman, thirty-five years old, can qualify for President. Of course, admitting her age might keep some woman from running, but it shouldn't. It's no disgrace to be thirty-five if you did it honestly, and anyway a feminine President could always look younger by going to beauty shops during filibusters.

George, who is very widely read

and keeps up with Variety, the Racing Form, and for laughs with the Congressional Record, said to me the other day, " Gracie, do you know that a woman has already run for *President* of the United States? "

And he told me an item in our history that few citizens are aware of—that in 1872 Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, representing the Equal Rights Party, was a candidate for President against U. S. Grant, the Republican, and Horace Greeley, the Democrat.

So the only thing that stands between a female and the Presidency is getting elected—and that's no trick at all, now that they've got machines to do the heavy voting.

But now an important question pops up: Has any modern woman the necessary ability and experience? That's a good question—it would also be a good question to ask about lots of the men who run for public offices—but don't wait around for a good answer. I always say the best place to get Presidential experience is in the White House.

There's nothing new about having women in responsible public offices. We've had women governors, women senators and representatives, and women Cabinet members, and they've been adequate. If the same women had been on the stage or in pictures we'd say they were " Colossal! Terrific! "

After all, what about women who have ruled entire nations? How about Queen Victoria? And "Good Queen Bess "? We have many women today with as fine qualities as the great queens and who can also rumba! And please don't think I'm referring only to myself. George often says there are plenty of women who would be just as good Presidents as I would; but then, George says lots of things just to get into the conversation. But we're talking about me again! Let's try to forget poor little me—if I can.

Considering eligible feminine candidates, have you ever thought what a great President Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt would be? She has intellect, tact, humor, a keen sense of responsibility, and the best interests of her people and her country at heart. She could—But wait! I'm talking myself into voting for her, and then where would I be?

ANYWAY, during my recent visit to Washington I met other women prominent in national affairs. Women like Mrs. Thomas E. Dewey, Mrs. Arthur Vandenberg, Mrs. Harold Ickes, and scores of others engaged in their own careers—all of them having the essentials for leadership and administration. Add to their number such ladies as Dorothy Thompson, Frances Perkins, and Gracie Allen—and you have a real Presidential slate.

I admit a woman in the White House next year would not be a cure-all. She still could not keep people from needing shoes and clothes and food. She could not keep the sun from coming up each day and going down each night. I know that I couldn't personally guarantee even to keep seasons from changing or crops from growing. So, despite the sex of the person giving press conferences in the national capital, the old world would probably keep right on just as it has through even worst disasters, and this country would have to go along with it just for the ride.

What if the men would laugh at a woman President? What if the whole country would laugh? They laughed when Christopher Columbus said the world was round. They laughed again when Wilbur Voliva said the world was flat. Columbus had to get a woman to pawn her jewels to finance him, and if Voliva could get that kind of girl to back him he might be just as right as Christopher was. Everybody can't be wrong.

DON'T overlook what the ladies have done to make history. When Francis Scott Key wrote The Star-Spangled Banner on the back of a letter, would he have had the letter if it hadn't been written by a woman?—or maybe that was a bill from his tailor he was carrying next to his heart. When Edison flew a kite and discovered how to make electric-light bulbs out of steam, didn't his mother furnish the teakettle—or was it his congressman? And don't forget, before John Smith could settle Virginia he had to settle with Pocahontas.

There's no sense in going into a comparison between men and women. It would be too one-sided, and anyway men's votes are as good as anybody's. Men will always think they're better, and maybe they are. Why shouldn't they be better? When things are too much for men to handle, they have a superior sex to turn to, and we haven't.

Believe it or not, men and not women were the ones who talked me into running for office. On one of our Hinds broadcasts last February, I mentioned to George that I didn't know whether to run for President or knit a sweater. But it started the ball rolling. I began getting telegrams from senators, political leaders, sheriffs, creditors, and even business men, all saying, " Why don't you run for President? "

That started me thinking and before I realized it I was thinking I was running. A week later campaign workers began registering voters on a petition for me. The sign over their table said, " Gracie Allen for President — Nuts with Every Name." Every signer got a bag of nuts.

Then, while I arranged our platform of redwood trimmed with pine, a flood of invitations arrived urging me to hold our Surprise Party Convention in Atlantic City, San Francisco, Seattle, Asbury Park. We settled on Omaha for the convention—May 15, 16, 17, 18—and you probably heard plenty about it. Most of the letters I get are from men, and I get thousands. Most of the Gracie Allen Clubs are organized by boys, and several of the club leaders asked for dates, proving that members of the younger generation are alike in many disrespects.

Those who think woman suffrage a fad like mah-jongg and the yo-yo attempt to stump me with technical questions. One columnist asked me, " Gracie, what do you think of the Neutrality Bill? " I answered, " If we owe it, let's pay it." Some smarty inquired yesterday, " Gracie, where is the capital of the United States? " I answered, " All over Europe."

But there I go again — talking about me and my campaign. Let's get back to why a woman would make a good President.

A woman might make certain necessary changes in the national government, like moving furniture around or putting a fern on the front porch, but nothing radical. Men make more changes in things than women do—only men make them for different reasons. Just leave a man alone with an auto, a radio, an alarm clock, a blonde, or one of the children's toys. He immediately takes it apart to make it run better. When he gets it so it won't run at all, he tries to put it back together—and when he can't get it back together and his wife finally discovers what he's done, he says he's changed it.

On the other hand, women only change things to improve them or make them serve a new use. For example, take that newspaper lady I met at the Women's Press Club banquet—she says that every time her husband comes home wearing a new toupee, she nails a wooden handle on it. Then, when he's not wearing the toupee, she can use it for a dish mop.

I'M not saying a woman President would make changes like the above in the government, but she could do something just as constructive. She would not be swayed from an honest idea, and practically the only man who could tell her where to get off would be the streetcar conductor. She would stop the war in Europe by sending over ambassadors like Joan Crawford, Hedy Lamarr, Lana Turner, and Mae West.

Whether it's me or some other capable lady candidate, any woman who can keep her family and friends guessing with simple tricks like snoods and bustles can find plenty of ways to keep her administration up to date. Wouldn't senators and representatives take a much keener interest in their work and affairs if they were never certain whether the next President's message would come from a blonde, a brunette, or a redhead?

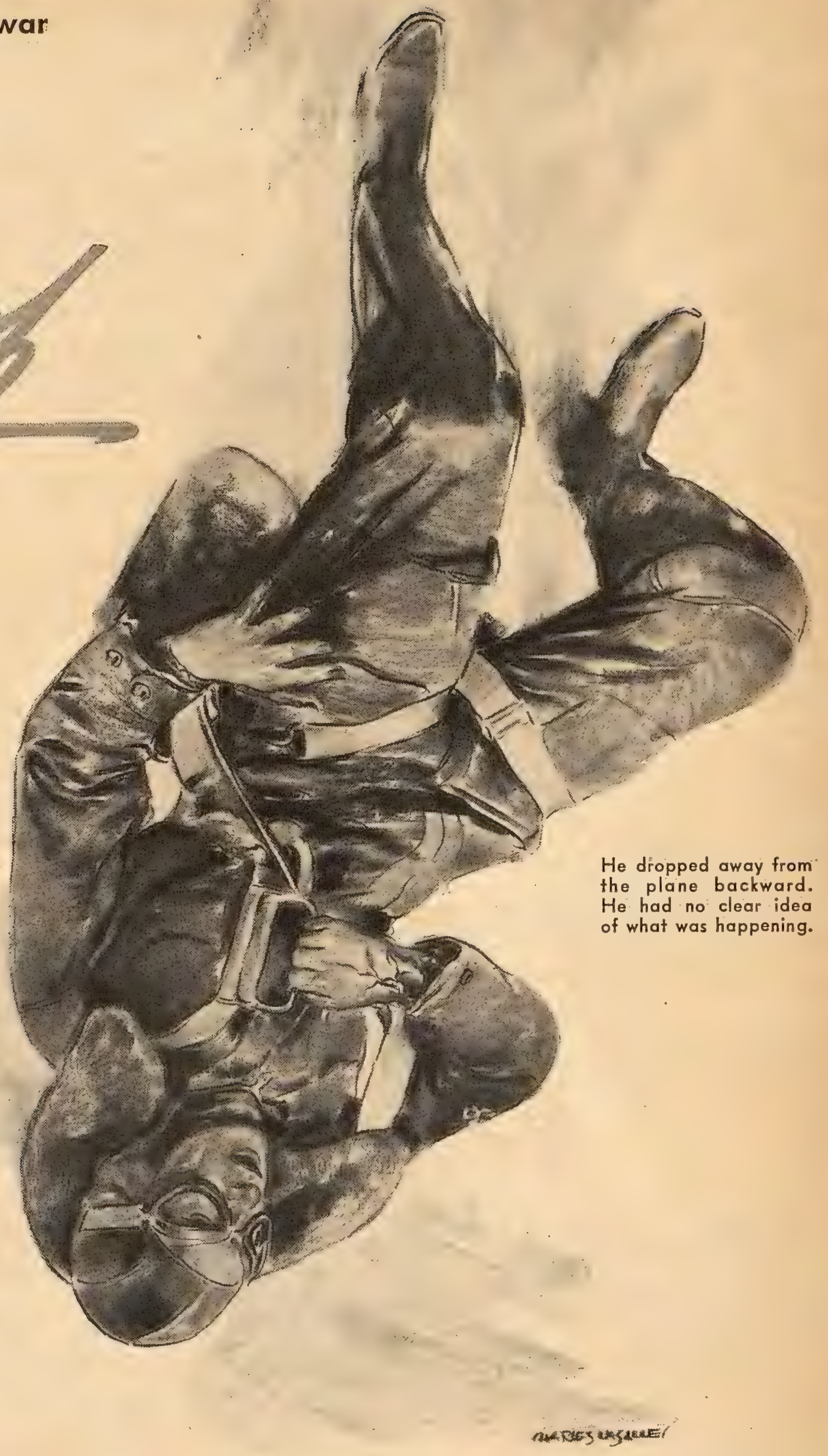
But I know if I keep this up Martin Dies will be on my neck, and what will George say? I've tried to present ten good reasons why the next President should be a woman, and these ten reasons may be summed up as follows: One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, *ten!*

Finally, my philosophy is not one of overconfidence. I realize the President of today is merely the postage stamp of tomorrow. For further details you'll have to drop in and see me sometime—at the White House!

THE END

A new, mad adventure quickens the tempo in a sweeping novel of war

Wings of Wrath


He dropped away from the plane backward. He had no clear idea of what was happening.

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

Synopsis of preceding chapters will be found on page 48

PART SEVEN—BEHIND THE ENEMY'S LINES

KURT made no conscious effort to get out of the falling Blenheim. His mind was too stunned, his body too atrophied by pain, to permit movement. When the bomber's nose went down, he was rolled along the floor like an inert thing sliding down a chute. Below him there was nothing but the great hole. He was spilled out of it.

He dropped away from the plane backward. With eyes closed and senses reeling, he had no clear idea of what was happening. He must have fallen a thousand feet before instinct as much as any prodding of sense made him grope for the ring of the rip cord and pull it.

The small pilot chute instantly opened, drawing the huge bag of the canopy up over him. When the vast gray umbrella itself bloomed, its jerk all but snapped his bones.

It did something else, too. It jolted Kurt's brain. It slapped the numbness out of him, so that he suddenly and violently became aware of things. Terrifying things. Aware of swinging in a harness more than 20,000 feet above the sea. Aware of thin freezing air that stabbed and scraped at his lungs like the point of an icicle. Aware of a blazing agony in his right arm, all the way from shoulder to fingertips. The arm dangled limply and he couldn't move it. When he stared at it, blinking blurs out of his eyes, he saw half a dozen bullet holes in the sleeve of the Sidcot suit.

He floated down in a spell. After a while, remembering more clearly, he searched the sky for the planes. They were far above, far to the east, already disappearing.

As he stared, one of the small German Messerschmitts plunged down in flames, meteorically, leaving a stream of smoke to chart its dive. He watched until it struck the sea. And then Kurt looked downward.

Curiously, he had no real sensation of height. Far below lay the flat gray expanse of water, but he couldn't judge how far.

Once he shut his eyes against the wind. That proved to be unbearable, for as soon as his eyelids were down he could see Flight Lieutenant Torch's body being rammed through the bulkhead. . . . He shook his head sharply, to rid it of the vision.

And with a start he discovered that he was laughing.

He had been laughing for some time. Queer, sobbing laughter. Hysterical and spasmodic. It terrified him.

Because he couldn't let memories of the crash terrify his mind, he studied the sea. Miles to the east he saw the smoke of a ship. Ahead lay the gray-blue coast of Germany. And far behind, when he turned his head, he could see the long narrow string of the Frisian Islands.

If I fall into the sea, I'm done, he thought.

For some reason, it was funny. He almost began the inane laughter again, but checked himself abruptly, frightened.

The wind was carrying him directly toward the German shore. He wondered if it would carry him far enough. Then he glanced up into the parachute.

You could guide the thing to some extent. Pull the windward shroud lines and you spilled a little air out of the canopy. That made it sweep sideward. He tried it, and it helped.

Suddenly he realized that something was dangling from his head, behind him, like a queue. He couldn't shake it off. When he groped with his left hand, he found the telephone wire. The Messerschmitt had cut it in the pilot's cockpit, but the earphones were still on him, strangely, with fifteen feet of wire hanging loose. And when he gaped at the wire he heard again Torch's strident voice in that last wild shout:

"Lindlaw! Lindlaw!"

Kurt ripped the earphones off his head. They almost tore off the hood of his flying suit. When he flung them away, it was as if he were throwing from himself a thing in which Torch's frantic voice would shriek eternally. . . .

He was 2,000 feet above the sea and still miles from land when he saw the bit of floating wreckage. A plane. A small German plane. It lay on the water, partly submerged, about half a mile westward.

Kurt's eyes started to burn with a kind of fever as he spied the thing. He wouldn't be able to swim far; not with one arm limp and his whole body sagging in weakness. But if he could fall *close* to that plane he might—

He reached up with his left hand, seized the shroud lines, and pulled. He pulled with all his strength, and the parachute, spilling air, went into a swift sideward glide—toward the wreckage.

His heart began to throb with a new hope. He forgot pain. He forgot everything. He was drawing nearer and nearer the wreckage, and he could think of nothing else.

When he fell into the sea he was some 200 yards from the plane.

He went under, but not very deep, the cold water stinging his wounds. He popped out of the sea like a cork, with great gasps and splutterings.

The chute lay near him in collapse like a dead thing, and he worked clumsily at the "Quick-Connector" release button. When he was free of the harness, he floated on his back, breathing heavily.

It was astonishingly easy to float in the Sidcot suit, for it seemed to swell like a balloon and keep him buoyant. But he knew that soon, when it became sodden, it would be a dead weight dragging him down. So his left hand found its catch, ripped it open. He had to kick a great deal, sending the agonies of hell through his side, before he could jerk himself out of the garment. When it was gone, drifting away from him, he lay quietly on his back again, trying to regain his breath.

With one arm useless, he couldn't roll over to swim. He remained as he was, on his back, and churned water with booted legs that seemed weighted with lead. If only he could remove those boots . . . but he couldn't. He'd probably drown making the effort. Instead, he continued to kick, using his left arm as a paddle.

Every half minute he was constrained to rest. At such times he'd twist his head slightly to seek the plane. He was drawing nearer, all right. No doubt about that. It was a small amphibian, and an upturned machine gun jutted from its cockpit like a telescope. One wing hung under water, and one pontoon was smashed; but the other kept it precariously afloat on the smooth sea—a tiny island of hope in a vast gray reach of death.

It took Kurt an eternity. Toward the end he felt so exhausted that it seemed worthless to fight any longer. When at last something scraped his shoulder, he was too spent even to experience joy. He looked around to discover that he was being splashed against the sunken wing. His groping left hand floundered about and found a hold. He pulled himself up a few inches, groaning; then suddenly lay motionless in collapse.

LATER—it might have been a year later, for all he knew—Kurt opened heavy-lidded eyes. He had been neither unconscious nor asleep, but in a semi-stupor, his strength completely drained.

He didn't yet attempt to move. With his gaze fixed on bleak skies, he lay heedless of what was happening.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

AMONG the rescued from the torpedoed British steamship Carthage are Kurt Freel and Claudia Gage. He is an American of German extraction who lost two brothers in Nazi concentration camps, and now his father has been cruelly drowned. She is a member of the English Women's Auxiliary Air Force. Because she has fallen in love with him, Claudia consents to Kurt's dangerous plan, which is to assume the identity of David Cresson, a British aircraftman who met death through the sinking of the Carthage.

Kurt had served in the American air arm until one of his eyes had been blinded. Nevertheless, Claudia uses her influence to have him stationed at Craymoor, a great air base in Scotland. Her father becomes a vice air marshal.

Most disturbing factors in his impersonation and their wonderful love are the real David Cresson's brother, who writes he will visit Craymoor one day soon, and Hilda, the faithless wife of Kurt, living with a man in Berlin. But they trust that the gods may be on their side.

Kurt undergoes intensive training for air combat, and distinguishes himself for marksmanship in flight and for bringing home a plane whose pilot was killed in an unexpected skirmish with enemy flyers. In spite of his good work, he is suspected of not being what he seems to be. Claudia's father cross-examines him. And to add to his fear of discovery, his "brother" writes him he is coming to visit him in another week. Meanwhile Claudia is addressing gatherings of women and getting them to join the W. A. A. F. Also, in her itinerary Claudia expects to make a call at Craymoor.

But, before either his "brother" or Claudia reach the air base, Kurt is sent with a bombing expedition to Norway. They meet a flock of Messerschmitts and go into battle. Triumphantly Kurt shoots down the first enemy plane, but a Messerschmitt accidentally rams the English bomber. Flight Lieutenant Torch and Lindlaw, the bomb aimer, are killed horribly. Kurt is seriously wounded. And both the Messerschmitt and the Blenheim bomber plunge into the sea, 25,000 feet below.

His body rose and fell with the wing. And his mind, slowly roused by the movement, began to function in a dull ironic way.

So here he was—like his father, like his brothers. Utterly defeated. As hurt and battered as, some day, the world itself might be. . . . Yes, here he was, with the gods of war probably laughing in loud derision at his futility. Letting him live a little longer, teasing him, that he might know the taste of defeat all the more bitterly.

He groaned. The thoughts roused a twinge of rage in him, and he moved slightly—to find that his hand, still gripping a bit of metal, seemed frozen to it. And gazing beyond it at the plane's bullet-razed cockpit, he saw something else—something that vaguely shocked him.

A man's head. . . .

Hooded, swaying with the motion of the plane, it dangled over the rim of the cockpit. Dead, of course. Nothing alive could swing so listlessly.

Kurt stared at it for a long time. Then he looked away and his lips twisted bitterly. *He's better off than I am,* he thought. *He's through with all this.*

Now that his perceptions were becoming clearer, he shuddered with the cold. He gripped the bar again and tried to pull himself higher on the wing.

To his surprise, it wasn't difficult. While he'd lain here unstirring, his muscles had found little reservoirs of renewed strength, and these helped him now. He dragged himself clear of the sea; the back of his head touched the plane's fuselage. If he looked sideward, he could see the dead German flyer almost within reach of his fingertips.

KURT gazed over the sea. It was strange that at a time like this he should think of Claudia. He thought of her with pain and by way of farewell. He loved her, and loving her made even dying like this a little easier.

Then he was stirred out of his thoughts. Far northward, smudged against the sky, he discerned smoke. He watched it for some fifteen minutes before he knew the ships were coming nearer. Zigzagging in their course. German trawlers, he supposed. The salvage corps of the sea.

Out to tow in anything worth towing, he told himself. *Scavengers poking their noses among dead things. . . .*

Well, maybe they'd find him here. Maybe they had already sighted the plane. That would be the epitome of irony. To be made a German prisoner. To end his fine battle in their prison camps.

Suddenly he lifted his head in fury and glared at the smoke. He began to grate oaths—oaths that quivered with his rage. He *wouldn't* let them take him. He didn't have to accept that kind of defeat. Better to slide off this wing. It was easier being dead.

Kurt lifted defiant eyes to the figure in the cockpit.

"Every one know what *this* means?"
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350	21.00	30.91	31.50	21.19
400	24.00	35.33	36.00	24.22
450	27.00	39.75	40.50	27.25
500	30.00	44.16	45.00	30.27
550	33.00	48.58	49.50	33.30
600	36.00	53.00	54.00	36.33

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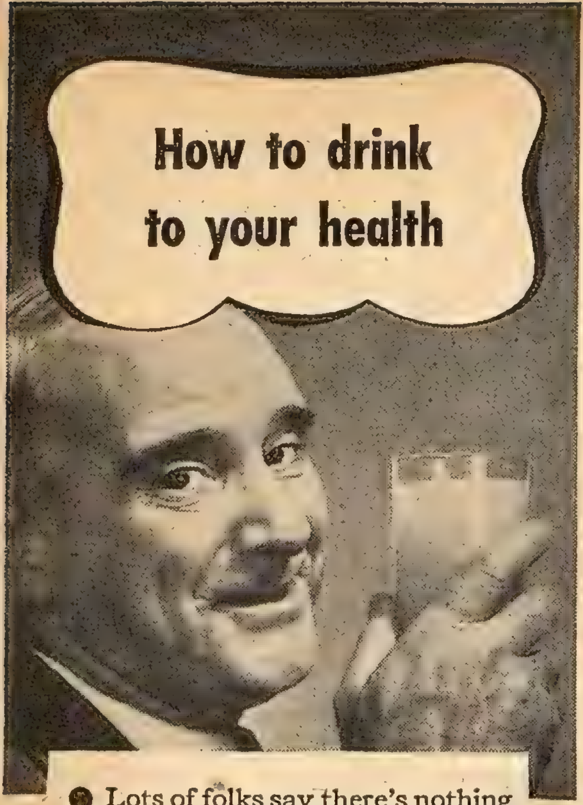

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And in that instant an astounding idea came to him. It was horrible and mad, but it started the blood racing through him.

He didn't have to be taken prisoner. Not if he could drag himself into the cockpit and strip the uniform off the dead pilot. Not if he could find strength to change clothing with him and drop him into the sea for his burial. Not if he could get the man's identification plate off his wrist. . . .

Why shouldn't he try it? He could talk German as well as any man in the German forces. If they believed he was a German, they'd probably rush him to a hospital. Whatever they did with him, he wouldn't be a *prisoner*. And while you were free there was always the possibility of getting away.

Kurt shot another glare at the distant smoke. It was only a few miles away now. His whole being pounded, and his throat felt swollen. It was much better to make the effort than to wait here like this, doing nothing, or deliberately to let himself slide into the sea.

Once more he looked at the cockpit. He drew in a tremendous breath. With his teeth biting viciously into his lip, he pulled his knees up under him, forced himself to rise slightly, and reached out to find a grip on the cockpit's rim.

CLAUDIA came to Craymoor from Stonehaven half an hour after the squadrons of bombers had returned from their flight to Norway. And she learned about the loss of Leading Aircraftman David Cresson from her father himself in his quarters.

They were alone, she and Sir Malcolm. She stood deathly white while he talked, her eyes wide and stunned and unbelieving. She clasped the back of a chair as if to let go meant to collapse. Her brain reeled.

"Dead?" she whispered. "*Dead?*"

"We can believe nothing else."

For a while after that she didn't clearly hear the things Sir Malcolm told her. She swayed and everything about her was blurred. Only one reality obsessed her mind. *Kurt was dead.* All these other things her father was saying—vague things about gallantry in action, about a heroic combat, about Cresson's destruction of a German plane—what did they matter? Words. They couldn't obliterate that one horrible truth. *Kurt was dead.*

And then Sir Malcolm was saying something about the fact that one man had been seen to fall in a chute. She clutched at the hope wildly. She all but cried out that it might have been Kurt. . . . But the Vice Air Marshal shook his head.

"I doubt it, Claudia. It's the gunners they generally go after first. Besides, whoever the man was, he fell miles from shore and miles from any ship. It's most unlikely he survived."

She tried to speak again—jerkily, hardly knowing what she was going to say. "Dad—"

It was no use. The words simply wouldn't come. Like her tears, they choked her and refused to flow. She dropped to a chair. She sat as expressionless as one in a trance, her eyes wide. Dead! Kurt was dead.

Through an interval that was timeless Sir Malcolm watched her in silence. He stood beside a table, and his fingers began to turn an ash tray around and around. Finally he could endure no more of the stillness. He went to her. He put a hand on her shoulder, and when she looked up, still in that daze, he scarcely knew what to say.

"I'm sorry, my dear," he murmured. "I'm desperately sorry. . . . You were—very fond of him, weren't you?"

"I loved him," she whispered. "I loved him, dad."

He didn't know what to reply. He turned away, went back to the table. And again there was silence.

"You know, his brother is here," he said presently, without looking at her. "Lieutenant Charles Harvey Cresson. He came this afternoon."

And then he heard her sob. He looked around in dismay. He took an impetuous step toward her, but checked the movement. Perhaps this was better. Perhaps she needed tears.

For at last they had come. Claudia's hands covered her face and she wept in a way that shook her whole body. Watching her, Sir Malcolm felt awed and a little embarrassed. He was, after all, her father, and it was demoralizing to see her weep like this for a man he himself had hardly known.

Instinct kept him from speaking. He waited in wonder and unease, frowning at the ash tray, until that first paroxysm of tears had exhausted itself. Only then did he suggest, in a low grave tone, "I think, my dear, you had better go and lie down."

She raised her head. Her eyes, flooded with tears, were desperate. "Dad, that man isn't his brother," she said. "It's no use pretending any more. It's no use letting Lieutenant Cresson go on with this lie. I want to clear it up, dad. *He'd* have wanted it cleared up."

Sir Malcolm stared. "What on earth are you talking about?"

SHE told him. Told the whole story of Kurt Freel. It came in spurts that sometimes sounded like sobs. And when she finished she felt, without being able to analyze the feeling, that she had done Kurt a last service. This was as he would have wished it to be—honest, candid, an end surrounded by truth. . . .

Sir Malcolm stood amazed. He could see things now that had sorely puzzled him during past weeks; things that had puzzled Captain MacCord. And understanding them deepened his sympathy for Claudia.

If only there were a way in which he could ease her grief, he would have done it. But he could think of nothing to do. . . .

Still, there was one thing which must be straightened out at once. He hesitated, then went to the door to summon an orderly.

"Ask Lieutenant Charles Harvey Cresson to come here at once," he said. "You'll find him at Officers' Mess."

"Very good, sir."

Coming back into the room, Sir Malcolm muttered, "Can't have the fellow grieving under a delusion, dammit! Though it won't help matters much to tell him his brother died on the Carthage. But at least he'll have the truth!"

Claudia rose, pleading: "Dad, I just can't face him—or anybody. Not now. I can't go into—explanations—"

"You may leave them to me. I suggest you go upstairs and lie down."

So she went. She fell face downward on her father's bed, and there she lay for an hour, weeping sometimes, but more often hushed and numb, filled with an ache beyond all tears. Outside it was dark. Her mind groped through the darkness to the shore where she and Kurt had walked. . . . Everything was over. She lay still, feeling lost and frozen and choked.

"So. *Gut.*" The words wormed their way into Kurt's consciousness as he drifted out of deep sleep. He stirred slightly. A soft moan broke from him. He heard a woman's voice:

"*Seine wunden verheilten ziemlich gut, Herr Doktor.*"

Kurt wearily opened his eyes. At the outset the things he saw didn't impinge on his mind. They were hazy and unreal, and he had to blink a little before he could bring them into focus.

Then he recognized beds—rows of beds in a long white room. And the beds held men, most of whom were looking at him. He lifted his eyes to find a plump woman in nurse's uniform at his left, a tall man in white at his right. And there was another thing that caught his gaze: straps stretched down from the ceiling directly over him, and the straps supported his bandaged right arm in a sling.

Suddenly his mind was clearer and he understood what all this meant. He began to remember things—recollections that shot through him like electric tinglings. Getting into the German's pants and boots. Not the tunic or the flying suit—no. These hadn't shown bullet holes in the sleeve. He'd thrown them into the sea with his own clothes after he'd rolled the body over the fuselage. And, too, there had been the tiny metal plate; he'd unclasped the bracelet on the German's wrist and put the identification tag on himself. Yes, he recalled all that clearly now. Heaving the pilot over the side had finished him. After that he'd slumped back in collapse, completely spent. He'd slithered down into unconsciousness on the floor of the cockpit. . . .

And now he was here. Apparently in a German military hospital. There were windows between the beds opposite him, and outside he could see uniformed men occasionally pass. For a terrifying few seconds he wondered how many precautions he had ignored. He tried to turn his head; but the nurse said quickly, in German:

"No. You must not move yet."

He looked up at her. The doctor, with a final nod, had already turned to another bed. And Kurt thought, *Maybe it's a prison hospital. . . .* Well, you could find that out easily enough. He spoke in German, his voice a husky whisper:

"I—I can't remember coming here."

"Naturally not, *Herr Leutnant.* You were unconscious." She smiled gentle reassurance. "You have been unconscious for two days. But you will be better now."

Herr Leutnant. Lieutenant . . .

"I don't—don't seem to know," he whispered, "where I am."

"The base hospital at Wilhelmshaven Airdrome. You were too badly hurt, you see, to be moved far. But I believe your squadron at Kiel has already been notified that you are here—and safe."

"Ah. So. That is good."

"Now you must not talk any more. Try to sleep."

So he wasn't a prisoner. They believed him to be a *Leutnant.* Kurt relaxed, closed his eyes, and allowed himself the shadow of a smile.

When the nurse went away, his glance dropped to the identification plate on his wrist. He had to study

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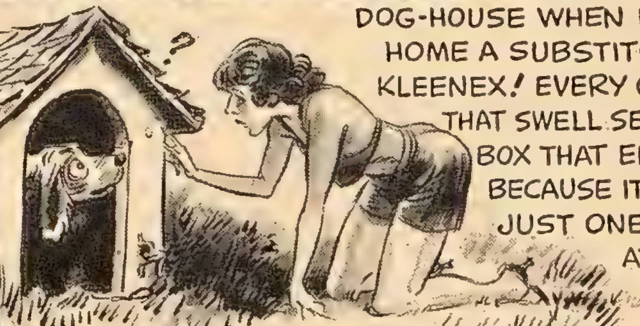

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it. *Otto von Retz, Leutnant,* with smaller lettering below which he couldn't read. So that was it. He must remember. Leutnant Otto von Retz from Kiel. . . .

For an hour he dozed.

At noon the nurse, a comforting person close to middle age, fed him a little bouillon. He took it in small sips and felt better after it. And when the man in the next bed greeted him, he responded with a feeble smile.

"I'm Leutnant Vegerhof," the man said. His right leg hung in a cast supported by straps from the ceiling much in the manner of Kurt's arm. A blond young fellow with flashing teeth, he seemed eager to be amiable. "I hear you fellows from Kiel gave the English a good strafing."

"Did we?" Kurt's voice was weak. "I don't know. I was shot down very quickly."

"Your companions paid them for that. They brought down two of the English bombers."

"So? . . . And the English? Did they do anything?"

"Oh, the official bulletins say they dropped a few bombs near ships in the Kiel Canal. No damage."

"Did they bring down many of—our planes?"

"Only yours."

Kurt could not keep the surprise out of his voice. "Only mine?"

"Well, first the official bulletin said none at all. Not one. But you're here, so they probably made an error. I suppose they corrected it later."

"Ye-es; no doubt."

The nurse came up the aisle, pausing at Kurt's bed to admonish him in the tones of a mother.

"*Bitte, Herr Leutnant.* Not too much talk today. First you must regain your strength."

Kurt smiled at her, glanced resignedly at Leutnant Vegerhof as if to explain his helplessness, and then tried again to sleep. The nurse was right, he told himself. Before all else he must recover strength. He must find the stamina to think clearly, to decide what to do. . . .

In the morning the lean doctor changed the dressings on his arm and shoulder. Kurt watched the man's face as he worked.

"Is it very bad, *Herr Doktor?*"

"Oh, I've seen worse." The physician tried to sound cheerful. "Much worse. You were lucky. Of course you suffered much from exposure."

"Will I be able to—use the arm?"

"Certainly. Why not? One or two bullets scraped the bone, but you'll be all right."

"How long must I remain like this?"

"Impatient already, eh?" The doctor laughed. "You flyers! What is it you want, *Herr Leutnant?* To hurry back and fight?"

"Yes."

"Well, you'd better forget that for a while. You've done your share gallantly. You've earned a rest."

"But—how long?"

"Oh, I think we'll have you on your feet in a week. Ten days at most. And when you're strong enough we'll send you back to your squadron at Kiel. You'll get your leave from there."

Kurt closed his eyes. To go to the squadron at Kiel, he knew, would mean execution. . . .

When the physician went on to Leutnant Vegerhof's bed, Kurt gazed at the ceiling. And presently there was an ache in him that did not rise from his wounds. Or from fear of Kiel. He was thinking again of Claudia. He had thought of her a hundred times. Somewhere in England she would read the list of casualties; she would find the name of Leading Aircraftman David Cresson among the names of those lost in the flight to Norway. She'd read he was dead, and there was nothing he could do to spare her the shock and the pain. . . .

"Oh, one thing I forgot to ask, *Herr Leutnant.*" The doctor was back at the bedside, smiling. "Headquarters wishes to know why you were found without a flying suit and without your tunic. Practically in your underclothes, despite the cold."

Kurt's mind groped for an answer, and when he found it he attempted a disarming smile of his own. "Thought I might—bandage my wounds. With my shirt. I managed to get out of the flying suit and the tunic. Put them on the rim of the cockpit. Didn't have strength to do more. I suppose the motion of the plane sent the clothes into the sea."

"Ah, yes. Of course. Well, I will pass the report on to Headquarters. They were curious."

The doctor nodded pleasantly, with no visible doubts.

PHYSICALLY, if not spiritually, Kurt enjoyed a swift enough recuperation. By the end of the week he could walk about, his arm in a sling, and spend a few hours outdoors. The hospital's garden was drab, with no flowers to brighten it at this time of year, but it had several benches and easy chairs, and you could sit in it among other convalescents and gaze at the sea or the airport.

Situated on a low hill, the hospital commanded an excellent view of the airdrome's activities.

There were times when Kurt watched pilots walk down to the water front, hardly a quarter of a mile away, and take off for flights to England, or to the Scandinavian countries, carrying bombs. At such times he would sit silent while the men about him talked buoyantly of strafing the British. If they noticed the grayness of his face at all, they probably attributed it to the sudden pain of his wounds.

One thing about his own immediate future made him desperate: the possibility that some of Otto von Retz' comrades would fly over from Kiel to visit him. It was the strain of Craymoor repeated. But worse—infinitely worse. A dozen times a day he told himself, *I've got to get away.*

He watched incoming planes with constant anxiety. Whenever a visitor walked up the hill, he stiffened in his chair, and his nerves tightened, and a throbbing would begin in his temples.

Leutnant Vegerhof, too, was outdoors now, in a wheel chair. A small platform had been built on it so that his leg, still in a cast, could be supported horizontally. He was an engaging young man, obviously the product of a cultured environment, and Kurt gathered that he had taken a degree at the University of Leipzig.

"One wonders," Vegerhof muttered, sitting in the garden and watching a squadron of bombers take off, "why those British maniacs ever forced us into this."

Kurt glanced at him searchingly.

"God knows we didn't want it," Vegerhof declared, narrowed eyes fixed on the planes. "We did everything humanly possible to avoid it. Der Führer all but went down on his knees before Chamberlain, begging him to avoid it. But no. The English would not have peace." He shook his head bitterly. "It's hard to believe nations and statesmen can be so brutally indifferent to consequences."

Kurt studied the young officer curiously. Not with anger but with a kind of pity.

"How long," Vegerhof went on, "did they expect us to let Austria and Czechoslovakia and Poland ignore all decencies, put their German populations to the most horrible of degradations? It was intolerable. Germans—Germans of our own blood. People like you and me. How could we stand by and see them tortured? As men of human sympathies, we *had* to march in to save them. And then—" A harsh laugh broke from him. "To see England seize upon Poland, of all things, as a pretext for going to war! What did she expect us to do? Let Poland spit in our faces?"

Kurt thought with despair, *And you really believe that was how it happened. That's the tragedy of it.* Curiously, Vegerhof said little about Scandinavia.

Kurt would have liked, if only for a few moments, to make this impassioned young man listen to *his* story. But that, he realized, would mean instant arrest. So he had to sit quiet, listening. Once he could not resist the impulse to test Vegerhof's reactions to a simple suggestion.

"I've heard it rumored," he said, "that England claims she isn't fighting you and me—the people—but only Nazism, the precepts of der Führer. In other words, if there were no Hitler, she would be quite prepared to make peace."

"An old trick," scoffed Vegerhof. "Trying to stir up dissension, even revolution. But it won't work. Nazism is Germany and Germany is Nazism. Inseparable. We are part of Hitler as he is part of us."

What could you do with men like Vegerhof? He was not the storm trooper type of bully who sought to determine every difference of opinion with a blow. No; he was young and sincere and ardent. There must be millions like him. How could you change their minds? By annihilation?

With bombs and bullets and shells?

Kurt sighed. He felt suddenly confused.

That day he had no further conversation about the war with Vegerhof. During the next week, however, they talked of it often. At any rate, Vegerhof talked; Kurt listened. And always, while he listened, he kept anxious eyes on visitors. Always he kept thinking, *I've got to get away!*

Possibly the reason flyers were not coming to see him from Kiel, he suspected, was that during this Scandinavian crisis no leaves were being granted. But this reassurance in no manner helped solve the problem of escaping. How to get away, where to go . . . these were nightmares that lived with him every minute.

He had a new tunic now. It had, he supposed, belonged to a lieutenant who at some time had died in the hospital. But nobody mentioned that, and since the garment appeared to fit acceptably, Kurt asked no questions.

The matter of escaping became more acute than ever on the morning the doctor permitted him to go without the sling.

As he walked in the garden he realized that his dismissal from the hospital could not be prolonged more than a day or two. And he frowned. Vegerhof suggested:

"Funny sensation, eh? Knowing that you've got an arm to support again?"

"It doesn't feel real," Kurt conceded. He tried to keep the worry out of his tones. "Like something wooden they've just hung on me."

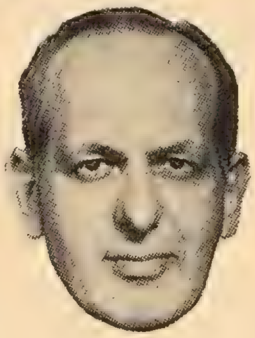
Vegerhof watched him a while. Then he sighed, "Well, I envy you. I wish I could use this leg again. I'm afraid I'm through as a flyer."

Suddenly, on the other side of the garden, a man called, "Say, will you look at *that?*"

He was pointing into the skies, one hand shading his eyes. His voice was so startled that all the convalescents turned to stare.

GABRIEL HEATTER

ON THE AIR for Liberty



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Baltimore	WBAL	8.00 p.m.	E.S.T.	Thurs.
Chicago	WGN	8.15 p.m.	C.D.T.	Thurs.
		8.00 p.m.	C.D.T.	Sat.

Planes. Scores of planes. A vast armada of them. They were coming up from the south. And as they approached the airport, in perfect formation, Kurt could count more than eighty of them. The heavens throbbed louder and louder with their uproar. He recognized squadrons of bombers, squadrons of fighting craft. And all were coming to land at the Wilhelmshaven airport.

A concentration of force like that, he knew with a quick rising of excitement, could mean only one thing—preparation for a great battle of the air. In the garden the convalescent men were silent now. Staring in awe. . . .

Kurt watched until all the planes were down. Was this massing of power for attack, he wondered, or for defense? A hand, falling companionably on his shoulder, roused him. He turned to face the doctor.

"*Herr Leutnant,*" the physician said, "I've notified the Headquarters you will be ready for dismissal in two days. They will fly you to your squadron at Kiel at noon on Saturday."

With only two days of grace, can Kurt escape from this terrible trap? Will his luck still hold? If he does manage to wriggle away, where can he go? The man with a triple identity faces another supreme ordeal which is a thrilling spot in your next week's Liberty.

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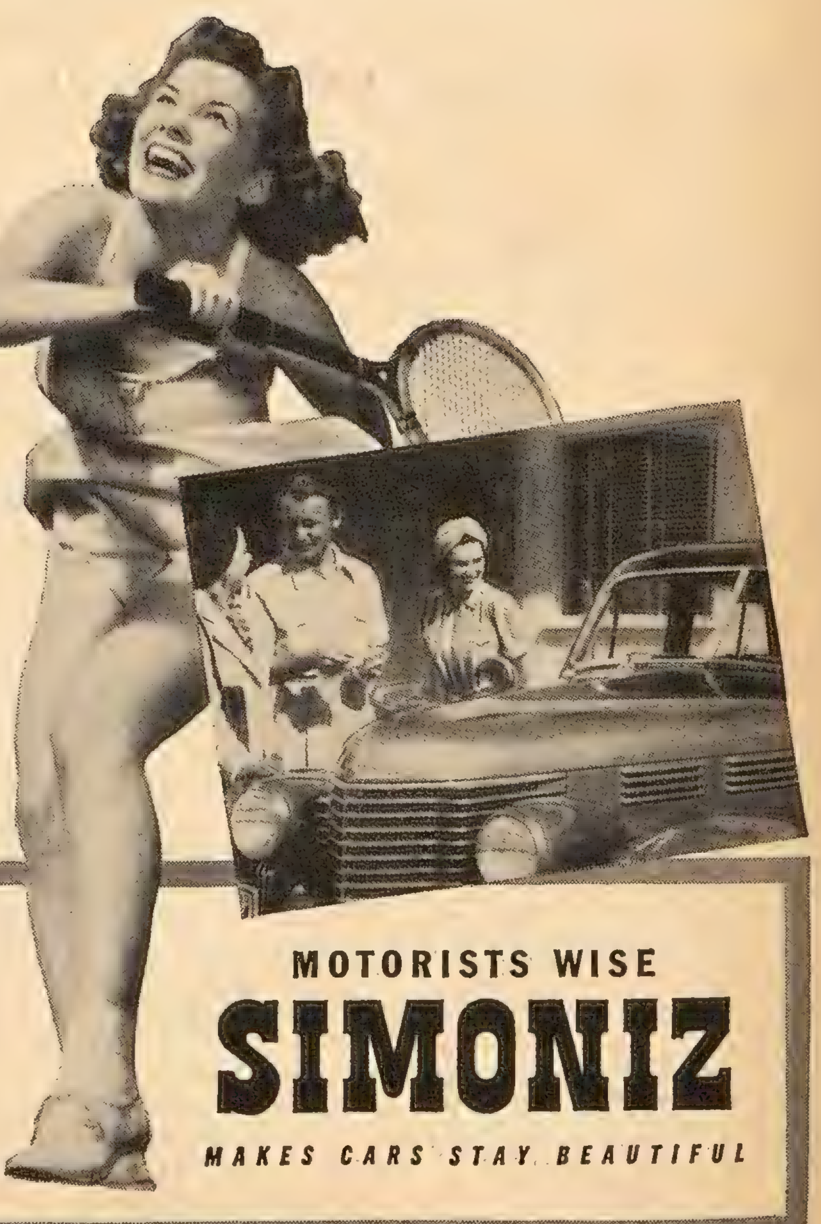

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OUR LIBERTY BABY

A true chronicle of how one woman's joy gave courage—and a daughter—to another

BY AGNES VAN DAME

READING TIME ● 3 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

Her parents call Betty Thea their Liberty Baby.

THE day my first baby was four months old, last February 27, I was forty years of age.

We call Betty Thea our Liberty Baby, because if it had not been for an article published in Liberty in July of 1939 we would probably never have had her. In any case, I feel sure I should never have brought her into the world with the ease and with the heritage of health, merriment, and marvelous disposition she now has, had the article in question not given me faith and courage.

At the time my husband brought home that issue of Liberty, he dashed in all excited and said, "Dear, just look! Here is a woman who had a baby at forty-two years of age."

Now, I was two months pregnant. I had consulted a doctor, who had so discouraged me about carrying the child at my age that it seemed best to take his advice and give up my hope of the baby, though I desired it above all things. But, upon reading the article, I decided that, if the writer who already knew the pangs of childbirth could win through, I could. My fears departed and I determined to have my baby.

I am writing this in the hope that other women approaching middle age, and who are childless through fear of their years, may yet take hope.

Doctors and scientists tell us what fear can do to the human mind with reaction on the human body. Is this not one reason there are so many cases on record of women of forty or more losing their lives in childbirth? I really attribute my successful and easy confinement to my faith and the reaction of that faith on my baby. And I bless Liberty for publishing the article that gave it to me.

My next step after reading the Liberty article was to visit another doctor to see what his attitude might be. I asked him if he did not think it a bit risky, considering my age. "Absolutely not," was his answer, and he continued, "I shall be happy to see you have it."

This doctor's advice was for me to live a happy, carefree life, getting as much joy out of each day as possible, and forget my condition. This was easy, as I had lost all my fears, and in the days that followed my life was happiness personified.

During all the time I carried the baby I never once had a sick day, morning or any other time. I was not put on a diet, but what I ate consisted mostly of salads and fruit juices, mostly orange juice. I was doing fine in my weight, as the monthly check-up proved. I kept constantly active, walking miles and miles each day. I had a little necessary dental work done at the start, and I never had a toothache or lost a tooth.

My friends and relatives were worried and did not hesitate to express their fears for me, but to no avail; for, with the faith and courage I now had, nothing could alarm me.

Finally the day of arrival drew near. I stepped in to see my doctor. It was then three o'clock in the afternoon. Upon examination he said, "You get right over to the hospital." He told me he would be there around five o'clock.

There were a few last-minute items I thought of in town, so my husband parked the car and we proceeded for the next hour and a half to trudge all over the business district. I thought the walking would be beneficial. When I finally reached the hospital, my heart was fairly ringing with joy.

The baby was born that night—a darling little girl—and she weighed eight pounds.

The next morning the head nurse told me the doctor said I had had my baby like an eighteen-year-old, and added my case was so marvelous it should be written up for the Medical Journal.

Betty Thea is perfect in every way. Since three months old her last feeding is at 6 P. M. She sleeps the night through without a murmur. She awakens us at six o'clock in the morning with her jabber, and from then on every moment of the day with her is thrilling to my husband and me.

Sometimes when I gaze upon her as she lies asleep I am filled with awe and thanksgiving to my Maker for this His gift to me.

I may even consider entering the valley of the shadow again to bring forth life.

THE END

A MAN AND HIS DREAMS

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

★ ★ ★ EDISON THE MAN

THE PLAYERS: Spencer Tracy, Rita Johnson, Lynne Overman, Charles Coburn, Gene Lockhart, Henry Travers, Felix Bressart, Peter Godfrey, Guy D'Ennery, Byron Foulger, Milton Parsons, Arthur Aylesworth, Gene Reynolds, Addison Richards, Grant Mitchell, Irving Bacon, George Lessey, Jay Ward, Ann Gillis. Screen play by Talbot Jennings and Bradbury Foote, based on a story by Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Directed by Clarence Brown. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 107 minutes.

HERE Spencer Tracy starts with Thomas Alva Edison where Mickey Rooney left off, takes him from a wandering penniless telegraph operator with dreams of inventing things, through his creation of the stock ticker, the phonograph, and the electric light, shows his triumph against odds when he fulfills his franchise to light New York. You first see Tracy's Edison at eighty-two, deaf, white-haired, philosophic, honored at a Golden Jubilee of Light in 1929. Then the story switches back through time, pauses here and there to show the inventor winning his first wife, Mary Stillwell. Mostly the film is a story of invention, of tenacity, of a dreamer harassed by money needs, a man who worked sixteen hours a day and had little time for the charms that make up the usual movie.

The result is a sincere accurate picture of twelve years in the life of a singular genius, with little of the romance that I'm afraid film audiences crave in their screen diet. Tracy does a straight portrait of Edison, *sans* make-up except in the inventor's old age, relying on a reputed resemblance to the younger Tom. The result, it seems to me, is a panorama of an intense Spencer Tracy inventing a lot of things.

This all depends on you—and your capacity for finding entertainment in invention.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture contains ninety scenes. Spencer Tracy is in all but five brief ones. Had 405 speeches of 8,000 words; one ran 320 words. . . . That Menlo Park laboratory is exactly as it existed in 1887, when Edison moved to West Orange. It is an exact copy of Henry Ford's reconstruction of the lab, with original instruments, apparatus, and machinery, now at Dearborn, Michigan. Edison moved in during 1876. . . . Edison was thirty when he invented the talking machine, thirty-two when he perfected the electric light, thirty-five when he successfully lighted New York. The motion-picture camera came nearly ten years later.

★ ★ ★ WATERLOO BRIDGE

THE PLAYERS: Vivien Leigh, Robert Taylor, Lucile Watson, Virginia Field, Maria Ouspenskaya, C. Aubrey Smith, Janet Shaw, Janet Waldo, Steffi Duna, Virginia Carroll, Leda Nicova, Florence Baker, Margery Manning, Frances MacInerney, Eleanor Stewart. Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau, and George Froeschel, based on the drama by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. Running time, 108 minutes.

IF your Beverly Hills' memory is right, this was a simple, pathetic romance of a little American chorus girl who has turned streetwalker and a Yankee who had become a corporal in a Canadian regiment. The background was the last war to end all wars.

Robert Sherwood's pitiful and moving tale has been developed into an elegant, snobbish romance. The girl is now an English orphan and a ballet dancer. The boy is a handsome British captain in an aristocratic regiment, his father a duke. They

The intense Mr. Tracy takes up the film saga of an American genius

Alice Faye as Lillian Russell.

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

still meet during an air raid on Waterloo Bridge.

The changes somehow do not seriously harm the slender story. The acting is compelling and poignant. The production has been done with taste and intelligence. Most of all it is the playing of the decorative lyric-faced Vivien Leigh as the ballerina forced by circumstance to turn *fille de joie* and of Robert Taylor as the swank captain. Both are excellent. I doubt if Taylor ever has done better work.

This is war seen through rose-colored glasses; killing prettied up for romance. But it has appeal.

VITAL STATISTICS: Taylor and Vivien met three years ago when Bob did A Yank at Oxford in England. . . . The film has two Waterloo Bridges. The old one, which started to crumble some ten years ago, is there, also the new steel structure built since to care for the heavy London traffic. Of the two 1,500-foot spans, 600 feet were re-created at M-G-M. There are 37 London sets, including Waterloo Station and the Underground. . . . The blackout sequence called for the lowest key lighting ever seen on the screen, made possible by new and unusually sensitive film. . . . Bob Taylor wasn't sure whether or not he wanted to wear a mustache. Director LeRoy got him to wear it home, and when Mrs. Barbara Stanwyck Taylor approved, Bob said O. K. . . . Lucile Watson had ten years of success on the stage, quit in 1934 to live in France, got tired of inactivity, and went to Hollywood.

★ ★ ★ LILLIAN RUSSELL

THE PLAYERS: Alice Faye, Don Ameche, Henry Fonda, Edward Arnold, Warren William, Leo Carrillo, Helen Westley, Dorothy Peterson, Ernest Truex, Nigel Bruce, Claud Allister, Lynn Bari, Weber and Fields, Eddie Foy, Jr., Una O'Connor, Joseph Cawthorn, Diana Fisher, Elyse Knox, Joan Valerie, Alice Armand, William Davidson. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Irving Cummings. Produced by Twentieth Century-Fox. Running time, 127 minutes.

THIS is a picturesque panorama of the life of the woman who was born in Clinton, Iowa, daughter of a pioneer suffragette who later ran for mayor of New York, who herself grew up to be the toast of old Manhattan, who was the friend and confidante of such equally fabulous figures as Diamond Jim Brady, Jesse Lewisohn, and J. P. Morgan. The film presents some of this pleasantly and colorfully, taking liberties with facts and dates, in an expensive production. It overlooks two Russell marriages, disregards the fact that the lady was over fifty when she married Alexander Moore.

Alice Faye grows better in films, but she never really suggests the statuesque Lillian with the hourglass figure. Since this is Edward Arnold's second appearance as Jim Brady, the real Diamond Jim has been pretty much lost in the identity of the actor. Don Ameche seems unhappy and is disappointing as Lillian's first (really her second) husband. Henry Fonda turns Alexander Moore into a vague, shy newspaperman. You can't quarrel at the authenticity of Weber and Fields as Weber and Fields, but their comedy is sadly dated. Best is Helen Westley as Lillian's grandmother.

Big, opulent, and frequently tedious.

VITAL STATISTICS: The film is truthful when it centers upon Jim Brady's love of corn in any form, from buttered-on-the-cob to muffins. It overlooks Lillian's craving for tobacco. She smoked genteel ladies' size cigars, perfumed with violets. And they say she could chew tobacco and even spit with accuracy. . . . Alice Faye says the role had two tough features: The whalebone corsets to slenderize her waist six inches, the two rats she had to wear in her hair—these last to provide a pompadour that would support the huge hats of the Russell era. . . . Joe Weber and Lew Fields have been partners, more or less, for sixty-four years. Met, at the age of seven, in the Allen Street school in New York. Joe's dad was a rabbi, Lew's a tailor. When Lillian started at their famous music hall, they paid her $1,250 a week. She worked eight years for the two comics.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Our Town, The Baker's Wife, Rebecca, Pinocchio, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, The Grapes of Wrath, Abe Lincoln in Illinois, Gone with the Wind, Gulliver's Travels.

★★★½—Virginia City, The Fight for Life, My Son, My Son, Road to Singapore, Young Tom Edison, Northwest Passage, His Girl Friday, Of Mice and Men, The Hunchback of Notre Dame, The Great Victor Herbert, The Light that Failed.

★★★—Torrid Zone, My Favorite Wife, The Doctor Takes a Wife, Those Were the Days, 'Til We Meet Again, A Bill of Divorcement, Dark Command, Saturday's Children, Irene, The Biscuit Eater, It's a Date, Johnny Apollo, Primrose Path, The House of the Seven Gables, Too Many Husbands, Strange Cargo, Dr. Cyclops, Buck Benny Rides Again, Seventeen, The Shop Around the Corner, The Fighting 69th, The Blue Bird, Slightly Honorable, The Earl of Chicago, Everything Happens at Night, Remember the Night, Destry Rides Again, Geronimo, Four Wives, Tower of London, That's Right, You're Wrong.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 36

1—The infant Princess Irene of Holland, who was carried to England in a gasproof box when her family fled the Nazis.

2—It symbolized Christ, since the initials of His full title in Greek spelled the Greek word for fish.

3—According to fable, Truth went bathing and Falsehood stole her clothes. Later, Falsehood offered to lend Truth some clothes, but Truth refused, preferring to go around in the altogether.

4—A court composed of prisoners sitting as judges of other inmates who violate some part of the code the prisoners set up for themselves. Punishments meted out are often stiff.

5—William Jennings Bryan.

6—Anna.

7—Because it has been a mystic number down through the ages. There are seven days in the week, seven deadly sins, there are the seven good years and seven lean years in Egypt. Numerous references to "seven" are found in the Bible and in mystic philosophy.

8—It comes from the Latin word "quaestio," meaning question, the upper part standing for the "q" at the beginning, the lower part for the "o" at the end.

9—It is the legend invented to go with the willow-pattern china found in so many American homes.

10—Priscilla Alden, famed heroine in Longfellow's The Courtship of Miles Standish.

11—25,000.

12—William Shakespeare.

13—Mountain of Light.

14—Luisa Tetrazzini.

15—The day begins with the first stroke of midnight.

16—It is St. Swithin's Day—if it rains then, there is supposed to be some rain on each of the forty days following.

17—Blue, which gives: Bluenose, bluebell, and bluestocking.

18—George M. Cohan, for his World War services in writing Over There and You're a Grand Old Flag.

19—35,400 feet—off the island of Mindanao in the Philippines.

20—Shirley Temple.

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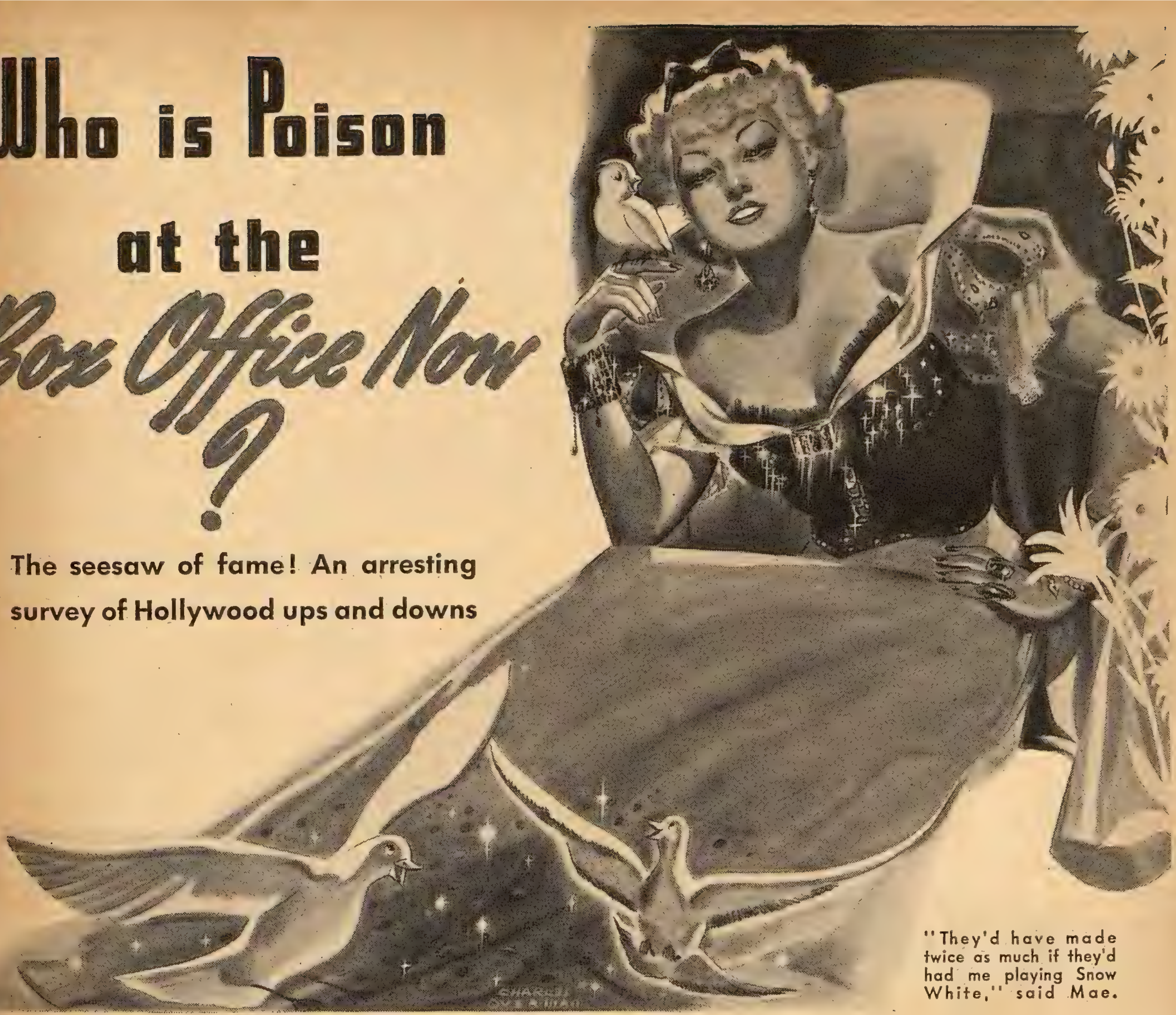
Who is Poison at the Box Office Now?

The seesaw of fame! An arresting survey of Hollywood ups and downs



"They'd have made twice as much if they'd had me playing Snow White," said Mae.

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE man who runs your local picture show is a very smart gent. He and his brethren have to be to cope with the men who make the pictures out in Hollywood, who are very smart gents, too. And coping is what these gentlemen do, usually to the detriment of their own interests; always to the detriment of ours.

Over a lifetime schedule, the advantage seems to have been with the producers. But the Hollywood team is by no means unbeaten, untied, or unscored upon. Every once in a while the home boys buck the line for a good gain or slip over a touchdown pass.

Still green is the memory of that memorable play which climaxed the 1939 season, in which Harry Brandt, as captain of the exhibitors' team—official title, president of the Independent Theater Owners Association—pulled the poison-ball trick on such well known players as Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Marlene Dietrich, Kay Francis, Edward Arnold, Katharine Hepburn, and Mae West.

"Practically all the major studios are burdened with stars receiving tremendous salaries," shouted Harry, "whose public appeal is negligible; who are, in fact, poison at the box office."

And the public licked its lips appreciatively at this throwing of the movie lions to the movie dogs.

The point we should have remembered when we learned of Brandt's exploit was that this internecine war which has been going on in the picture industry for a long time, has never been fought by either side for our benefit but strictly for the maximum share of the gate receipts. Harry Brandt had astutely timed his "crusade" to coincide with the opening of the film booking season, when the producers' henchmen would be coming around to see the members of Brandt's association to sell their year's pictures. The greater the lip-licking on the part of us innocent bystanders, therefore, the greater the slashes in prices Brandt and his crowd could count on.

But we shouldn't reproach ourselves too severely for letting ourselves be fooled by Harry's poison-ball trick. His old-time enemies, the producers—smart gents, if they do say so!—went into a complete dither.

The immediate result, so far as the accused stars were concerned, was cataclysmic. Hepburn's contract was announced as "terminated by mutual consent." Dietrich and West, already "at leisure," remained indefinitely so. Francis, humiliated by her studio, contemplated retirement. Arnold was promptly demoted to supporting roles. Garbo and Crawford, financially protected by long-term contracts, were permitted to devote themselves more or less exclusively to the respective pastimes of touring with Leopold Stokowski and detouring Franchot Tone.

In short, the score was Harry Brandt 8; Hollywood 0.

A lot of celluloid has gone over the reels since that day and the boys and girls who were then apparently doomed to oblivion are for the most part once more sitting on top of the cinema world. But don't let anybody tell you that Harry Brandt was all wrong. There was truth in his claim that most of these marquee names were "poison at the box office" in the spring of 1939.

Eddie Arnold, for example, had been in pictures, off and on, ever since the old Broncho Billy days in Chicago's North Side. Arnold at that time was a handsome juvenile lead, but he grew in girth and had to wait for gangster pictures to come along before Hollywood discovered that, in spite of his size, he could act.

Then came the biographical pictures, and whenever the hero was fat, Hollywood wise men chose Arnold for the role. But they soon ran out of fat heroes and, hence, out of star parts for Eddie. So, Brandt or no Brandt, Edward Arnold was doomed by the accident of circumference to support a star, not to be one.

So long, therefore, as producers insisted on going agin nature and shoving this sterling player on exhibitors and their customers as a star when he wasn't one, poison was almost sure to boil in the box-office caldron. But the moment they began to present him as what he really was, a featured player —as they did in You Can't Take It with You, and since in many another successful picture—he wasn't poison; he was balm.

THE situation in which the feminine stars found themselves, when suddenly unveiled by Brandt's unchivalrous words, was quite different and, for the most part, far more acute.

Even Garbo, great attraction though she still was in the foreign field, certainly was not "helping theater owners in the United States" to drag the paying customers away from their receiving sets. And there were obvious reasons why this was so.

The artificial, theatrically exotic roles which Greta had been playing, dictated in part by the demands of the foreign market, and partly by her own insistence on the right to choose her vehicles, had alienated large sections of that huge public which had sighed and sobbed with her and Jack Gilbert in the primitive emotionalism of Flesh and the Devil. And—perhaps more important still—her personal eccentricities, italicized by time, had begun to bore. That any one would have adopted—except for its supposed publicity value—such a regime of seclusion as Garbo had is too much to be believed. She was only nineteen when she came to this country. It wasn't natural for a young girl like that to live a shut-in's life. In short, the whole thing was a phony, and after about a decade of the nonsense, we long-suffering movie fans were so tired of it that we were staying away from her pictures.

Then, suddenly, reading the big red letters P-O-I-S-O-N on the box office, she came to her senses. She returned from Europe with a smile on her face, didn't hide when reporters came to interview her, allowed her director, the great Lubitsch, to pick out an entirely different kind of role for her, and made Ninotchka one of the great box-office successes of the year.

As for Katharine Hepburn, her ill-advised attempt to make herself into a Garbo carbon copy had been the principal factor in her fall from the popularity heights. Her personal capriciousness, along with some pretty dull roles rather insistently overplayed, had put Katie on the movie skids long before Brandt had applied to her the ugly word "poison."

Well, you know what Katie did. She went back East and appeared on Broadway in Philip Barry's play, The Philadelphia Story, which played to full houses—treated, by the way, with friendly appreciation and appropriate deference by La Hepburn—and which is now to be the vehicle in which its star is making her triumphant reentry into the cinema capital.

Marlene Dietrich, too, had lost out by being snooty, but unlike Greta and Katie, she had done her high-hatting on the screen. Off-screen, she is a very human understandable person.

It was Von—Von Sternberg who made her and broke her—who was to blame, mostly. He is one of those artistic fellows who views the world through distorting glasses which makes him see everything rococo. He made of her a mannequin on which to drape his own fantastic creations, with the result that she looked and acted so much like a clotheshorse that Hollywood had already given up on her long before Harry Brandt went into his act.

Was Hollywood right? Was Harry Brandt right? Huh! You saw Destry —the fire, the verve, the husky pulsating voice, the incomparable legs, the irresistible earthiness which had made Marlene Dietrich a European sensation with Max Reinhardt, which had made her an American sweetheart in The Blue Angel. If that be poison, all I can say is "Pass the poison, pappy."

HOLLYWOOD had given up on Mae West too, but only because it had to. To be sure, in nearly ten years the shock had somewhat worn off the corn, but she was still a good box-office attraction when given the right vehicle. Why Brandt included her in his "poison" list, unless to make character with the more saintly of his patrons, we do not know. Mae didn't know either. Bewildered, she exclaimed:

"Why, the independent theater owners call me the mortgage-lifter! Snow White made a lot of money for them, but they know they'd have made twice as much if they'd had me playing Snow White!"

Mae wisely sought cover until the moral air raid was over, and now that she is back, with Bill Fields in My Little Chickadee, and the crowds at the box office are showing signs of giving a repeat performance of their former idolatry, it looks as if she would go on ladling out her own brand of "poison" in the good old way.

Kay Francis, in the spring of 1939, was behind quite a different kind of eight ball. She was having studio trouble, lots of it, out in Burbank, all because the Warner Frères decided that Miss Francis, who not only has a brain but looks it, must continually play women doctors and business women and the like in a hard, unsympathetic, refrigerated manner. Then they blamed her when the pictures didn't sell, and retaliated by putting her in worse ones. Kay Francis was buried in Burbank long before Harry Brandt reinterred her in New York.

BUT Kay, as has been noted, has a brain. And she has nerve, too. She did what few actresses in her position would have dared to do: she accepted third billing in a Carole Lombard film and got notices which rivaled Carole's own. She followed this up with a superb performance as Deanna Durbin's screen mother in It's a Date. Already the builders who rejected her are talking of bringing her back in a picture in which she will be, as of old, the head of the corner.

Joan Crawford's case is her own baby. She was in 1939 what she has so often been at other stages of her career, a problem child. Few top-line actresses in Hollywood have more genuine acting ability than Joan Crawford; few have worked so hard. Yet, after fourteen years in pictures, she has not yet found herself.

Although she wasn't "poison," as Harry claimed, still, in a frantic effort to please, she did so many different things, changed her appearance and her personality so often, that it seemed only a question of time when her studio would give up on her.

Since then, besides doing a bang-up job *à la* Francis in a secondary role in The Women, Joan has made one awful picture, Ice Follies, and one passable one, Strange Cargo, which, because it was made with Clark Gable, has already boosted her box-office rating to something distantly approaching the old Crawford standard. The studio says that Susan and God, which Joan has just finished with that grand actor Fredric March, is really good.

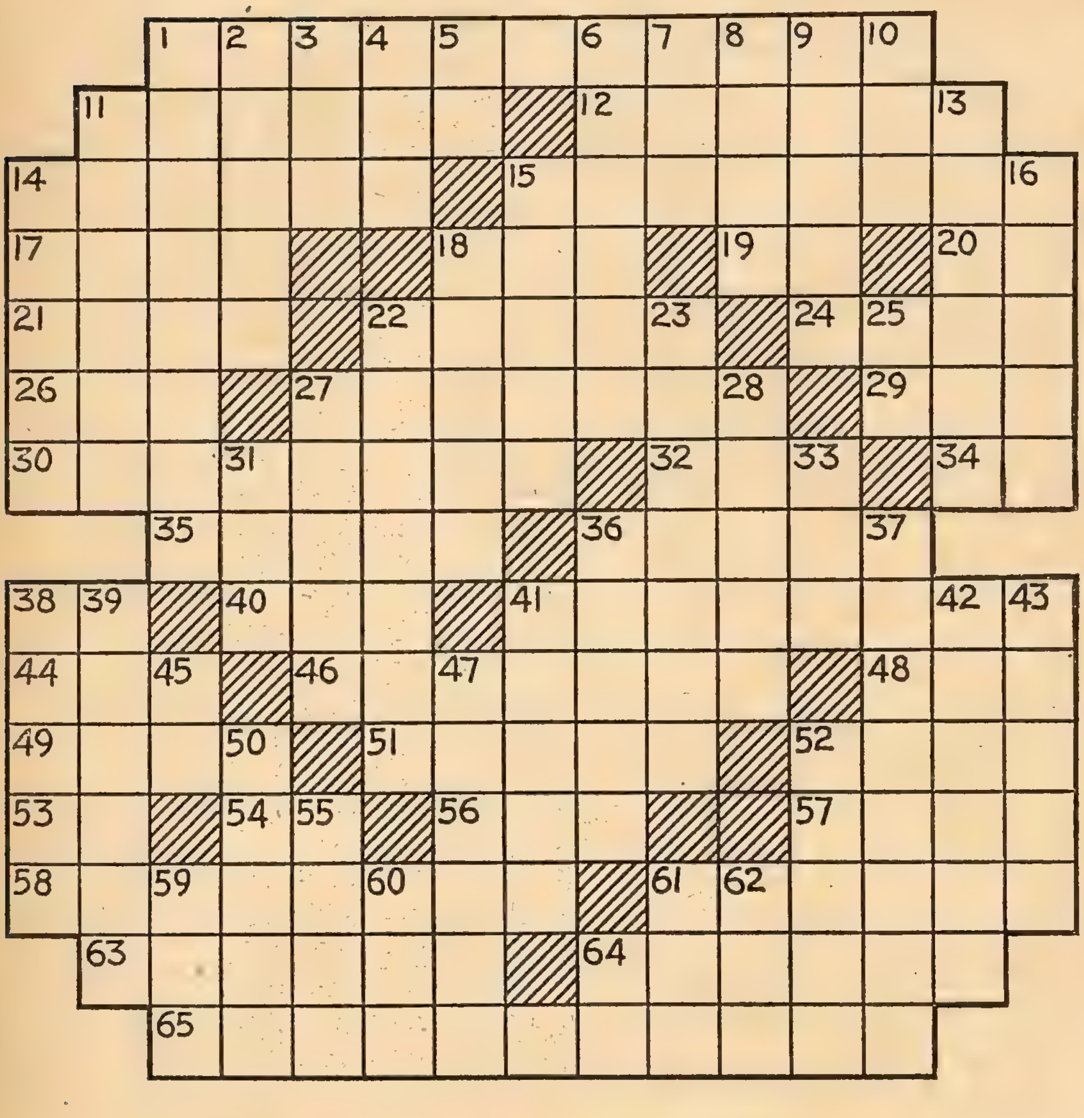
And now, leaving the last of the seven now poisonless stars, let us return to the poison-calling star himself. Instead of the devastating monster that he seemed to be last year, he now appears, in the light of these miraculous rejuvenations of what he thought were dead stars, as a sort of unconscious industry savior.

As a money player, Harry seems to have learned his tactics in a school which has made such a huge box-office success of Southern college football, one of whose coaches is quoted as saying: "When all seems lost and we don't know anything else to do, we throw the ball in the air and see what happens!"

THE END

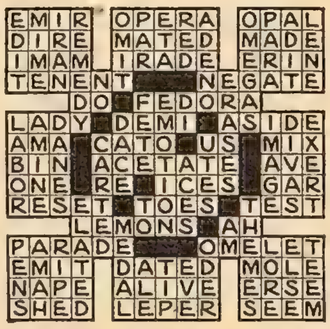
COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 The No. 1 Nazi's only boss (two words)
11 Wrathful pendants (they wine a lot)
12 Doeful expression
14 Dis tough guy sure got clipped by a dame
15 Oolong overcoat (two words)
17 Expletive—very mild
18 First step to Brazil
19 Excellent, Shane (Ah!) (abbr.)
20 A couple of letters explaining everything
21 Aryan ois
22 Every dog has his day—and also one of these
24 Ma Maxwell's big gal
26 Presidents Hate Admiration (Oh yeah!) (abbr.)
27 These halt fifth columns
29 This half of Norway
30 French city, scene of pre-Nazi battles
32 Prenatal piscatorial papooses
34 Anna's insides
35 What a victorious tank does after the war
36 Henry Ford has them to spare
38 Henglish noggin box
40 If placed on the nose, this usually shows
41 Tomcats with oomph
44 What Bobby Riggs will fight over this summer
46 They pick up what Joe Louis leaves lying around
48 What every deer wants
49 This is cheap in Paris
51 What mechanized warfare produces (pl.)
52 What to do to raise saddle bunions
53 One hundred
54 It's current in New York right now, and veddy juicy, too (abbr.)
56 Egotistical molehills (abbr.)
57 This is on every woman's shopping list
58 What Dorothy Lamour does with sex for Hollywood
61 Talk, talk, talk; swing, swing, swing; talk, talk, talk, etc. (pl.)
63 Something children suffer from early in life, then suffer
64 Balcony buss boys, rain-spout Lotharios
65 Norwegian Nazis: Holland Heilers (two words)



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EMIR OPERA OPAL
DIRE MATED MADE
IMAM IRADE ERIN
TENENT■■■NEGATE
   DO■FEDORA
LADY■DEMI■ASIDE
AMA■CATO■US■MIX
BIN■ACETATE■AVE
ONE■RE■ICES■GAR
RESET■TOES■TEST
   LEMONS■AH
PARADE■■■OMELET
EMIT DATED MOLE
NAPE ALIVE ERSE
SHED LEPER SEEM
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Last week's answer

VERTICAL

1 Where a little man wins great battles, carries off Hedy Lamarrs, conquers the stars
2 — (poss.)
3 There's nothing around this pea
4 By putting a He on him he became feminine
5 France Survives! (abbr.)
6 Personal fairy tales
7 This liquid creates gas (fem.)
8 What grandfather used to do to granny's shoes
9 What Swedish rubbers do
10 What the world were well of dictators
11 One of the South American Marx Bros.
13 An inventive fellow
14 What the police used in their Saturday-night clean-ups (pl.)
15 Barrymore has had several at marriage
16 Big want
18 They'll stall you
22 This has quite a pull with sulky-minded folk
23 A frame for Father Neptune
25 A gal mentioned in two letters
27 Silly pullits
28 What the irritable grocer was out of before breakfast
31 What England uses to review the German fleet (abbr.)
33 Thith ith that thcrewy hithther
36 What a hot dog does in the summertime
37 This caused a Union secession
38 Some contrary-sounding relatives
39 Where many people find their fortune
41 These have quite a push with sulky-faced folk
42 You'll have to be good to hang on here (pl.)
43 To all appearances
45 You can't tell this, with the el removed
47 What the Ethiopian urgeth and imprecateth that seven or eleven doeth
50 Isle of song
52 Admonition to cowboys (two words)
55 You'll find this hanging around music
59 Picklepuss' Air-conditioned Floobers (abbr.)
60 Collector's item (abbr.)
61 This begins rollicking and ends all folderol
62 Ambidextrous Mama's Underwear (abbr.)
64 A rotten beginning

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

CHASERS

KILL ALCOHOL and TOBACCO BREATH

Package of 5 tablets 5¢

AT ALL BARS, DRUG AND CIGAR STORES

WOMEN IN YOUR "40s"

Read This Important Message!

Do you dread those "trying years" (38 to 52)? Are you getting moody, cranky and NERVOUS lately? Do you fear hot flashes and weakening dizzy spells? Are you jealous of the attention other women get? THEN LISTEN—

These symptoms often result from female functional disorders. So start *today* and take famous Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For over 60 yrs. Pinkham's Compound has helped hundreds of thousands of grateful women to go "smiling thru" difficult days. Pinkham's has helped calm unstrung nerves and lessen annoying female functional "irregularities and distress."

Pinkham's Compound is the best known and one of the *most effective* "woman's" tonics you can buy. *Try it!*

***Note:* Pinkham's Compound comes in liquid or handy to carry tablet form (similar formula).**

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food may not digest. It may just decay in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. You feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely to make you feel "up and up." Amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 10¢ and 25¢ at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

BOYS! FREE!!

OFFICIAL BIG-LEAGUE BASEBALL EQUIPMENT!

It's easy and it's fun. Write today and find out all about this free equipment. You can earn cash at the same time!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE L 6-29
Boy Sales Division
205 East 42nd Street, N. Y. C.

Please tell me how I can become a Liberty Boy Salesman and earn free prizes and cash profits.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY

NAME.................................AGE.....
ADDRESS..
CITY.............................STATE.......
Please have your parent show approval by signing here:

OMAHA HITS BACK AT PROFESSOR PITKIN

OMAHA, NEB.—The first rule in journalism is, and always has been, "Get the *facts!*" Professor Walter B. Pitkin advised young America: "Don't expect a job in Columbia, South Carolina, or in Omaha, Nebraska, or in any other town having heavy relief rolls. On the other hand, don't be surprised to find certain kinds of work even in such blighted towns." (May 4 Liberty.)

In spite of Professor Pitkin's libelous charge, Omaha is still the same city that Liberty lauded so highly in a booklet a year or so ago. Figures prove that it's better:

Although thirty-ninth in population, Omaha stands twenty-second in bank clearings. Manufacturers' employment in Omaha for March, 1940, showed a 10.7 per cent gain over March, 1939.

Nation's Business (a magazine) for April shows current business conditions in Omaha above the same month a year ago.

The Department of Commerce reports a higher standard of living and a stronger consumers' market in Omaha than in most other communities. Eighteen per cent more money is spent each year in general merchandise stores in Omaha, in relation to population, than in most cities of the nation.

Building permits for March, 1940, are up 152.8 per cent over the same month a year ago and 193 per cent over two years ago. Omaha is one of the world's largest livestock markets, and livestock receipts for March show a 14.5 per cent gain over last year. Livestock processed in Omaha is up 18.7 per cent, bank clearings 5.5 per cent, and postal receipts almost 4 per cent.

Professor Pitkin overlooked a number of other cities, however, which can outbid Omaha for the "blighted town" title. We selected some at random and asked the Office of Government Reports in Washington to rush us the latest figures on them. The following report will undoubtedly be of great interest to you:

(1) *Total Per Capita Expenditure (by County) Public and Private Assistance, February, 1940*

Des Moines	$3.40
Denver	3.07
Los Angeles	2.77
San Francisco	2.74
Kansas City, Mo.	2.28
Chicago	2.27
Kansas City, Kan.	2.26
Omaha	2.24

Please note that Omaha has the lowest per capita figure of any of the above listed cities.

(2) *Percentage Change in Total Public Assistance Expenditure from February, 1939 (by County)*

Omaha	—37.1
Chicago	—27.7
Kansas City, Kan.	—27.8
Kansas City, Mo.	—14.7
Des Moines	—11.3
San Francisco	— 6.8
Los Angeles	+ 6.9
Denver	+18.2

This table indicates that Omaha has shown the greatest decrease in total public-assistance expenditures during the period mentioned.

(3) *Grand Total of Federal Expenditures, Repayable and Nonrepayable (by County), March 4, 1933, through June 30, 1939*

Of the eight cities, per capita:

San Francisco (high)	$5.68
Kansas City, Mo. (low)	1.81
Omaha	*2.58*

On the basis of total amount:

Chicago (high)	$1,124,536,846
Kansas City, Kan. (low)	32,812,323
Omaha	*59,911,268*

Included in this table are everything from PWA projects to crop loans. While Omaha has not experienced a drought of federal funds, you will note that it hasn't been showered with them.

(4) A decrease of approximately 25,000 cases from federally financed relief rolls here took place between 1933 and January 1, 1938. This was revealed in a survey of WPA certification office files consolidated with county relief case files, released Wednesday, May 1. The Douglas County Relief office reports that no type of relief has been asked or given to these cases since January 1, 1938.

These are the facts. Your man Pitkin should have looked into the situation before attempting his journalistic blitzkrieg on Omaha. Either he didn't have the *right* slant on our city, or we're reading the *wrong* magazine in this "blighted town." We deserve a retraction from Liberty.—*Emery Hoenshell, Publicity Director, Omaha Chamber of Commerce.*

WHAT ABOUT SENATOR PAPA?

MANITOWISH, WIS.—What is the idea of Tales Out of School, by A Senator's Daughter? (May 11 Liberty.)

No doubt 100 per cent true, known to men who "get around," and very amusingly written.

Politicians are what make thinking men ask themselves: "Whither democracy, and what's the solution?"—*Capt. Charles S. Smith.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.—The startling disclosures of Washington society was extremely illuminating.

Does the young author know *all* the answers? What will be the answer of the distinguished United States senator whom she calls "papa" when his interesting personality is identified? There are only 96 men to choose from.—*William Lathrop Love.*

¶ "My schedule for reading time is more than double your figures," says E. W. Farnsworth of Louisville, Georgia. "But then, I read many of your articles over two or three times."

ONWARD, HARD-BOILED BABES!

SEATTLE, WASH.—I think that Mr. Sokolsky's article about our schools (Hard-Boiled Babes, March 16 Liberty) can be made a tremendous force for arousing people to action. I have been doing considerable research along that line and had planned to write up something similar for local use, but his article is so timely and of course so much more effective than I could make it that I hope I can make some arrangement with you for the use of it or to have you furnish me with a quantity of reprinted leaflets to distribute.

I have made tentative arrangements to have it mailed with a publication that reaches 70,000 taxpayers in the state if I will furnish the copies.

If we can do that in this state, it is likely it can be done in other states, and it should be an effective means of bringing home to our people the seriousness of the school problem.—*Charlotte Wettrick.*

¶ "In your Crossword Puzzle of May 4 Liberty the answer to 61 horizontal is Peoria. How does Mr. Shane reconcile that with Kansasity? Who is cockeyed?" inquires Fred Wamsley of Kansas City, Missouri.

CATS ON FIFTH AVENUE

LAKE CITY, MICH.—Quite sophisticated are Fifth Avenue kittens! Princess Alexandra Kropotkin (May 18 To the Ladies!) tells of a mother cat "escorting" her three newborn kittens up a cellar stairs observed by many. "It was a rare scene," she adds.

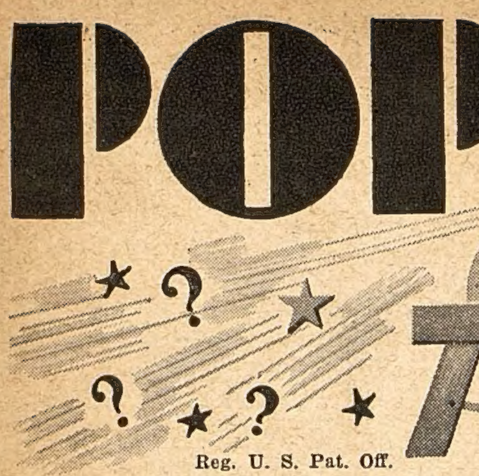
It must have been. For newborn kittens elsewhere can't walk, for one thing; for another, they are over a week old before their eyes open; and a mother cat doesn't "escort" her young kittens, she takes one at a time by the nape of the neck and *takes* it places.

RATHskeller

Possibly millions of New Yorkers never saw newborn kittens.—*Mary P. Hopkins.*

GIVES US GREAT SUBJECT

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Bernarr Macfadden has a weekly audience in Liberty that would be the envy of any European dictator. I have watched his editorials and like the tone of each one. Right now Mr. Macfadden should concentrate on


POP
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

keeping the public up on the value of American preparedness. We have seen the price other European countries have paid for this lack of preparedness.

Mr. Fulton Oursler, your interesting editor, should do likewise. Mr. Oursler's weekly talk to his readers should be printed in gold ink.—*Louis Clyman.*

SEVENTH COMMANDMENT

BALTIMORE, MD.—The illustration shown on page 57 of May 18 Liberty for Do I Preach Adultery? emphasizes the Seventh Commandment, while the article deals with the Sixth Commandment. The Seventh Commandment is, "Thou shalt not steal."

Will you stand corrected? Or am I wrong? In this changing world one never knows.—*May B. Moran.*

[According to the King James Bible division of the verses in Exodus XX, the Seventh Commandment is "Thou shalt not commit adultery." In the Roman Catholic (Douai Bible) division, the Seventh Commandment is "Thou shalt not steal."—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TONGUE NOT IN CHEEK NOW

CHICAGO, ILL.—As Fibber McGee would say, "Sanctuary much" for the check representing the prize awarded me in a recent contest.

I sent the entry to you with my tongue in my cheek, thinking that all contests were not on the level. As usual, Liberty opened my "Doubting Thomas" eyes to the fact that this magazine is fair in contests as well as in all articles enjoyed and appreciated by Liberty-loving Americans.—*Eunice McGinnis.*

YOU'VE WON OUR CONTEST

ERSKINE'S HAT THROBS

PALO ALTO, CALIF.—Of all the dizzy articles I've read in my time, John Erskine's hat throbs tops the list (May 18 Liberty). Just to think he got paid for it, too!

Furthermore, I wouldn't think Mr. Erskine would stick his neck out like that. Personally, I haven't bought a hat in ten years. About once a year I timidly venture (that's right) with a bold show of authority into some hat emporium—how Lilly Daché would love *that* word—and see what's new.

And if I try to find something that's suitable, or is in fact a hat, this is what I get:

"But, my dear, it simply isn't being done! One *must* dress in the vogue!" etc.

So I smile politely, never being a hand to engage in futile argument, and out I go, sans hat. I look funny enough already.

When it rains too much—and sometimes the California climate, like Mr. Erskine, makes an error—I have a little number that is about fifteen years old, maybe more. It is black and fits like a skullcap. And even Mr. Erskine in the wildest flight of imaginative fancy could not call it a sex signal. But what happens when I wear it? The women look at me with distrust, like I was a mixture of Afghan sheephound and something out of Mars. But the men? Ah, the men! Their every glance betrays their vivid interest. If they glance. So that just shows that Mr. Erskine is right, backwards.—*Lynne Kull.*

☾ "My only sorrow," declares Camilla Jennison of Syracuse, New York, "is that I have no home nor kitchen where I can try out Princess Kropotkin's marvelous-sounding recipes."

LET THEM EAT GRASS!

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Common sense will tell us that, with almost half the peoples of the world at war and not able to produce, there is bound to come a time soon when helpless children, old people, sick people, maimed and mutilated young boys will be starving and holding out helpless hands to the Americans. We may even be forced into the conflict ourselves and our own farms lie idle.

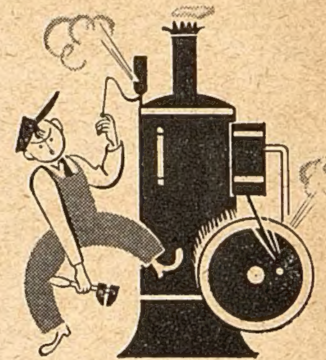
At a time like this we should be, like Egypt of old, filling our granaries and running our canneries overtime. But instead agricultural production is limited, because, forsooth, starving people will pay high prices for food, and we must keep up prices!

Luckily, some of the scientists have recently discovered that grass contains heaps of vitamins. We can just tell these warring countries to turn their people out to grass if they cannot pay our prices. But what of the babies who are not old enough to graze? —*Jessie F. Springer.*

WHAT DID WATT?

DALLAS, TEX.—Let's get this straight. Watt did not invent the steam engine.

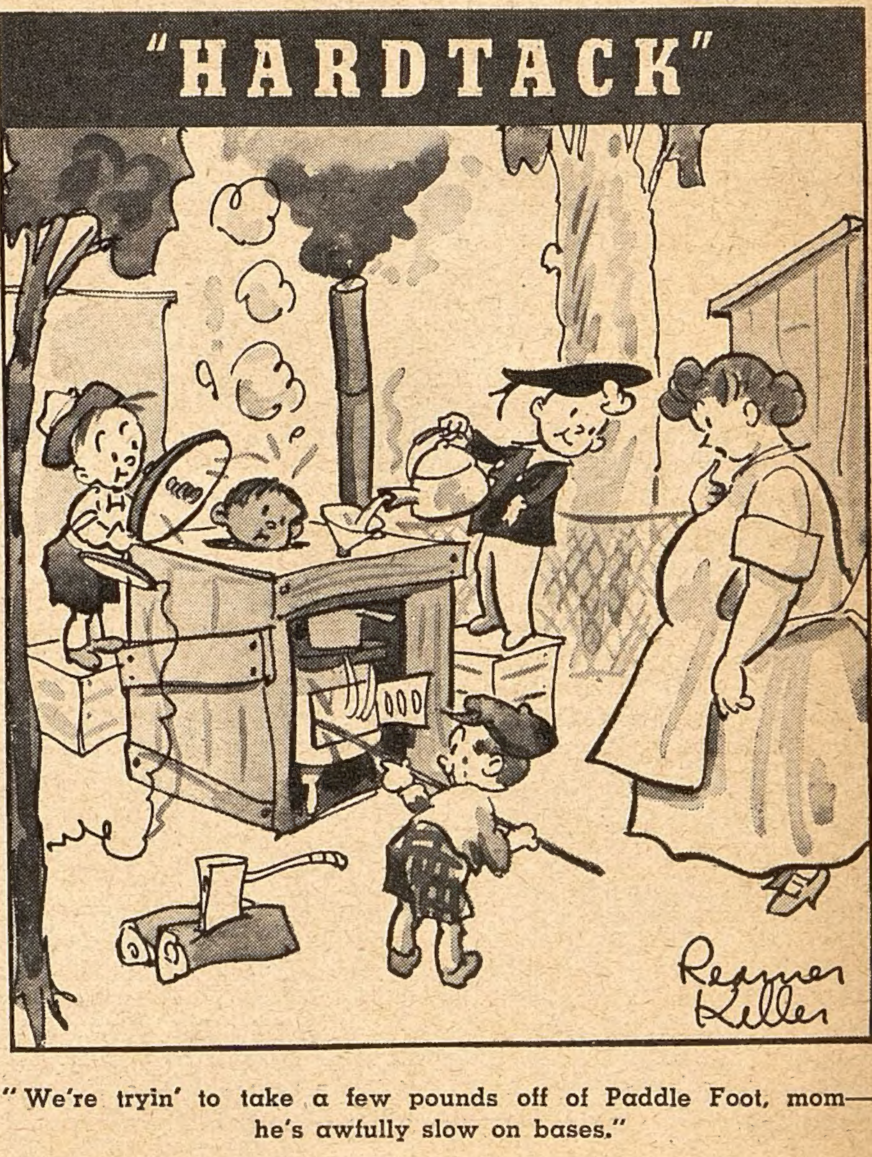
In Hero's Pneumatica, written about 120 B. C., can be found descriptions of steam turbines, fountains, etc. About 1650 the Marquis of Worcester utilized a steam fountain to raise water; in 1690 Denis Papin suggested the cylinder-and-piston engine; in 1698 Thomas Savery patented a water-raising steam engine; in 1705 Thomas Newcomen and John Calley made a practical steam engine; and in 1763 James Watt added various valuable improvements to this engine which had been in use before his birth.



Honestly, I do get steamed up about Watt getting all the glory!—*Engineer Jim.*

BERT GREEN IN GREECE

ATHENS, GREECE—I thoroughly enjoyed reading The Gold Rushers, by Mr. Bert Green, which I found full of wit and humor. He certainly described with talent and subtlety what very often happens in life.—*Th. J. Vanelli.*



"We're tryin' to take a few pounds off of Paddle Foot, mom—he's awfully slow on bases."

Stalin's Parachute Troops in the U. S. A.

FULTON OURSLER

AS AMERICANS begin to take stock of what happened in Europe and the British Isles, the thought of preparedness is in every one's mind. No one who has read Liberty Magazine needs to be reminded that we have been the most consistent magazine advocate of preparedness in season and out for the last eight years. Again and again we have warned the American people that war was preparing in Europe, that democracy was in danger, and that the United States must arm to resist invasion. For this consistent policy we were attacked by some of the most respectable elements in the country. When we presented the articles by General Billy Mitchell in which he warned of the superiority of the airplane over the battleship, when we pointed out that Japan wanted Alaska, when we disclosed the ineffectiveness of our own aviation equipment, we were called sensation mongers. When, in 1932, we published Hitler's own prediction of what he meant to do in Europe, few paid it serious attention. Again and again we sounded the warnings of the late Colonel Edward M. House—" There must be a new deal among the nations "; " Germany must expand or explode "—and still the judicious grieved for us because we were not afraid to present truth naked and unashamed. Today these and a hundred other major prophecies have largely come true, and most people have forgotten that Liberty ever made them.

WE HAVE LITTLE TIME NOW to waste in saying " We told you so." Instead, we are going right ahead with our old policy of presenting the truth. In line with that policy, we present next week an article by Serge Jarama, entitled Stalin's Parachute Troops in the U. S. A. We feel that this is a really important piece, full of information for every American. Just as we have been warning of the terror within our own gates, the Trojan Horsemen and the Fifth Columnists, so now we tell you of a new technique in the war of infiltration.

And Vincent Sheean comes to Liberty again next week with an article radioed from abroad, disclosing an interesting new point on the war of propaganda. You may have heard the warning recently issued by the British Broadcasting Corporation. A spokesman stated that German reports of developments in the great battle of northern France would not be answered by the Allies, since these reports were being disseminated not to publish news but to gain military information. The German trick was to provoke denial from the Allies, thus hoping to locate fighting units unaccounted for. In Vincent Sheean's article, he will tell you not only of this but of many other new devices by which propaganda is now one of the most important arms of the fighting service.

BUT NOT EVERYTHING in next week's issue is serious or political. There is, for example, a piece by Joe Engel, called Baseball and Ballyhoo, which will delight the heart of many a fan. And J. P. McEvoy—paying his respects to Jimmie Fidler—gives you an article which proves, at least to the author's satisfaction, that the public has nothing to do with making movie stars. There are two really stirring and lovely short stories which we especially recommend of next week's crop: Nor Always to the Proud, by Achmed Abdullah, and The Perfect Fist, by Jacland Marmur. George Sokolsky gives you the inside picture of the oil situation in his article called The Mexican Squeeze Play, and Walter Karig opens a new door into the internal troubles of labor unions in his article, The C. I. O.'s New War. Then, of course, there will be generous installments of all the serials, including Winston Churchill and His American Mother, by Frederick L. Collins; Money Talks, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.; and Wings of Wrath, by Oscar Schisgall.

SALMAGUNDI. . . . Reports a friend just back from Washington: " The nation's capital should be called a boom town. It is now all but impossible to get a hotel room or to buy a meal. You even have to reserve stools in drugstores when you want to get a soda. The New Deal has made Washington an old-fashioned Western gold town. Every one who has any kind of gadget to sell has five men in the town, trying to buttonhole representatives, senators, clerks, etc. The citizens now repeat Tex Rickard's famous old saying that they ' Never see'd anything like it.' "

Gold is where you find it, and the politicians have found it. . . . Our old friend Alice Greenough, champion bronc rider in the rodeos of three continents, was recently married to Pete Merscher. . . . Another fine example of inmate journalism is the Washington Totem, published in the Washington State Reformatory. From a recent issue we cull this pathetic paragraph: " Some one with time on his hands has been passing the idle week-ends in counting. He has discovered that there are 14,724 panes of window glass in the new block. There are 4,160 round bars and 1,920 flat bars." . . . A bow to the Billboard Magazine for its piece about the Los Angeles articles in Liberty by Buron Fitts and about Clifford E. Clinton. Says the Billboard: " District Attorney Fitts makes an excellent reply to the original Liberty articles, and the magazine is to be complimented for its fairness in publishing the rebuttal." . . . Advance tip! I have just received an article from Dr. Virginio Gayda which we will publish in a very early issue. It is called What Italy Wants, and there is one paragraph in that article that will startle the United States. For the first time, so far as I know, a man of Gayda's standing lays down a basis on which a European nation may undertake an invasion of the United States. Watch for it.

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THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

The American Way of Life

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY J. F. KERNAN

YOU CAN TALK ALL YOU WANT TO ABOUT BLOW-OUTS ..I STILL SAY SKIDS ARE WORSE
BUT LISTEN, A BLOW-OUT GIVES NO WARNING ...YOU CAN'T STOP ...YOU CAN'T STEER

Why Argue?

New Goodrich Tire protects you against both skids and blow-outs

(Reading Time: 1 Minute 15 Seconds)

WHAT do *you* think? Are blow-outs worse than skids?—or skids worse than blow-outs? No matter what side of the fence you're on you're bound to admit that *both* are dangerous.

Yes, and figures prove it, too! Thousands are actually killed or injured in skid and blow-out accidents every year. And it's figures like these that demonstrate all too clearly why you need the extra protection of Goodrich Safety Silvertown tires. For remember, Silvertowns are the *only* tires with the famous Life-Saver Tread and the new Golden Ply—two exclusive Goodrich features that give you *maximum* protection against *both* skids and blow-outs.

With the constant sweeping action of a windshield wiper, the Life-Saver Tread goes to work on a wet road. It sweeps the water right and left from under the tire—actually leaves a track so dry you can light a match on it. That's why Silvertowns give you the quickest non-skid stops you've ever had!

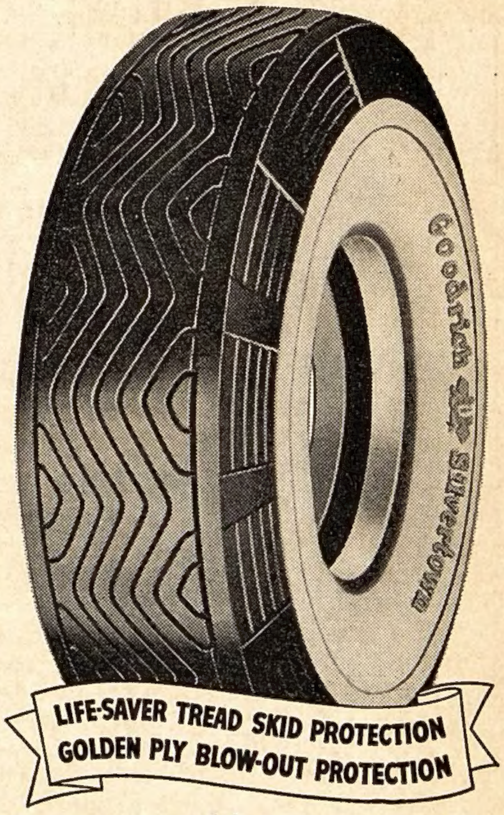
It's true—the first time you stop on a wet pavement you'll actually *feel* the greater skid protection of the Life-Saver Tread. And at the same time that other great safety feature, the Golden Ply, is working to give you extra protection against high speed blow-outs. Yes, the new, improved Golden Ply is resisting the terrific blow-out causing heat that is generated inside all tires at today's high speeds.

Why waste your breath arguing about skids and blow-outs when you may be risking your life riding on tires that do not give you protection? Get Silvertowns now. You'll find you can get them easily, if you wish, on the liberal Budget Plan available at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and many Goodrich Dealers.

* * *

Miniature Reproduction of Your License Plate on a Key Chain

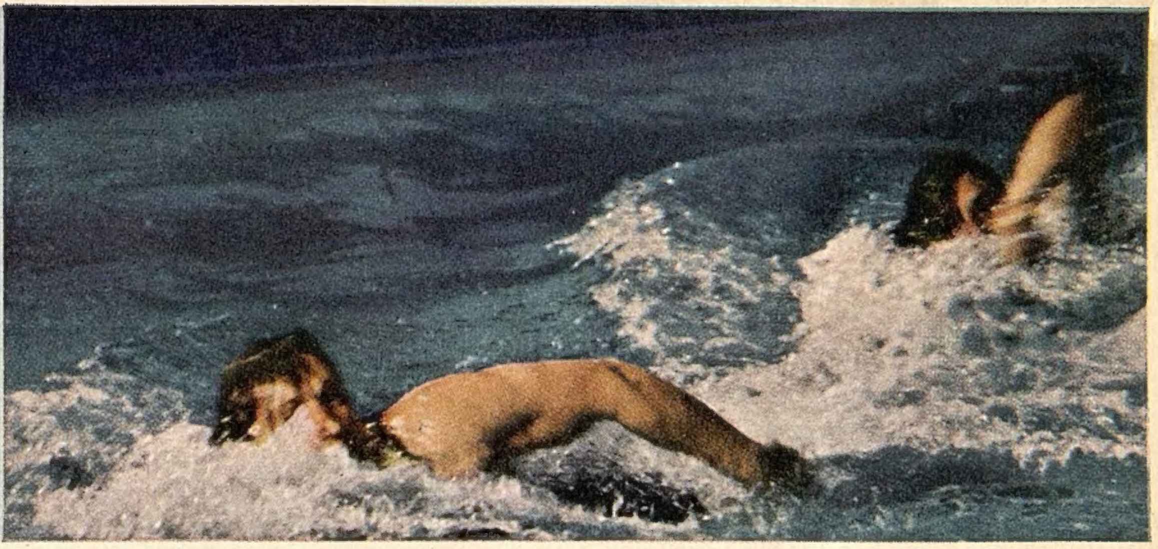
ONLY 10 CENTS for this smart handy reproduction of your own license plate on a key chain. Drive in to your nearest Goodrich Dealer or Goodrich Silvertown Store and ask them to get one for you. There's no obligation. Just 10 cents to cover cost of handling.


Goodrich Silvertown
LIFE-SAVER TREAD SKID PROTECTION
GOLDEN PLY BLOW-OUT PROTECTION

The new Goodrich SAFETY Silvertown

DON'T MISS JIMMIE LYNCH'S DEATH DODGERS AT THE GOODRICH ARENA . . . N. Y. WORLD'S FAIR

CRAWL is the word for the stroke, but it's no crawling pace when Peter Fick (foreground at right) is breaking records in the sprint swims. He's several times a champion . . . has broken an impressive list of records. His favorite distances are the shortest...*fastest.* His favorite cigarette is the slower-burning brand...Camel. "Camels are milder and cooler, for one thing," he explains. "And they have a flavor that doesn't wear out its welcome."



MEET

Peter Fick

SPEED won him the title "world's fastest swimmer"— slow burning won him to Camel cigarettes

SPEED WINS IN THE WATER, BUT IT'S SLOW BURNING THAT WINS WITH ME IN A CIGARETTE. CAMELS BURN SLOWER AND GIVE ME **EXTRA MILDNESS** AND **EXTRA COOLNESS** AND EXTRA SMOKING PER PACK

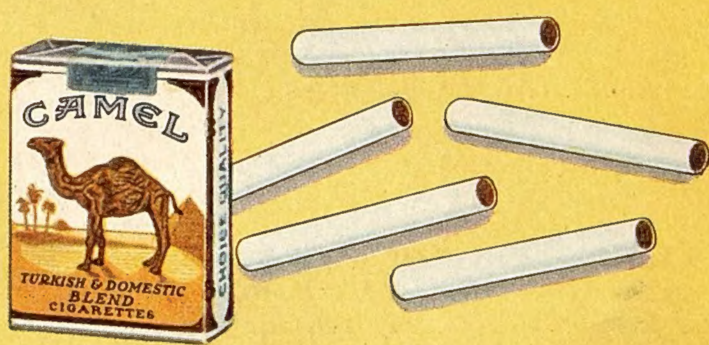
SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU

EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

"I WANT all the mildness I can get in my smoking," says Pete Fick (on diving-board). "Camels burn slower and give me what I want—even give me extra smoking."

Yes, Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean several important *extras.* Science knows slow burning preserves the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance... means freedom from the irritating qualities of excess heat. Camels give you *extra mildness, extra coolness,* and *extra flavor.*

The longer you are a Camel smoker, the more you'll appreciate these extras in pleasure. And if you measure puff by puff, you'll find Camels also give *extra smoking* (see right).


CAMEL
CHOICE QUALITY
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

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